

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XX, No. 5 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. NOV., 1896

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Colonialism and Nationalism:—

One of the characteristics of a time like the present, when the tide of creative ability in literature has visibly ebbed, is a discussion more or less vigorous of the causes of the decline, and a stream of suggestions as to what ought to be done. Nothing probably is more futile than the endeavor to revive an artistic or vital impulse which has spent its force, or to hasten the advent of an impulse which is still in the stage of prophecy. Most of the discussion of the reasons of the subsidence of the impulse which gave us so many charming books and such a group of delightful writers not many years ago is wholly wide of the mark; some of it is intelligent and discerning. But whether sound or silly it accomplishes very little in the way of securing what is desired.

This is well illustrated by the talk constantly indulged in by a small group of writers about the national spirit in literature. We have been told again and again that the root of all evil in our literary development has been our dependence on English traditions and tastes and our deference to English opinion. Colonialism, we are assured, has kept us in leading strings when we ought to have been walking alone. "Go to," say these aggressively national writers, "let us have an American literature." Now, we are all agreed that an American literature is a very desirable thing. We have a modicum already and we are eager to have more. We long for a powerful expression of what is distinctive and individual in our life; for a noble and influential revelation of those hopes which we cherish in our hearts and in which the greater America of the future is hidden. Hawthorne, Lowell and Emerson have spoken of us and for us in a language which we feel was moulded on our own lips and shaped by our own necessities; but there has been an immense expansion of American life since these finely modulated voices were in their prime, and we are eager for the more capacious voice which shall be adequate to the larger speech of a larger life. The difficulty is that such voices are not to be fashioned by a deliberate and conscious fastening of the attention upon things American to the exclusion of things European. The man who is always going about with the cry for a national literature on his lips is never the man who helps create such a literature by the work of his pen; he always has the impression, when he writes, that Europe is looking over his shoulder; he is always on the defensive or the aggressive; and either attitude is fatal to the production of a true national literature.

If there be any sentiment in literature which is in the blood rather than in the brain it is the national sentiment; the deep and passionate love of the things among which one was born and to which one belongs in every fibre of his being. A man whose

imagination is absorbed and stirred by the flowers and woods and people about him does not concern himself with France or Germany or England; he speaks in all unconsciousness of that which lies deep in his soul. Men like Burns, who get at the very heart of their people and whose work seems part and parcel of the countries which they interpret, are never, in their higher moods, aggressively and self-consciously national; they are too deeply absorbed in the life of which and for which they speak to have any consciousness of the relative importance of that life in the register of the life of the world.

When Mr. Cable wrote his charming creole stories, Mr. Page his sketches of Virginian life, Miss Jewett her studies of the vital landscape of New England, it is safe to say that neither of these genuine American writers had any consciousness of European opinions, or any intention to assert the independence of native genius by the selection of American topics. The national sentiment in its assertive and aggressive stage is too raw for artistic expression; it is not until it becomes ripe, natural and largely unconscious that it is fit for the delicate uses of art. The gentlemen who wave the American flag in the newspapers and magazines are picturesque or humorous according to one's point of view; but they are not creators of a true national literature.

Colonialism is a state of dependence and therefore to be gotten out of as soon as possible and forgotten as soon as left behind; but a community cannot talk itself out of the colonial stage—it must work itself out. And the more we talk about colonialism the more clearly do we reveal to the world the fact that some of us at least are still in it; when we get out of it we shall cease to talk about it. The newly-rich are generally to be known by their consciousness of their surroundings; fine furnishings, trained service and the habits of leisurely life have not yet become a matter of course to them. In a new country there is always more or less self-consciousness, and one must wait on time and adjustment, both physical and spiritual, to novel conditions, for complete independence of spirit and complete detachment of feeling. There is nothing degrading in being young and in having one's experience mainly in the future; it is mischievous, however, to preach entire severing of old relations before detachment is made in the course of nature.

Nothing is gained and some things are lost by attempts to anticipate the results of a sound and normal growth; above all, nothing is to be gained by trying to secure by a self-conscious process that which can come only through unconsciousness. We have long ceased to be colonists in this country and we are well out of colonialism, and it is high time to stop talking about a bygone period and condition. The only way to persuade the world that we can produce a national literature is to produce it.

AN OLD-TIME MAGISTRATE: IN PURITAN NEW ENGLAND

BY MAY ALDEN WARD

[A selected reading from *Old Colony Days*, by May Alden Ward. Published by Roberts Brothers.]

The seventeenth century was fortunate in possessing three of the most princely gossips that ever lived,—Saint-Simon in France, the immortal Pepys in England, and the good Judge Sewall in Boston. Each of these men wrote down from day to day, apparently for his own use, the occurrences of the day,—the details of the life about him; and each has given us an incomparable picture of the world in which he lived,—a picture which no historian, biographer, poet, or painter could have equaled. And they have painted three widely different worlds. Nothing could better illustrate the differences between the countries they represent than the pages of these old diaries of the seventeenth century.

With Saint-Simon the world means the Court of France, and the problem of life resolves itself into a question of precedence. The privilege of being present at the *petit lever* and the *petit coucher*, the king's getting up and the king's going to bed, is an honor worth any amount of striving and fighting and fawning. Life has no higher reward than the honor of being chosen to place upon the sacred body of majesty the royal shirt. What conflicts, what heart burnings, what cruel disappointments, what bitter enmities in that long and weary struggle over the all-important question as to which of the peers are entitled to keep their hats on in the king's presence! Saint-Simon, it is true, does sometimes take a look at the busy, swarming multitude who live outside the palace of Versailles, but only as a man somewhat interested in natural history might watch with curiosity the habits of animals which were created for his comfort and support. There is enough of corruption and immorality in the great palace; intrigue and scandal are the daily food of this nobility, so proud of its birth. But it is sin with its dress-coat on, taking itself seriously, which is almost as dull and uninteresting as virtue itself.

In the pages of Pepys we still have something of the Court; but it is no longer the Court of the grand monarch; it is the Court of Charles II. and Nell Gwynne. The subject of life is no longer dignity, but pleasure. Pepys tells us over and over again that he had a "mighty good time," that it was "mighty pleasant," that he and his friends were "mighty merry together." There is plenty of good eating and drinking, and sometimes the cheerful record, "drunk and so to bed." There are actors and actresses, and "drunken, roaring courtiers." There are hundreds of interesting people who have nothing to do with the Court. For Pepys confesses that he hobnobs with "tag, rag, and bobtail," and often spends his nights in dancing, singing, and drinking. When we go to the play, we go behind the scenes and joke and carry on with actresses; and poor Pepys sometimes carries this so far that his wife, in her jealousy, waves the tongs over his head, and threatens a beating. Pepys, in his turn, is jealous, and has been known to give his wife a black eye. But we must not forget that in spite of all this he is a respectable man, occupying a promi-

nent public position. As to his moral standard, he thinks it is not decent to be more honest than those around him. In regard to his taxes, he feels some scruples about cheating, but fears it would "be thought vain glory" if he did differently from the rest. So, rather than appear eccentric, he will remain a thief. He says he will not be bribed to be unjust, but is "not so squeamish as to refuse a present after." There is immorality enough in this world of Pepys; but it wears its every-day clothes, and is vastly more interesting than the stately vice solemnly parading itself in the pages of Saint-Simon.

Turning from these books to the diary of Judge Sewall is like turning away from the footlights, and from the heavy, unnatural atmosphere of the theatre, to come out into the pure air, under a clear sky. For a glimpse of his moral standpoint as compared with theirs, take this incident which the judge records with pain: "September 3rd, 1686—Mr. Shrimpton, Captain Lidget and others come in a Coach from Roxbury about nine o'clock or past, singing as they come, being inflamed with Drink. At Justice Morgan's they stop and drink Healths, curse, swear, talk profanely and bawdily, to the great disturbance of the Town and grief of good people. Such high handed wickedness has hardly been heard of before in Boston." There we have the worst that can be said of Boston. A few drunken rowdies riding through the streets—an every-day affair in London—is the most high-handed wickedness this Puritan community has ever known.

The diary of Judge Sewall fills four volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection, and is a storehouse to which the student must always go, if he would understand the New England Puritan of the second generation. The worthy magistrate little dreamed, as he jotted down from day to day the doings of himself, his family, and his neighbors, including their little peculiarities and peccadillos, that he was bestowing a boon for which posterity would never cease to be grateful.

The author of the diary was Samuel Sewall, a resident of New England for seventy years, and, for a great part of that period, one of her magistrates. His father, Henry Sewall, "out of dislike to the English Hierarchy," came to this country in 1634, and settled in Newbury. He married there; but a little later, when the rule of Cromwell made England more tolerable for the Puritans, he returned to the old home. Samuel was born at Bishop Stoke in 1652. The restoration of the worst of the Stuarts—King Charles II.—brought the family back to New England in 1661, when Samuel was nine years old. After five years' instruction from the Rev. Mr. Parker, the blind preacher of Newbury, he entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen. The college was still very primitive. The tuition was paid in produce; and the government of the students was strictly paternal, corporal punishment being by no means uncommon. Yet they turned out good, solid men. Unfortunately, Sewall's diary does not begin until after his college days. After graduation he became a Resident

Fellow of the college, and was keeper of the library. He was strongly inclined to the ministry; and among the first entries of the journal it is frequently set down that he "commonplac'd,"—i. e., delivered religious discourses to the students. He records also his first sermon, when, "being afraid to look on the glass, he ignorantly and unwittingly stood two hours and a half." He was for some time undecided as to the choice of a profession, and was greatly exercised with regard to his "spiritual estate." But at last he gave up the idea of the ministry, and settled down into a devout and conscientious layman.

We get curious glimpses into the Puritan habit of mind from the pious reflections he was wont to make in connection with the most ordinary and trivial events. When he fed his chickens, he reflected on his own need of spiritual food, and hoped that he should not nauseate daily duties of prayer, etc. When he sat down to a solitary dinner of baked pigeons, he prayed that he might be "wise as a Serpent and harmless as a Dove." When he is weighed, he prays that "the Lord may add or take away from our corporal weight, so as shall be most advantageous for our spiritual growth." Feeling, on the Lord's Day, "dull and heavy and listless as to spiritual Good; Carnal, Lifeless," he sighed to God that he would quicken him. The next day when his house is broken into and twenty pounds' worth of silver and linen stolen, he regards it as an answer to his prayer, because he was helped to submit to the stroke. When the thief is caught and put in prison, "the stroke is turned into a kiss of God."

In 167⁵/₆ Sewall was married to Hannah Hull, daughter of Captain John Hull of pine-tree shilling fame. Mistress Hannah had been present at Harvard when the young student took his degree, and had set her affections on him at that time, although he knew nothing of it until after their marriage, two years later. The diary makes no mention of the marriage; but tradition tells us that the bride was valued as worth her weight in silver, and that the carefully weighed amount went with her as her dowry. Many times was the husband called upon to stand in the Old South Church and offer up to God in baptism a tiny morsel of humanity. Some of these children died in infancy; but others always came to take their places, "so that by the undeserved goodness of God," says the father, "we were never without a child." Fourteen children were born from this marriage; and scattered through the pages of the diary are quaint pictures of the solemn life of the staid little Puritans. The father sadly records: "November 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knop of brass and hit his Sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipt him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage." Joseph, at this time, when he committed the sin of eating when thanks were being returned, and playing in prayer time, was four years old.

Poor little Betty's troubles, however, were the worst. How one's heart aches for the poor little tortured soul! Betty's troubles began when she

was only eight years old, when it fell to her share to read in family prayer the twenty-fourth chapter of Isaiah with its dread pictures of the judgment of God. Betty read with many tears; and the contents of the chapter, and sympathy with her, drew tears from the father also. When Betty was about fifteen, Judge Sewall came home one night to find the family in distress. "She had given some signs of dejection and sorrow; but a little after dinner she burst out into an amazing cry, which caused all the family to cry too; Her Mother asked the reason; she gave none; at last she said she was afraid she should goe to Hell, her sins were not pardon'd. She was first wounded by my reading a Sermon of Mr. Norton's about the 5th of Jan. Text Jno. 7, 34, Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. And these words in the Sermon, Jno. 8, 21, Ye shall seek me and shall die in your sins, ran in her mind, and terrified her greatly. And staying at home Jan. 12 she read out of Mr. Cotton Mather—Why hath Satan filled thy heart, which increas'd her Fear. Her Mother ask'd her whether she pray'd. She answer'd Yes; but feared her prayers were not heard because her Sins not Pardon'd." The pastor was sent for and "pray'd excellently, but without effect."

For a whole week the child had been carrying this dreadful fear before she spoke of it. A few weeks later the father writes: "Feb. 22, 169⁵/₆—Betty comes in to me almost as soon as I was up and tells me the disquiet she had when waked; told me was afraid should go to Hell, was like Spira, not Elected. Ask'd her what I should pray for, she said, that God would pardon her Sin and give her a new heart. I answer'd her Fears as well as I could, and pray'd with many Tears on either part; hope God heard us. I gave her solemnly to God." Two months later he records: "Betty can hardly read her chapter from weeping; tells me she is afraid she is gon back, does not taste that sweetness in reading the Word which once she did; fears that what was once upon her is worn off. I said what I could to her and in the evening pray'd with her alone." Betty's fears were never entirely allayed. This terrible shadow of non-election darkened her life even after she was married and had children of her own. On the day of her death her father wrote sadly: "I hope God has delivered her now from all her fears."

Little Sam also had his doubts and fears. He was ten years old when a playmate died of small-pox. The judge thought he ought to "tell Sam of it and what need he had to prepare for Death, and therefore to endeavor really to pray when he said over the Lord's Prayer: He seemed not much to mind, eating an Apple; but when he came to say, Our Father, he burst out into a bitter Cry, and when I ask't what was the matter and he could speak, he burst out into a bitter Cry and said he was afraid he should die. I prayed with him, and read Scriptures comforting against death, as, O death where is thy sting, etc. All things yours, Life and Immortality brought to light by Christ, etc."

Sewall had the greatest confidence in his wife, as is shown by an entry made in the journal many years after his marriage,—"Jan. 24, 170³/₄. . . Took 24 s. in my pocket, and gave my Wife the rest of my cash £4³/₄, and tell her she shall now keep the Cash; If I want I will borrow of her. She has a better faculty than I at managing Affairs: I will as-

sist her; and will endeavor to live upon my Salary; will see what it will doe. The Lord give his Blessing." . . .

In 1717, after forty-two years of married life, Sewall lost his wife. She had proved herself to be worth far more than her weight in silver to him, and her husband mourned her sincerely.

It was not to be expected, however, that he would remain single. Although he was sixty-six years old, his friends began at once to look about to find a suitable match for him. In a few weeks he himself began to "take notice" of the various widows about him. The elder Mr. Weller had not yet given his famous advice to "be ware of vidders"; nor would it have been of any use in that community. "Godly old maids," like Mary Carpenter, were a rare commodity. It was widows or nothing. Boston had not yet become what Theodore Parker called it later, the "Paradise of old Maids." Sewall began to note the comings and goings of Madam Katherine Winthrop, whose husband had died soon after Mrs. Sewall. It was just four months after the death of his wife that we find the entry in the diary, February 6, "This morning wandering in my mind whether to live a Single or a Married Life." He had already sent Madam Winthrop "Smoking Flax inflamed, the Jewish children of Berlin, and my small vial of Tears." All of his friends approved his choice, and things seemed to be going well, when suddenly his friend, Mr. Denison, died, and the judge turned his eyes to the Widow Denison. To tell the truth, he accompanied her home from the funeral, and prayed God to keep house with the widow. She came to his house to prove the will, and he gave her a "Widows Book Bound, having writ her Name in it." On her next visit he took her up into his chamber, and "discoursed thorowly with her; . . . told her I intended to visit her at her own house next Lecture day. She said, twould be talk'd of. I answered, In such Cases, persons must run the Gantlet." On next lecture-day he kept his word. He gave her Dr. Mather's sermons bound, and she gave him very good curds. On his next visit she invited him to eat. He gave her "two Cases with a knife and fork in each; one Turtle shell tackling; the other long with Ivory handles, Squar'd, cost 4s. 6d.; Pound of Raisins with proportionable Almonds." Later he gave her a Psalm-book bound with leather, and a pair of show-buckles; cost 5s. 3d. At last he told her he thought it was time to finish the business. But when they came to the very delicate question of settlements, they could not agree. Mr. Denison had left his widow very well to do, and she thought it hard to "give up a certainty for an uncertainty." The more they discussed the subject, the less they agreed. Neither would yield; and the judge wrote, "My bowels yern towards Mrs. Denison, but I think God directs me in his providence to desist." She came once more to see him, on foot from Roxbury, on a cold night, to try to patch the matter up; but no result was reached. She offered to give back his presents, but the elderly lover bade her keep them, "only now they had not the same signification as before. She went away in the bitter Cold, no Moon being up, to my great pain. I Saluted her at parting."

He next visited Mrs. Elizabeth Tilly; and here is the record of one week, in the diary:—

September 16, After the Meeting I visited Mrs. Tilly.

September 18, ditto.

September 21, I gave Mrs. Tilly a little booke entitled "Ornaments for the daughters of Sion." I gave it to my dear Wife August 28, 1702.

September 23, 24, eat Almonds and Reasons with Mrs. Tilly and Mrs. Armitage; Discoursed with Mrs. Armitage, who spake very agreeably, and said Mrs. Tilly had been a great Blessing to them hop'd God would make her so to me and my family.

September 25, Visited Mrs. Tilly.

The matter was soon settled. Two weeks later the banns were published, and in another two weeks they were married. Sewall's son, the Reverend Joseph, who was the apple of his eye, performed the ceremony "in the best room below stairs. Mr. Prince pray'd the 2d time. Mr. Adams the Minister of Newington was there, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Timo Clark Justices, and many more. Sung the 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 verses of the 90th psalm. Cous. S. Sewall set Low-dutch Tune in a very good Key, which made the Singing with a good number of Voices very agreeable. Distributed Cake." The next day the governor and his lady, the ex-governor, councillors, and ministers in town, with their wives, dined with them.

The judge's happiness was of short duration. Mrs. Tilly lived but half a year after she had become Mrs. Sewall, and it was all to do over again. He remembered with sadness Madam Winthrop, whom he had left for Mrs. Denison. After a suitable time—three months—he sent his daughter to acquaint Madam Winthrop that if she pleased to be within at three P. M. he would wait upon her. He approaches her this time with great delicacy. "My loving wife died so soon and so suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of Marrying again; however I came to this Resolution, that I would not make my Court to any person without first Consulting with her." They then discoursed pleasantly about the seven single persons who sat in the fore-seat the previous Sunday. The next day they continued this discourse; and, as she recommended one widow after another, he prayed that Katherine herself might be the one. But she refused, "as if she had caught at an opportunity to do it." The wooer refused to be discouraged, gave her the "Fountain Opened," and said he would call that day Sennight, the 10th. Instead of waiting for the appointed day, however, he called twice within the week; gave her "a piece of Cake and Ginger Bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of Paper"; told her of his loneliness, and that they might help to forward one another in their journey to Canaan. On the 10th he called, and was "treated with a great deal of Curtesy; Wine, Marmalade." On the 11th he sent her the following letter:

"Madam,—These wait on you with Mr. Mayhew's Sermon, and Account of the state of the Indians on Martha's Vineyard. I thank you for your Unmerited Favors of yesterday; and hope to have the Happiness of Waiting on you to-morrow before Eight a'clock after Noon. I pray God to keep you, and give you a joyfull entrance upon the Two Hundred and twenty ninth year of Christopher Columbus his Discovery; and take Leave who am, Madam your humble Serv't.
S. S."

When he called next day, he found her full of work behind a stand, and her countenance much changed—"looked dark and lowering." He got his chair in place, and "had some Converse, but very Cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness If I drew off her Glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her 't was great odds between handling a dead Goat and a living Lady. Got it off." She, however, persisted in her refusal, recommended other widows to him, and finally twitted him with leaving her for Mrs. Denison. Upon which he told her that if after a first and second vagary she would accept of him returning, "Her Victorious Kindness and Good Will would be very Obliging." He gave her another book. She filled a glass of wine, and sent her servant home with him with a good lantern. "Told her the reason why I came every other night was lest I should drink too deep draughts of Pleasure. She had talked of Canary, her Kisses were to me better than the best Canary." When they came to the question of settlements, Madam Winthrop mentioned her desire that he should keep a coach, and also added the condition that he should wear a wig. The next day his son, the minister, came to him by appointment, and they went into his chamber and prayed together concerning the courtship. Not to much avail, it would seem, for Madam proved cold that night. She offered him no wine; when he rose to go did not offer to help him put on his coat; would not send her servant to light him home, but let him stumble along as best he could. He explained that he could not afford to keep a coach. "As to a Perriwig, My best and greatest Friend, began to find me with Hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find in my heart to go to another." The son again came and prayed with his father about the courtship, but with no better success than before.

Mrs. Winthrop was rocking her granddaughter's cradle when he came, and she placed the cradle between his chair and hers. "The Fire was come to one short Brand beside the Block"; and when it fell to pieces and she did not replenish it, he took the hint. "Took leave of her . . . did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah Jireh!" Thus ended another dream.

The Widow Ruggles proved equally obdurate; "she express'd her inability to be Servicable." She even "made some Difficulty to accept an Election Sermon, lest it should be an obligation on her."

The judge's next attempt was a letter to Mrs. Mary Gibbs, widow, of Newtown:

"January 12, 17²¹/₂₂."

"Madam,—Your Removal out of Town and the Severity of the Winter, are the reason of my making you this Epistolary Visit. In times past (as I remember) you were minded that I should marry you, by giving you to your desirable Bridegroom. Some sense of this intended Respect abides with me still; and puts me upon enquiring whether you be willing that I should Marry you now, by becoming your Husband; Aged, and feeble, and exhausted as I am, your favorable Answer to this Enquirey, in a few Lines, the Candor of it will much oblige, Madam, your humble Serv't.
S. S."

The widow's answer was favorable, and he rode

to Newtown in a coach to visit her. Carried her a pound of glazed almonds and "a Duz. Meers Cakes; Two bottles of Canary,"—not such expensive presents as he had given the others; perhaps Mrs. Gibbs was too easily won. They discussed settlements, and she thought him hard. After a good deal of higgling the matter was settled, and the banns were published, upon which he writes to her: "Madam, Possibly you have heard of our Publication last Thorsday, before now. It remains for us to join together in fervent Prayers, without ceasing, that God would graciously Crown our Espousals with his Blessing. A good Wife, and a good Husband too, are from the Lord. . . . Please to accept of Mr. Mitchel's Sermons of Glory, which is inclosed." They were married by his son-in-law, and the third Mrs. Sewall outlived him. We hope she cared for him tenderly during these last few years of his life.

Sewall has been called the last of the Puritans; and truly before his death the old order of things had passed away. His last years were a continued protest against the new ideas which were making their way into Boston, of which periwigs were but the outward sign. How it must have wrung his soul to write that the governor gave a ball which lasted till three o'clock in the morning!

What impression do we get of the character of this man who lived two hundred years ago, and whom we know more intimately than any one else that ever walked the streets of Boston? Who of us could stand the test of writing out from day to day, not only our outward actions, but our inward thoughts? What impression would the record make upon posterity two centuries hence? Judge Sewall has stood this test without losing one grain of our respect. The diary is quaint and amusing, sometimes even undignified, and causes many a smile as we linger over its pages; but there is not a single unworthy page in it, not one that we wish had been left unwritten. There are no scandals, no harsh criticisms of contemporaries, no revelations of hypocrisy. One of his last entries is this sentiment from the *New England Weekly Journal*: "There is no notion more false than that which some have taken up, that Religion is inconsistent with a Gentleman." May we not leave him with the fitting tribute which Whittier has paid to this magistrate of the olden time, Samuel Sewall, the good and wise?

" His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.

Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide!
Honor and praise to the Puritan
Who the halting step of his age outran.

To the saintly soul of the early day,
To the Christian judge, let us turn and say:
Praise and thanks for an honest man!
Glory to God for the Puritan!"

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

An Autumn Night.....Madison Cawein.....The Century

Some things are good on autumn nights,
When with the storm the forest fights,
And in the room the heaped hearth lights
 Old-fashioned press and rafter:
Plump chestnuts hissing in the heat,
A mug of cider, sharp and sweet,
And at your side a face petite
 With lips of laughter.

Upon the roof the rolling rain,
And, tapping at the window-pane,
The wind, that seems a witch's cane
 That summons spells together;
A hand within your own awhile,
A mouth reflecting back your smile,
And eyes, two stars, whose beams exile
 All thoughts of weather.

And while the wind lulls, still to sit
And watch her fire-lit needles flit
A-knitting, and to feel her knit
 Your very heartstrings in it;
Then, when the old clock ticks 'tis late,
To rise, and at the door to wait
Three words, or at the garden gate
 A kissing minute.

The Bull Fight.....L. W. Green.....The Land of Sunshine

The couriers that from Chihuahua go
To distant Cúsi and to Satevó
Announce the feast of all the year the crown —
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The rancherias on the mountain side,
The haciendas of the llano wide,
Are quickened by the matador's renown.
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The women that on ambling burros ride,
The men that trudge behind or close beside,
Make groups of dazzling white and blue and brown.
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

Or else the lumbering carts are brought in play,
That jolt and scream and groan along the way,
But to their happy tenants cause no frown.
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The Plaza de los Toros offers seats,
Some deep in shade, on some the fierce sun beats;
These for the don, those for the rustic clown.
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

Pepita sits, so young and sweet and fresh,
The sun shines on her rich hair's dusky mesh.
Her days of days, how soon it will be flown!
 Se corren los toros!
And Juan brought his Pepita in to town.

The bull is harried till the governor's word
Bids the diestro give the agile sword,
Then shower the bravos and the roses down!
 'Sta muerto el toro!
And Juan takes his Pepita back from town.

A Derry Dame.....W. KellyPall Mall Magazine

An anxious eve in Derry in sixteen-eighty-eight,
For James's troops and trucklers are nearly at her gate;
And Derry's now demanding her sons shall arm and fight,
And show the kingly tyrant not always kings are right;
That liberty's too precious at royal feet to fling,
And yokes are not for freemen, to please a Stuart king;
That still the swords that won them their title to the sod
Shall strike a blow for freedom, for hearth and home and God;
That while there's life still left them, and men to man the wall,
There's not a *man* in Derry at James's feet shall fall!
In hero-hearted boyhood respond her 'Prentice Boys —
The first in all her sorrows, the first in all her joys —
They'll brook no traitor Lundy, they'll bear no frowns, no fears;
They seize the gates and shut them as now the foe appears;
And brave men all come running to mount and man the wall —
Oh! nobly, dear old Derry, your sons obey your call —
Save where one paltry poltroon seems loath to join the fray,
And stands an abject coward before his wife this day.
She plucks the sword right from him, and strikes him on the back —
Proceeds at once to knight him with one resounding whack —
"Sir Knight of the White Feather, away and join some hen:
The maids of our brave Derry should always mate with men;
The hen-coop's waiting for you — away and hide you there,
And I shall don the harness and this good sword shall wear!"
She rushes from the craven and swells the glorious shout —
The grand old "No Surrender" that Derry's ringing out —
The two small words, so simple, that peal from Derry town,
But still the "No Surrender" that costs a king his crown;
And there, on Derry's ramparts, through many a dreary day,
She learns, like many a matron, a manly part to play;
And bears herself right bravely, through raging shot and shell,
And all the Stuart's vengeance that on our fathers fell!
Two hundred years, and over, have passed since that great day

That first saw our brave fathers in Derry stand at bay,
 And, backed by wife and sweetheart, by matron and by maid,
 Confront a king in battle — a king their valor stayed —
 Yet still on winter evenings, in many an Ulster home,
 Will mothers tell the story, and fondly o'er it roam,
 Of her who, when her husband had chicken-hearted grown,
 And, cowering in his terror, the feather white had shown,
 Could snatch the sword and wield it for Derry and the right,
 With God to guard and guide her through famine, fire and fight.
 And never since in Ulster was born the coward cur
 Who'd dare disgrace his mother, or heedless prove of her
 Who spurned a recreant husband, reaped glory from his shame,
 And won a holy halo to grace her Ulster name.

The Autumn is Dying.....Mackenzie Bell.....Poems

The autumn is dying,
 And leaves that are still,
 Grief's token, are lying
 On plain and on hill;
 My garden of pleasure
 Lies withered and bare,
 Oh, the pitiless measure
 Of ruin wrought there.

In a hedgerow wind-shaken
 To wildest unrest,
 Forlorn and forsaken
 I see a bird's nest,
 Its soft down decaying,
 Its fledgelings all flown,
 Naught save the shell staying
 Deserted and lone.

Then the thought rises, cleaving
 The depths of my mind,
 Soon we too shall be leaving
 Our loved homes behind,
 Soon the grave will enclose us —
 Life's pilgrimage o'er —
 "And the place that now knows us
 Shall know us no more."

The Reaper....Marion Franklin Ham.....The Golden Shuttle

With blithesome song the jocund reaper Dawn
 Through dewy fields of blue, comes trudging by;
 And with his silver sickle keen and wan
 He reaps the twinkling harvest of the sky.

The Wolf at the Door....Charlotte Perkins Stetson....Scribner's

There's a haunting horror near us
 That nothing drives away —
 Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
 A crouching shade by day;
 There's a whining at the threshold,
 There's a scratching at the floor —
 To work! to work! in heaven's name!
 The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
 The bed was hard and cold;
 Still weary are the little ones,
 Still weary are the old.
 We are weary in our cradles
 From our mother's toil untold;
 We are born to hoarded weariness,
 As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
 Nothing the day can give
 Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
 Better to sleep than live!
 What power can stir these heavy limbs?
 What hope these dull hearts swell?

What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
 Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
 Is nothing that we should fear;
 No human death would be worse to feel
 Than the life that holds us here.
 But this is a fear no heart can face —
 A fate no man can dare —
 To be run to the earth and die by the teeth
 Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow relentless padding step
 That never goes astray —
 The rustle in the underbrush —
 The shadow in the way —
 The straining flight — the long pursuit —
 The steady gain behind —
 Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
 And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
 And a tearing as of teeth!
 Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
 And the dripping jaws beneath!
 There's a whining at the threshold —
 There's a scratching at the floor —
 To work! to work! in heaven's name!
 The wolf is at the door!

The Yellow Age.....Caroline Duer.....Poems

This is the age of grasping hearts and hands,
 Of hurrying feet and greedy, watchful eyes
 Turned to the worship of the golden calf,
 Sneering down other idols with a laugh,
 Throwing down other prizes for this prize;
 Bowing before the priest who understands
 Its myst'ries best in this and other lands.

These are the glittering days of gilded show,
 Of brazen tongues — of envy, jaundice-eyed
 And covetous of all that gold controls;
 This is the age of brains instead of souls —
 The yellow age, where purses measure pride;
 Even the flame of love, blown to and fro
 By jealous winds, burns with a saffron glow.

Look well, O World, before time turns the page,
 The gaudy pageant passes through your street;
 The envious apes rage in your market place —
 Science and art are breathless in the race
 For fortune, where for fame they did compete.
 The yellow fever of the yellow age
 Has spread from slave to king, from fool to sage.

Indian Summer....Alice Katharine Falls....N. E. Magazine

In barren fields, through sombre death-touched ways,
 Unseen, the ghost of summer walks again.
 Perchance we thus shall haunt the saddened days
 Of friends who think us slipped beyond their ken.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Amelia E. Barr:—

Here is a woman, writes Margaret Bisland in the *Pittsburg Leader*, who has been the mother of fourteen children, has written thirty-two brilliantly successful books, prepared a professor for Princeton College, and at threescore years of age is a superb picture of vitality—as fresh and sweet of heart as a maid. A model truly for all her sex, not an old woman, or new woman, but the woman when at her best. Although Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is no longer young, and though her life has been one of the busiest that a woman ever knew, she still devotes nine hours daily to her work when a story or novel is promised to her publishers, and boasts that her health and high spirits would do credit to a girl still in her teens. In a very large measure these pleasant conditions she attributes to her methods of labor, and her determination to be a philosopher, in spite of all discouragements, and if results prove anything Mrs. Barr's system of work alone, outside the genial cheerfulness and serene good temper she practices, is well worth imitation by ambitious young authoresses. All the year round she lives in a pretty house, well known as Cherry Croft, at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, set well up on the hill overlooking the loftiest stretch of the river. Here she has found that the calm and quiet of the country give her the proper surroundings for her best work. Now, when there is a book to be written, plotted, and completed from cover to cover, Mrs. Barr gives herself up almost wholly to the duty in hand. Unlike most authors she never writes at night, and prefers the very early morning for deciding the fates of lovers, working out graceful counterparts and rounding out strong situations, so that long before the most conscientious of milkmen starts on his early rounds she is up and doing. By 5 o'clock she has breakfasted, on the veranda, if the weather permits, for like Queen Victoria, the author of *Jan Vedder's Wife* dearly loves to eat in the open air. The breakfast is a modest meal of dishes easily digested and accompanied by fruit and coffee, but the real morning bracer, for the long hours of desk work, is a cold plunge bath taken directly on rising. Winter mornings the ice is often broken to permit of this constitutional, and while the sun is coming up over the opposite shore of the river Mrs. Barr is at work on her manuscripts. Now it is a well known rule in Mrs. Barr's household that from breakfast, until 12 o'clock dinner is served, she will spend the hours in her study. Over its door is a motto, of the mistress' choosing, setting forth the virtues of work and pleasure. The room itself is airy and comfortable, its wide windows look out on the blue stretches of the Hudson, but she has established no specially stern laws against interruptions. There was once a consulting dramatist who, proposing to turn one of Mrs. Barr's novels into a play and closeted with the authoress, stormed and scolded when the daughter of the house, with the calmness born of habit, popped her head in the door to ask her mother whether vanilla or lemon flavoring should be used in a certain dessert. "It is vanilla always, my dear," answered the lady

gently, firmly assuring the enraged dramatist that to have the dessert properly flavored was quite as important as deciding the next movement of a character, all of which made it plain that between literature and housekeeping Mrs. Barr's heart is equally divided. In the more homely province she was once a gifted figure, but since book-making has become her profession, the domestic end of affairs has been rendered into her daughter's hands, and when the hour of twelve strikes the pen is laid aside for the important meal of the day. Her light breakfast and hours of steady work have awakened a sharp appetite, and after dining liberally Mrs. Barr goes off to bed. At least there is always a nap two hours long following dinner, and then another brisk cold plunge is in order. After this all the work of the morning is carefully typewritten down by the author's own hand. She never allows any one to handle her manuscripts and after about three hours work over the machine labors for the day are done. Late in the afternoon comes tea, and callers perhaps, but no matter what guests or engagements the family may have, by nine o'clock Mrs. Barr is off to bed. Her radiant health and superb vitality are the envy and admiration of all who know her. This careful routine is followed until the book is ready to be put in the publisher's hands, when its creator gives herself up to rest and recreation for a season, while for a month or two in summer a complete vacation is taken and almost invariably spent in England. Yet after every spell of hard work Mrs. Barr visits New York, and while stopping at one of the smart hotels is always made much of by the distinguished men and women of the town. But England means Lancashire above all things to this lady who proudly relates that she comes of a long line of stanch churchmen and that it was one of her grandfathers, a gentleman in orders but a genuine warrior for all his cloth, who rode out in the sixteenth century to join King Charles' army, with fourteen sturdy sons at his back. Her own father was a clergyman in the established church of England, yet in spite of this fact and that her family were ardent Royalists, she married a stanch Scotch Presbyterian. Looking back on her childhood's days Mrs. Barr remembers how as a tiny girl she went fishing with the great Wordsworth, who, she says, was no hero to his neighbors. They rather resented his top-loftical airs, and she laughs when telling how the country folk spoke of the tall, stooped, contemplative figure, when the gentleman insisted that a bit of Scripture would afford her food for profitable thought should she lie awake o' nights. Then it was she little imagined how she would spend the happiest and saddest days of her life in a Texas city. Fourteen charming children were born to her in the southern state, but the yellow fever robbed her of her husband and sons. It was then, with a little flock of daughters dependent on her for support, she came to New York in search of employment. Her first commission was to prepare two young sons of a friend for college, which she did so well that to-day one of her pupils holds a distinguished professorship at Princeton. But when the

tutoring was over, she wrote Henry Ward Beecher asking for work, which he gave her instantly on his magazine, and so her literary career began. In the way of pen work Mrs. Barr laughingly relates how she once wrote a poem every week for a New York periodical for eight years, and a vast amount of other literary contributions. In all and up to today, a list of thirty-two highly successful, widely admired novels she reckons to her credit—wholesome, pure, inspiring, truthful stories of love and life; and now the Bow of Orange Ribbon is in process of dramatization for the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Besides poems and stories Mrs. Barr finds time to pen innumerable articles, short and long, to subscribe her autograph many times a week, and answer hundreds of letters that come to her desk. Perhaps if she has a vanity it is of her physical vigor, her wonderful capacity for work, and her abiding relish in pleasure. New people, festive occasions, gayety and bright minds find this lady, who has turned the threescore mile post, a congenial playfellow. Her bright blue-gray eyes dance with the irrepressible vivacity of sixteen summers, when she stops to tell a good story or gossips with a girl whose whole thoughts are of dances and chiffons. Like the veriest girl she loves to visit and entertain, but her bright eyes cloud when she accompanies her departing visitor to the porch and speaks of her dog. He was a huge English mastiff, famous in Cornwall for his great size and adored by her family. A reprobate in the neighborhood poisoned him, and she has never been able to give her heart to another of the species. Standing on her veranda, she bows cordially to the village miller, for in her town Mrs. Barr is a resident highly prized and well beloved and well known, "though they do say I am nice, but queer," she comments with a gay little laugh as though she relishes the joke at her gentle eccentricities.

William Winter:—

To all who are familiar with current literature and journalism, says William Henry Frost in *The Book Buyer*, the name of William Winter conveys first the thought of the foremost living critic of the English acted drama. Next it conveys thoughts of a writer of melodious, delicate and graceful verse and of fascinating descriptions of travel and of places and monuments hallowed by associations of history, letters and art. Mr. Winter once told the writer that he did not desire a large audience for his poems; they were addressed to a few. The wish recalls that of Keats to be

"—unheard
Save of the quiet primrose and the span
Of heaven and few ears."

Yet, whether he wished it or not, his Wanderers have wandered widely and have found their way to many ears and have made friends who will not soon forget them. William Winter belongs to a family of sailors. His father and his grandfathers for generations were sailors, and his mother was a sailor's daughter. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., on July 15, 1836. He spent his early years in Gloucester, Boston and Cambridge. He went to school in Boston and Cambridge, and was graduated from the high school at the latter place at the age of sixteen. He then studied law at Harvard,

received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, of which he is still a member. But the bar was never greatly troubled with his presence, as he hated the law and soon gave up all thought of practicing it. He had already begun to write, in both prose and verse, and his first volume of poems was published when he was only eighteen years old. It was dedicated to Longfellow, who had already become his firm friend and who remained so as long as he lived. This book was a success, but its author now calls it crude and rejoices that it has long been out of print. At the age of twenty he was lecturing on literary subjects in and around Boston, and he joined in the work of the memorable canvass for the election of John C. Fremont. The second book of poems was published in 1858, and was called *The Queen's Domain and Other Poems*. Mr. Winter came to New York in the autumn of 1859. He had already written for the *Boston Transcript and Gazette*, and he made a beginning in this city as book reviewer for the *Saturday Press*. For some years he wrote with more or less regularity for this and numerous other publications. He was literary critic of the *New York Weekly Review* for the first half of the year 1865, and then, for five years, he was managing editor and dramatic and literary critic of that paper. He became dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune* in August, 1865, and he still holds the position. He is probably more widely known in this capacity than in any other, and by his conduct of his department of the *Tribune* he has caused the paper to be recognized as the leading authority of the country on affairs of dramatic art. Mr. Winter first visited England in 1877, and he soon after began that series of works descriptive of English scenes and memorials which are so full of romantic reminiscence, historical and poetic association, deep and sympathetic appreciation, and the very color and breath of the sky and the hedges and the towers and the air. The first of these books was published in 1879, and the latest, but, it is to be trusted, by no means the last, in 1895. The most popular of them all has been *Shakespeare's England*, which has added a new pleasure to the travel of many an American who has rejoiced that he put his trust in it. For the writer of these books speaks not as a guide, but as a wise friend and companion, who always has a word to say which will give a special meaning and enjoyment to everything, from the poppies in the field to the arches of the cathedral. One of the most important acts of William Winter's recent years has been the founding and building up of the Arthur Winter Memorial Library, in connection with the Staten Island Academy. It is in memory of his son, who was a pupil of the school. It is a large and fine library, especially rich in works relating to the stage, and the use of it is free to all dwellers on Staten Island. Besides the works already mentioned Mr. Winter's publications include: *My Witness*, a book of verse, Boston, 1871; *Life of Edwin Booth*, Boston, 1872; *Thistledown*, a book of verse, London, 1877; *The Trip to England*, Boston, 1879; a second edition, with illustrations by Joseph Jefferson, Boston, 1881; *The Jeffersons*, in the *American Actor Series*, Boston, 1881; *English Rambles and Other Fugitive Pieces in Prose and Verse*, Boston, 1884; *Henry Irving*, New York,

1885; *The Stage Life of Mary Anderson*, New York, 1886; *The Press and the Stage*, New York, 1889; *A Daughter of Comedy* (Ada Rehan), New York, 1891; *Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1891; *Wanderers*, Edinburgh, 1888; enlarged and revised edition, New York, 1892; *Old Shrines and Ivy*, New York, 1892; *Shadows of the Stage*, New York, First Series, 1892, Second Series, 1893, Third Series, 1895; *George William Curtis, a Eulogy*, New York, 1893; *Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, New York, 1893; *Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson*, New York, 1894; *Brown Heath and Blue Bells, Being Sketches of Scotland, with Other Papers*, New York, 1895. Several other works have been privately printed. Mr. Winter has also edited numerous books, notably *The Prompt Book*, a collection of fifteen plays, as acted by Edwin Booth, with prefaces and notes. He has written prefaces for eleven plays printed for Mr. Augustin Daly, as they were played at his theatre. Seven of these are comedies of Shakespeare and they cover the period from 1886 to 1895. Chapters contributed to works on the stage edited by others and articles written for many magazines and papers are to be added to the list. In reference to his works Mr. Winter lately wrote: "I have wished and labored to add something in the vein of purity, simplicity and beauty to the literature of my native land, and that is all." The many who have so long followed him in all his writings, because they found those qualities in them, know how he has fulfilled his task.

W. Clark Russell:—

Mr. Clark Russell lives at Bath. He told me, says "An Admirer" in the *London Publishers' Circular*, that he went to reside there in spite of the waters, of which he has not tasted a thimbleful in six years. He has tried Droitwich, Buxton, and other spas for his rheumatism, by which, I am sorry to say, he is terribly crippled, and his experiences have resulted in his regarding all these waters as humbug in a most flagrant degree. I said, "In consequence of what you have written about the ship-owners of late, many evil things have been said of you in the shipping press; inter alia, that you never were at sea, and know nothing about the life." Mr. Clark Russell smiled, and after a short pause said: "Would it were in my power to put some of the scribblers who thus write about me to do a little of the work I have had to do at sea, and to swallow a little of the bitter food which I have had to swallow during my life on the ocean. I claim to be the youngest sailor that ever went afloat. I was born in New York, though of English parents, and embarked for Liverpool when I was six weeks old. It is true that I took my mother with me. I believe the captain put me to no harder work than sucking milk through a chamois leather nipple out of a soda-water bottle. I suspect it must have been very hard work." "When did you go to sea in earnest?" "At the age of thirteen." "And how many years were you at sea?" "I left when I was twenty." "Were you in sail or steam?" "Oh, sail, and in sail only. The ships were the *Vimeira*, Captain Prowse; the *La Hogue*, Captain Williams; the *Hougoumont*, Captain Flamank; and the *Duncan Dunbar*, Captain Neatby. All, with the exception of the *Vimeira*, were noble frigate-built ships.

They sailed from Blackwall, and were owned by Duncan Dunbar, who died worth nearly three millions." "Which was your first nautical novel?" "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate. It is scarcely nautical, however. When I wrote that book I gravely distrusted the sea as an element of interest in fiction. Its acceptance encouraged me, and I then wrote the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*. This work is always advertised in connection with my name, and it is regarded as my best and the most popular. Of its popularity I know nothing, for I sell my copyrights outright, and publishers are very unwilling to acquaint authors with sales. But to call it my best is nonsense." "Which is your best?" "Oh, I leave that discovery to the good taste of readers. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. are the possessors of a good many of my copyrights. I will say this: that they have always done me abundant justice in advertising and asserting me. As time rolls on I am finding out that Mr. Edward Marston is one of my oldest friends. I first made his acquaintance when the premises of his firm were in Ludgate Hill. There I saw Mr. Sampson Low in the flesh, a fine old gentleman with a wonderful crop of white hair. Mr. Marston made me an offer for the book I had submitted. I shall always remember the twinkle in his eye when he sarcastically observed, 'You know we can do without it.' This is thirty years ago, and I am happy to know that my old friend still enjoys good health. His own little books have all the fragrance of his charming rural tastes. If I had but his health, how greatly should I enjoy a day's fishing with him and his son." "You are crusading, I see, on behalf of the sailor and his beef." "Poor Jack! Somebody must speak out. To me it is a labor of love. I am no Professional Agitator, and desire no other description than this upon my tombstone:

'Faithful below he did his duty.'

When Richard Dana, the author of that incomparable book, *Two Years Before the Mast*, saw a man flogged at sea, he vowed that if God permitted when he got ashore he would do something to make the hard life of the sailor known. Nobly did he keep his word. I, who have shared in the sailor's privations, who know very well what the flavor and quality of his food are, who have sat with him in the fore-castle, who have lived for years upon his provisions, though I was not an aforemast hand, who have gone aloft with him, who have stood the ice-cold watches of the Horn with him; I, too, after Dana, but *longo intervallo*, have felt it a duty and a privilege to make his case known in the one form in which it can be rendered palatable, that is to say, by the novel. But do not suppose that I am blindly prejudiced in his favor. I am only too sensible that a bad sailor is a very bad man indeed, and I have represented him as I have known him, when he has proved a 'longshore scab, a turnpike sneak, and pierhead loafer,' in a forthcoming novel called *What Cheer!* "I have somewhere read that you are of opinion that a sailors' fore-castle ought to be furnished with a little library of books at the owner's expense." "Certainly! Why should these men be treated as if they were half civilized? I would have every fore-castle—that is, in long voyage ships—furnished with a good miscellaneous collection of

books. And why should not the owner ship such cheap conveniences as ink, and pens, and stationery, for the use of the sailor, to enable him to write a letter home if he has a mind to, or to keep a log for himself? You don't know how hard it is to get a drop of ink at sea, and mildewed flyleaves of an old Bible or an aged volume will be torn out to write a letter upon. Nothing is done by the owner to improve the moral status of his crew. As Jack was in the past, so let him remain. I grow very hot when I think of what I must term the aboriginal indifference of the British ship-owner to the men whose hard labor and privations and sufferings, of which he knows nothing, enable him to live in Grosvenor Square, and to entertain royalty." Here Mr. Clark Russell came to a pause, and finding that he was not disposed to continue the conversation I took my leave of him, much impressed with his sincerity and his loyalty to the merchant seaman's cause.

"Ik Marvel" at Home:—

There are very few men of letters, says the Literary Digest, whose personal life and habits are so little known to the world in general as Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), author of *Reveries of a Bachelor and Dream Life*. Mr. Mitchell, who is now an old man, spends his declining years very quietly at Edgewood, just out of New Haven, Conn. He is retiring in disposition and dislikes publicity of any kind, especially the being "written up" in the newspapers. Surrounded by his books, his garden, and his forest, he is happy in memories of a well-spent life. An admirer (Jean Pardee Clarke) who succeeded in finding out a little of his life and history during the last few years, contributes an interesting reminiscent paper to Demorest's Magazine. We quote portions of this article: "At best he is a hard man to know; of a reserved, one might say a shrinking, nature, it is but the favored few who ever approach to anything like an intimacy with him. He has an accentuated horror of the professional interviewer, and of late years has resolutely denied himself to them all. A good example of his determination not to be 'written up' is embodied in the accompanying letter to a young writer who ventured to send him a note begging that he would see her:

"My Dear Miss —

"If you had asked permission to come into the Edgewood garden and pluck at your will the ripe raspberries (which are now luscious and abundant), I would have given you neighborly courtesy, and my heartiest permission. But—if you come with note-book and pencil to piece out a page of those personalities with which so many journals are now dreadfully full—I can give you only scantest welcome.

"I have commissioned my daughter to say as much to you; and I hope she will do it with as much peremptoriness, and with a much larger graciousness.

"Yours very truly,

"DON'D G. MITCHELL.

"Edgewood, July 20th."

"Edgewood is one of the points of interest to the New Haven visitor. The house is approached by several roads. Built as it is on a knoll directly west of New Haven, it commands a wide and beautiful

landscape view. It is so long since Mr. Mitchell has written anything under the nom de plume of Ik Marvel that his nearby neighbors, all of them simple country folk, know him only as Donald G. Mitchell, 'that man who writes and doesn't like society,' as one little country lass described him to a recent visitor. When you ask the way to Ik Marvel's, then it would be the exception to prove the rule should the person interrogated understand your meaning, but if you inquire the road to Donald G. Mitchell's there is not a child in the village who would not gladly go in person to show you the way. To peep behind the hemlock hedge that shuts off the garden from the road, to look beyond the big front door into the broad hall with its polished floor, its old furniture carved and massive, to perhaps see the great author himself, are chances the village child is only too happy to take, and the visitor is sure of an escort if he but tells his mission. . . . Since the publication of his two greatest books, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*, he has written comparatively little. A few years ago an attempt was made to secure him for a course of lectures in New Haven. This resulted for several winters in a series of readings that were attended by all the fashionable literati of the town. He did not, however, continue them, giving as his reason the difficulty he found in facing a audience. His voice is sweet and beautifully modulated. In his seat upon the low platform of the lecture-room he made a picture long to be remembered. In height he is about the average, with a tendency to stoutness. His shoulders are broad, and his movements quick and elastic. The face is gentle in expression, set off by kindly blue eyes, and hair and whiskers of softest white. Aside from his love of outdoor life and his writings, Mr. Mitchell is unshackled by any peculiar fads and fancies. He takes life quietly and easily, the bitter with the sweet. His books are an index to his character, refined and cultivated, with no sensational paragraphs, but with a clean, sweet taste left as a memory to the student of both them and himself."

Gelett Burgess:—

Gelett Burgess, whose discarded first name is Frank, comes of Puritan stock, and was born in Boston about thirty years ago, says a writer in *The Bookman*. He is a descendant of one Tristram Burgess, who silenced by his sarcasm Randolph of Roanoke; and is also a relative of Edward Burgess, the designer of cup defenders. Mr. Burgess was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1887 as a civil engineer. He then traveled abroad, and being a man of many talents, has since been an instructor in the University of California, a clever designer of book-covers and title-pages, and is better known as the editor of the *Lark*, where his versatility has been tested successively over the pen-names Richard Redforth, Lewis G. Holt, and James F. Merioneth. A devoted disciple of the Tusitala, he is pronounced by his friends to be "a saturated solution of Stevenson," and his style everywhere shows his worshipful study of his master. He is a favorite and friend of the family, and it is partly due to Mrs. Stevenson's advice and inspiration that he has turned his attention to literary work. The Stevensons dubbed him

with another name, a Samoan one, "O le Lupe." In the field of fixed forms Mr. Burgess is very clever, and nearly all of the elusive French follies, from a sestina to a triolet, have been successfully treated by him. Perhaps, however, he has put his best work into the Vivette stories; charming, detached bits of a unique imagination, now pitched in ideal Arcadian forests, now in nineteenth-century romances, but always crisp and original in manner and matter. The nonsense rhymes and cartoons of the Lark, also due to his pen and pencil, perhaps find their only rivals in the jingles and drawings of Edwin Lear.

"The Hoosier Poet":—

Among western writers James Whitcomb Riley is entitled to distinction as such not only on account of his continued western residence and peculiarly western style, but because he has shed a greater literary lustre on the West than any of our other writers. He is, says a writer in *Facts and Fiction*, distinctly western, and the popular recognition of this has been aptly illustrated by bestowing upon him the epithet, "The Hoosier Poet." Speaking autobiographically, Mr. Riley says of himself: "The unhappy subject of this sketch was born so long ago that he persists in never referring to the date. [He is about forty years old.] Citizens of his native town of Greenfield, Indiana, while warmly welcoming his advent, were no less demonstrative, some few years since, to 'speed the parting guest.' It seems, in fact, that as they came to know him better, the more resigned they were to give him up. The father of young Riley was a lawyer of large practice, who used, in moments of deep thought, to regard this boy as the worst case he ever had. This may have been the reason that, in time, he insisted on his reading law, which the boy really tried to do; but, finding that political economy with Blackstone didn't rhyme, he slid out of the office one hot sultry afternoon and ran away with the patent-medicine and concert-wagon, from the tail-end of which he was discovered, by some relatives of his in the next town, violently abusing a bass drum. This was a proud moment for the boy; nor did his peculiar presence of mind entirely desert him till all the country fairs were over for the season. Then, afar off, among strangers in a strange state, he thought it would be fine to make a flying visit home. But he couldn't fly. Fortunately in former years he had purloined some knowledge of a trade. He could paint a sign, or a house, or a tin roof, if some one else would furnish him the paint,—and one of Riley's hand-painted picket fences was a rapture to the most exacting eye. He groped his way back home, and worked for nothing on a little country paper that did not long survive the blow. Again excusing himself, he took his sappy paragraphs and poetry to another paper and another town, and there did better until he spoilt all by devising a Poe-poem fraud by which he lost his job; and in disgrace and humiliation shoe-mouth deep, his feelings gave way beneath his feet, and his heart broke with a loud report. So the true poet was born. Of the poet's present personelle we need speak but briefly. His dress is at once elegant and paid for. Not liking hair particularly, he wears but little, and that of the mildest shade. He is a good speaker—when

spoken to—but a much better listener, and often longs to change places with his audience so that he also may retire. In his writings he probably shows at his best. He tries to, anyway. Knowing the manifold 'breaks' in this life of ours, his songs are sympathetic and sincere. Speaking coyly of himself one day, he said: 'I write from the heart; that's one thing I like about me. I may not write a good hand, and my "copy" may occasionally get mixed up with the market reports; but all the same, what challenges my admiration is that humane peculiarity of mine, i. e.—writing from the heart, and therefore to the heart.' Those who know the poet personally or through his writings will recognize as much truth as humor in the above. His nature is of that genial character that reminds one of a jolly overgrown boy. It is impossible to speak of Mr. Riley's verses in such a manner as to give the reader a satisfactory comprehension of him as a poet. He who would know Mr. Riley should read his works, and, through them, laugh with him, cry with him, play with him, work with him. Nothing less than this will reveal the wondrous depth and breadth of love and help for humanity that course through the poet's heart. He has been a prolific writer, his published works consisting of seven volumes of verse and one of short stories, and they are, in the order of copyright: *Neighborly Poems*, 1883; *Afterwhiles*, 1887; *Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury*, 1888; *Rhymes of Childhood*, 1890; *The Evening Islands of the Night*, 1891; *Sketches in Prose*, 1891; *Green Fields and Running Brooks*, 1892; *Armazindy*, 1894. For several years Mr. Riley devoted a part of his time to giving readings from his works, and was known as a popular entertainer. A short time ago he retired from the rostrum, refusing many flattering offers. His tours in company with the late Bill Nye will long be remembered by those who heard the two. He resides at Indianapolis, Indiana, but spends a part of his time at the old homestead at Greenfield.

Author of The Heavenly Twins at Work:—

Madame Sarah Grand's method of work is very simple, says G. B. Burgin in *The Idler*. She can only write in the morning as a rule, her hours being from ten till two; and during that time she does not open letters or allow herself to be distracted by any news of the outside world if she can possibly help it. She used at one time to be very dependent upon her mood, but finds now, since she kept regular hours, that if she thinks about what she wants to do beforehand, the mood generally comes when she sits down to write. It is a good deal a matter of discipline. She always has a note-book in her pocket, and very often, if she is interested in what she is doing, she goes on making notes on the subject the whole day long anywhere that she may happen to be, and even gets up again at night and writes whole scenes. Curiously enough, she is afraid to read fiction when writing herself, as she finds that if she comes under the influence of a story-writer her own work suffers. Biographies help her; but novels are disheartening. The best intellectual stimulants she knows are true stories, simply told, of the brave struggles of men and women with high ideals of life to help others and work out the best that is in themselves; when she is happy enough to have such a book, and begin the day with it, her own work is easy.

SONGS OF NOVEMBER: AUTUMN'S LAST DAYS

November.....Samuel Longfellow

The dead leaves their rich mosaics
 Of olive and gold and brown,
 Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
 Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the Autumn tempest,
 They were trod by hurrying feet,
 And the maids came out with their besoms
 And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever
 'Neath the wheels, in the black mire lost, —
 The Summer's precious darlings,
 She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
 O golden thoughts and true;
 Must I see in the leaves a symbol
 Of the fate that awaiteth you?

November.....Richard Henry Stoddard

The wild November comes at last
 Beneath a veil of rain;
 The night wind blows its folds aside, —
 Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
 The Autumn's vacant throne;
 She has but one small moon to live,
 And she must live alone.

A barren realm of withered fields,
 Bleak woods of fallen leaves,
 The palest morns that ever dawned,
 The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
 Poor month, with tears of pain;
 For what can one so helpless do
 But weep, and weep again?

November.....Bayard Taylor

Wrapped in his sad-colored cloak, the Day like a Puritan standeth
 Stern in the joyless fields, rebuking the lingering color, —
 Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the asters, —
 Hearing, perchance, the croak of a crow on the desolate tree-top,
 Breathing the reek of withered weeds, or the drifted and sodden
 Splendors of woodland, as whoso piously groaneth in spirit:
 "Vanity, verily; yea, it is vanity, let me forsake it!
 Yea, let it fade, for Life is the empty clash of a cymbal,
 Joy a torch in the hands of a fool, and Beauty a pitfall!"

November.....William Cullen Bryant

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
 One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
 Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare;
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
 And the blue gentian-flower that, in the breeze,
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last;
 Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
 And man delight to linger in the ray;
 Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
 The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

November.....Atlantic Monthly

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf,
 Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
 And watched it ploughing through the heavy clouds,
 For Autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When Autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:
 The year must perish; all the flowers are dead.
 The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail
 Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled.

Still Autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
 The holly-berries and the ivy-tree,
 They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's hair;
 Those waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of Autumn woods,
 Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
 The naked, silent trees have taught me this:
 The loss of beauty is not always loss!

November.....C. L. Cleveland

When thistle-blows do lightly float
 About the pasture-height,
 And shrills the hawk a parting note,
 And creeps the frost at night;
 Then hilly ho! though singing so,
 And whistle as I may,
 There comes again the old heart pain
 Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree,
 And nods the fading fern;
 The knolls are dim as snow-clouds be,
 And cold the sun does burn.
 Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
 I cannot keep it down;
 The tears arise into my eyes,
 And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedar's dusky stoles
 Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
 The partridge drums funereal rolls,
 Above the fallen leaves.
 And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
 It stills no whit the pain;
 For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
 I hear the last year's rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
 And call the wet sheep in;
 And let their stamping clatter fill
 The barn with warming din.
 And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
 That we no more may roam,
 We still will find a cheerful mind,
 Around the fire at home!

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

WORK OF WAR DOGS

RENE BACHE.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

The War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization, and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scouts, and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, in conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also, they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a dog squad.

Several breeds of dogs are found highly suitable for military purposes, notably poodles, shepherd dogs and bird dogs. The kind does not matter so much as the quality of the breed, which must be pure. No mongrel makes a good war dog. It is only in a well-bred dog that the valuable qualities above mentioned are developed in a superior degree. Poodles are the cleverest of all dogs, and are first-rate campaigners when young; but, unfortunately, they are apt to lose interest in their work after a certain age. The shepherd dog probably comes next to the poodle in respect to intelligence. It is hardy and alert; but very frequently it exhibits a lack of affection for its master, and is hard to train on that account.

All points considered, bird dogs make the best war dogs. They unite the good qualities of the poodle and shepherd dog, and are distinguished by a lively sense of duty and a devoted attachment to their masters. Under proper training they soon lose their inclination for hunting, and take up their military duties readily and with interest. It is required of a war dog that he shall pass through a general preparatory course of training. Choice may be made between two methods, one severe and the other gentle. The animal may be kept by itself and half-starved, so as to compel it to surrender unconditionally to the master's will. Or the treatment may be wholly by kindness, cultivating a mutual confidence between dog and master, and developing the beast's intelligence. The latter method is considered decidedly preferable; it is more humane and produces better results.

The training of the dog detachment of a battalion is managed by an officer who has special expertness in such matters. He selects assistants from among the corporals and privates, and gives them lessons in the art of training. It is his duty to buy the dogs, to distribute them among the companies, to supervise the breeding and rearing of pups, and to see that the animals are properly cared

for and fed. The properly educated war dog must carry messages with certainty, running back from advanced patrols to detachments in the rear, and then returning. It is required to do this sort of work with such efficiency as to maintain communication between sentinels and stationary detachments. The animal must be taught to give notice to sentinels of the approach of strangers. Some dogs will show an aptitude for hunting up missing men, and may be trained for that particular duty.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practice before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning of an exercise is apt to lead to misunderstandings on the part of the dog which are difficult to eradicate.

The fewer punishments the better. Only disobedience is to be punished. To punish the dog for failure to comprehend is not only unreasonable on the trainer's part, but calculated to mar the results aimed at. Beating must not be resorted to when scolding will suffice. Rewards should be given sparingly. It is not advisable habitually to give the animal tidbits, since they distract his attention. In most cases words of praise and affection are a sufficient reward. A certain amount of training goes naturally with the early bringing up of the pup, but the education proper should not be begun before he is at least six months old. It may be remarked here that the war dog is always of the male persuasion; females are kept only for breeding purposes.

The Germans consider the efficiency of their war dogs of such importance that an immense amount of labor is expended in training them. They receive instructions at night as well as in the daytime. One important thing they learn is to growl and not to bark when a stranger is near, and this is taught them by practice in the dark. The hearing of a dog is more acute and its alertness greater at night than by day. An animal that can be counted on to growl on the approach of a stranger, without giving an alarm, is calculated to be particularly useful to the sentinel. Watchfulness is inborn in the dog and may easily be cultivated. The beast must be taught not to bite under any circumstances. Fierce biting dogs are unsuitable for military service.

The war dog wears a collar that has a metal plate bearing the name of the company to which he is attached—as, for example, "Rifle Battery 8, 2 Comp." He carries a small canvas pouch, which is closed by a button or buckle. These articles, with a chain for fastening him when required, constitute the whole of his equipment. The canvas receptacle is called a "report pouch." An idea of its purpose is communicated to the dog by putting written mes-

sages into it in his presence when he departs on a mission and taking them out on his arrival. He soon learns that he is carrying something from one end of the trip that is wanted at the other. This business of conveying messages is the most important thing that the animal has to learn. He ought to be able after a while to go a distance of two miles or more and return.

It is important that the dog shall go straight to his destination, taking the shortest practicable route. During the process of training, therefore, men are stationed along the track which he is to pursue, and they call to him and try to divert him from his object. If he pays any attention to them he is scolded or punished. The distance traversed is very short at the beginning, and is gradually increased. The dog is taught to cross water by swimming. He is made accustomed to the firing of guns by taking him to the target range, and his first actual service may be in carrying messages between the firing stand and the markers. The final test of the animal's capability is his willingness and ability to do the same work when led by somebody else than his instructor. He must be taught that he is not to obey his master alone. Intelligence on the trainer's part is as necessary as in the dog, for no two dogs are exactly alike in character, and each one must be studied as an individual.

The hunt for missing men is a notable feature of the war dog's education. In future battles, doubtless, many a wounded soldier's life will be saved by the efforts of the canine contingent. The animal trained in this business is first taught to search a small tract of brush or woods in the daytime, or a piece of ground at night, and, as soon as he has found a man, to stay with him and bark until his master comes up. He must learn to bark at command, and to bark continuously before a man who is lying on the ground. At the beginning the assistant hides himself and is searched for by the trainer and the dog. The dog easily finds the man and tries to take from him some article of clothing, perhaps a cap, and bring it to his master. If he does so, he is made much of and called on to search again. He runs back to the concealed man and takes from him some other article. If unsuccessful, he will bark and is encouraged to keep on barking. Next, it is necessary to make the dog understand that searching for the man alone is what is required of him. When the dog barks the trainer hastens towards him, and, when the man is found, pets and praises the animal. Commonly a dummy man is used for hiding. To teach a dog when to bark, instruction must be begun early.

War dogs are kept with the utmost care, to prevent uncleanness and disease. Their kennels, of brick or planks, are cleaned every twenty-four hours. Their metal feed vessels are scrubbed daily, and are removed from the kennels after being used. Sick dogs are kept apart. During the first year the puppies get nothing but milk and dog cake; afterwards the remnants from the men's table are added. In Germany a special fund is set aside for the keep of the war dogs. It is considered worth while to teach the animals tricks of all sorts, because in this way their intelligence is developed.

The work of war dogs on land will be duplicated to some extent by pigeons in the naval operations

of the future. Already our own Navy Department has established pigeon lofts at Annapolis and at Newport. Scouting vessels will send messages by pigeons, giving notice of the movements of a hostile fleet. For years past the French have carried pigeons on their war ships and have made them accustomed to the noise of the heavy guns, so that they might return while firing was going on in a battle. The birds readily pick out their own ships in a squadron, and will join them while the batteries are thundering and the atmosphere is full of smoke. The French Ministry of Marine has a naval dove cote at Brest, containing 500 pigeons trained for sea service. The British Government has homing stations at Halifax and on one of the Scilly Isles. The military employment of pigeons dates from the siege of Paris, in 1870, when the birds carried thousands of messages to and from the beleaguered capital. Long letters may be dispatched in this way, reduced by photomicrography on thin films of collodion, and magnified for reading. Germany, Russia, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland have trained pigeons for war. It is worth mentioning that the birds used in this way are not "carrier" pigeons at all, but homing pigeons—quite a different breed. It is said that Russia is training hawks to capture pigeons that carry war messages.

MOSQUITOES AND THEIR ENEMIES

LAWRENCE IRWELL.....WESTMINSTER REVIEW

In order to find the mosquito in all her pristine glory, one must visit the European continent, the United States, or some other foreign land. I have written "her" advisedly, as the male insect lives upon the nectar of flowers, and is harmless to both men and cattle. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the female's love of blood is not a natural, but an acquired taste.

There are altogether about 150 known species of the Culicidæ family, of which more than thirty have been found in Europe, all of them being in the habit of biting, to a greater or less extent. The female is recognizable by her possession of mandibles and by her simple antennæ; she has, in addition, a proboscis, containing six sharp organs, with which she punctures the skin, as well as sucks the blood of her victims.

Wherever the conditions are favorable to propagation and growth, the mosquito, like other animals, will flourish. If the conditions can be made unfavorable, the number of mosquitoes must decrease. This necessarily leads one to ask, What are favorable conditions? Although this question cannot be answered with absolute accuracy, yet there is no doubt that without water these troublesome insects could not exist, for water is their breeding ground. My observations have led me to the conclusion that, so long as the stream is not rapid, its other characteristics are quite immaterial, as far as mosquito-propagation is concerned.

The mosquito is a cosmopolitan; its paradise is in the tropics, where the larger species are found, but it reaches the coldest climates, having been found by the Nares Arctic Expedition as far north as man has penetrated. The mosquito affects low-lying countries, yet it is frequently seen upon the Swiss mountains and in the Adirondack regions of the

State of New York, 2,000 feet above the sea level.

The mother mosquito deposits her eggs in a pool, mooring them to a leaf, or float, by a glutinous substance which accompanies them. About 350 of these eggs are laid at a time, and they are so arranged that neither wind nor rain, snow nor ice can interfere with their development. From the eggs black larvæ with bristle-fringed mandibles are hatched, which suspend themselves, head downwards, in the water, where they live for about three weeks, the greater part of their time being spent at, or near, the bottom. In this stage of existence they feed upon decaying matter and microbes of various kinds, rendering useful service to man by cleansing swamps and stagnant water of the germs of various forms of fever. If the mosquitoes would kindly confine their lives to this stage, they would be regarded by scientists as benefactors to our race, and the uninitiated would be in ignorance of their existence. The larval life of these insects is divided between feeding upon the above-mentioned micro-organisms and occasional visits to the surface for air. In due course they cast off their skins and become pupæ with greatly enlarged bodies, having two large paddles at the apex, with which they, at times, make their way through the water, though they usually remain rolled up like a ball, and float upon the surface for the purpose of breathing through the two respiratory tubes on the top of their backs. But, when the water is disturbed, they uncurl their backs and roll over and over from side to side. One of my young friends tells me that these pupæ are called "wigglers," this name being taken, I suppose, from their curious motion in the water. In this stage the insect, although active, takes no nourishment other than air and what it may contain. And now comes the final transformation. The skin upon the top of the mosquito's back splits between the breathing tubes, and a sort of little boat, curved at both bow and stern, is thus formed. Out of this boat comes a winged creature, its head and body first; then its legs are raised upon the sides of the now empty bark; after that the wings are spread for flight, and the tiny craft, being upset, sinks into the water.

Such is the life-history of a mosquito from the egg to the "imago" shape.

If the natural breeding ground of these pests could be limited, their multiplication could likewise be curtailed. When swamps have ceased to exist; when all stagnant water is dried up; when sluggish streams have been dredged or drained; when diligence, care, and cleanliness have turned "the land of the almighty dollar"—and all other lands where mosquitoes now flourish—into a well-kept garden, then the days of the entire *Culicidæ* family, as disturbers of our equanimity of both mind and body, will be numbered.

The "bite" of the mosquito is believed to be the injection of a minute quantity of some acid, and relief is obtained by the application of any alkali. Papaine, also, seems to be efficacious. If, however, one pins one's faith to homœopathy, as taught by Hahnemann, the internal application of some acid, so largely diluted by alcohol that no chemical or other scientific test would prove its presence, should act as a cure.

The familiar sound caused by the female mos-

quito, especially at night, and from which the name of a common variety—*Culex "pipiens"*—is taken, is the result of the incessant movement of the creature's wings.

As the time when the civilized world will have become a sort of Garden of Eden is far distant, it may be well to consider another method of reducing the hordes of mosquitoes—the cultivation of their enemies. In the animal world—I cannot correctly say the insect world, for the spider does not belong to the order insecta—mosquitoes have at least two deadly foes, the one being the spider, the other the dragon-fly.

The dragon-fly is dreaded; the spider is hated; and yet both of them are Nature's checks upon the mosquito, as well as upon other insects, some of which would make our lives a burden to us were they unmolested by their enemies.

Dragon-flies are the natural destroyers of mosquitoes in, at least, two stages of life. The war commences in the earliest—the larva stage. Like the mosquito, the dragon-fly oviposits in the water, and its young are reared under similar conditions. The larva dragon-fly, being as voracious as the fully developed insect (imago), destroys large numbers of aquatic larvæ and pupæ. The metamorphosis of the order libellulidæ, to which dragon-flies belong, is incomplete; in other words, there is no marked distinction between the larva and pupa stages, although a sufficient alteration takes place in the external appearance of the creature to enable one to decide in which stage of existence it is.

When fully developed into a dragon-fly, this beautiful representative of Nature moves around from flower to flower, occupying its time in the destruction of insects; in regions infested by mosquitoes these creatures contribute very considerably to the "darning-needle's" meals.

There is no serious difficulty in cultivating dragon-flies in large numbers, nor is much trouble involved in so doing; they are not dangerous to any form of life, except, of course, to such insects as it is desirable to reduce in number. If this cultivation did nothing else, it would enlighten us as to the true character of one of Nature's useful creations—a creation which, be it remembered, is harmless to mankind and to cattle, having neither a sting nor a taste for blood. But the use of dragon-flies as a means of reducing the mosquito-pest is, I fear, limited, since it is impossible to keep them in the woods, where mosquitoes abound, the hunting-ground of the former creatures being among the flowers and in the sunshine.

Another natural enemy of the mosquito, and an important check upon the undue increase of insect-life, is the spider; spiders are, in fact, among the philanthropists of the invertebrate world. Although there is a European spider (*Lathrodictus oculatus*) with the reputation of giving a poisonous bite, and a New Zealand relative (*L. katipo*), the bite of which is supposed to be deadly, especially to natives (?), yet the majority of the order araneidea is undoubtedly harmless. There are millions of spiders in the world, and they are engaged during the greater part of their time in waging war upon insect-life. Their natural food extends, of course, to all insects; where mosquitoes are abundant they form a great part of the arachnid's daily diet.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN*

The following conversation between two children was overheard on the lawn at a summer resort largely patronized by Israelites.

Young Hebrew—Are you people Gentiles?

Little Miss Newcomb—I don't know, but my father's a Democrat.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts any one. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.

Mother—What is the matter, my dear? Why are you crying?

Harry (between sobs)—I left my m'lasses candy on that chair, and the deacon's a-settin' on it.

Johnny, having arrived at his eighth birthday, thought it would be real nice to write a letter to his papa, and this is the way he began: "My dear Papa—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began thoughtfully: "Sick"—paused while his brain struggled with the problem—then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."

Aunt Dorothy—How many Commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine!

The Parson (meeting Johnny, who is just returning from a bath)—Johnny, can you tell me where little boys who bathe on Sundays go to?

Johnny—Yes sir. Yer come along o' me and I'll show yer.

Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.

Edith (promptly)—Twins.

A six-year old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's; with a little round hole at the top."

"I don't yike you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind. "An' if you don't let me alone, I'll save up my pottet money an' buy a tapir." "A what?" asked his aunt. "A tapir," said Wilbur. "An' tapirs, they eat ants!"

The eye of little Elsie was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was. Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

It was a Presbyterian examination in Scotland. "What is the meaning of regeneration?" a boy was asked. "Oh, to be born again," was the reply. "Quite right, Tommy; you're a good boy. Would

you like to be born again?" Tommy made no reply; but, being pressed, at last said, "No." "Why not, Tommy?" "For fear I might be born a lassie," was the reply.

Sunday-School Teacher—Now, boys, speak right up and answer promptly. Who carried off the gates of Gaza?

Every boy (promptly and in chorus)—'Twan't me. I didn't touch them gates.

Little Johnny—I made 5 cents, dad.

Brown—That's right, my boy. I like to see traits of industry in the young. How did you make it?

Little Johnny—That boy next door bet me a nickel I couldn't take my new watch to pieces.

Amiable Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it.

Doctor—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy (who has had some before)—Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor.

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awaking once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

"So you've lost all your marbles, eh? Well, it serves you right. Boys always lose who play on Sundays." "But how about the other feller who won all my marbles?"

"Johnny, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."

First Boy—My papa knows more than your papa does.

Second Boy—I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches 'way to the back of his head.

Little Bobby—Ananias was killed, wasn't he, pop?

Little Bobby's Father—Yes, Bobby.

Little Bobby—For lying, wasn't it?

Little Bobby's Father—Yes, Bobby.

Little Bobby (after a long pause)—How big did he say the biggest one was he caught?

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built?

Tommy—In the night.

Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake?

Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.

Mamma—You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting still and looking miserable. Why don't you play something?

Little Daughter—We is playin'.

"Playing what?"

"We's playin' that we's growed up!"

"Do you have many friends in school, Tommy?" "No'm." "Why, that is very odd, isn't it?" "No'm. You see, the boys I lick hate me, and the boys that lick me I hate."

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Grief.....Emily Dickinson.....Poems

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And when I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again,
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

Gone.....Joseph Nunan.....The Pilot

Soft as the breath of the flowers of May,
Still as an infant sleeping,
Noiseless as arrows she darted away
Out of life's turmoil, out of life's fray,
Into the sunshine of God's own day,
And we were left sighing and weeping.

Brightly and fair as the heavens at morn,
Mild as an angel immortal,
Sweet as the roses with never a thorn,
Vest with all virtues that glowing adorn,
She came, when our days were sad and forlorn,
Over life's sorrowful portal.

Clear as the sky was her pure smiling eye —
The sky on a cloudless even, —
Her laughter as merry as brooks that flow by,
Her soul resplendent as angels on high,
Oh! why did she pass away, why did she die?—
Our earth-born child of Heaven.

Be calm, troubled heart! she is better away
From the tears and the griefs and the pining
That wound every soul in life's bitter fray,
Striking the innocent, hushing the gay,
For she lives in peace in the light of the day
That ceaseless in heaven is shining.

Kissed His Mother...E. E. Rexford...Martinsburg Independent

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street —
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the hour and time of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,

Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will —
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years to fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet mother,"
He cried and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true —
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man.

Lip Service.....Louise Betts Edwards.....Harper's Magazine

Lord hear my lips, and not my heart! —
Untempted lips that purely plead
Allegiance to the better part;
Oh, hear the word, and wait the deed!
As winds will shake some wretched reed,
Perchance to spare, perchance to kill,
My wavering heart 'twixt word and will
Is shaken still.

Then let my loyal lips be heard
Above my heart's rebellious cry.
If anything in me hath erred,
It is my heart, it is not I!
Pass not my prayer and pledges by;
My patient lips shall steadfast sue,
That stubborn citadel subdue,
And make them true.

The Flight of the Arrow....R. H. Stoddard....Atlantic Monthly

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of the light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live — and die.

Together.....Louis Edgar.....Independent

Far out beyond, among the ways
Where shadowy dead-folk come and go;
Scanning each face with eager gaze,
A woman's shape flits to and fro.
Intent, she finds at last her goal

(Tho' not long parted from the earth),
A tiny, wailing, baby soul
Of one who died at birth.

Oh, wished-for, hoped-for, little son,
Upon whose face I longed to look!
You left your story unbegun,
You only glanced within life's book!

And is it thus I hold you, dear,
Not in a human, warm embrace,
As I had dreamed on earth, but here,
This strange and unknown place!

She takes him in her shadowy arms,
And clasps him to her shadowy breast,
She gently soothes his sad alarms,
"Peace, little baby, rest!"

Two, there together. Here, alone,
One saddened for Life's coming years,
And slowly dropping, one by one,
A strong man's heart-wrung tears.

Too Soon.....Mary Brotherton.....Rosemary for Remembrance
Vacant chaff well meant for grain.—Tennyson.

"Weep not, have faith, and hope, and trust":—
They are not enough, she said:
We were never but two, and one is dust;
I am alive, he is dead.

"Death is the life we all inherit":—
Yea, I believe it, she said:
But I am human and he is a spirit;
My fellow creature is dead.

"He is happy, you should be glad":—
Happy! without me! she said:
He was always sorry when I was sad;
So he who loved me is dead.

"Nay, his joy should be yours by this":—
I know not his joy, she said:
How should I have share in a spirit's bliss,
Till I too am lying dead?

"Death will grant you what death denies":—
Yea, to behold him, she said:
But he was the light of my human eyes,
And they cannot see the dead.

"Prayer from your heart will dry these tears":—
My heart has no prayer, she said,
But a crying out for the sweet lost years,
And my darling who is dead.

The Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge...K. E. Conway...Donahoe's

It was Eden sunshine and Eden shade,
And a heart child-simple and unafraid,
A year ago, or ever I prayed
O God, have pity on me!

Then one to my lowliness came down
From his lordly house in yon three-hilled town,
And whatever he touched he seemed to crown—
O God, have pity on me!

But he hushed the birds in the garden close,
And he kissed the fragrance out of the rose,
And the innocent dreams from my sleep, God knows—
O God, have pity on me!

And he left me naught but the emptiness
Of a heart that crieth through storm and stress
For the vanished kiss and the spent caress—
O God, have pity on me!

I cannot rise to his life above,
I am not fit for the things thereof;
And I loathe the life that I used to love—
O God, have pity on me!

For I know what I never knew before—
That I'm low and witless and plain and poor,
And the best of my kin but a vulgar boor—
O God, have pity on me!

Lost love! No blame for the joy that's done.
God's light be fairest thy house upon!
But oh, to go back a year ago!
O God, have pity on me!

My Life.....Johanna Ambrosius.....Home Magazine*

All my life long, I've wandered on so sadly,
For love and joy in childhood 'gan my quest,
Like butterflies I saw them flit before me,
Which now and then upon a flower rest.
They lured me on till evening shades came gliding,
But when the mists rose to the mountain's brow,
Downward they sank, within the blossoms hiding,
While my hand only grasps the thorny bough.

Lying too weary e'en to stir a finger,
Prone on the turf, with the chill hoar-frost wet,
Again the lovely creatures hover, linger,
But none upon the flowers have settled yet.
Higher they soar and higher, upward still, then
Vanish completely from my tearful eyes;
Slowly the leaves fall from the churchyard linden,
Whispering low: "Joy dwells beyond the skies."

St. Martin's Summer.....Casell's Magazine

We must take our lives as we made them, love;
St. Martin's summer, though bright, is brief;
And where in spring was the violet's home
Is now the grave of the fallen leaf.
We quarreled once when the spring was here,
But peace is made with the failing year.

The summer time of our life is passed;
We faced its glare and its heat alone,
With aching hearts and with weary hands
That the mournful farewell touch had known;
Now the fiercest struggles of life are o'er,
Our hands are met to unclasp no more.

The bitter thought of "what might have been"
Must never trouble your heart again;
Hide it away from memory's eyes,
With our angry words and our parting pain;
Forget the grief that for me you bore,
In the love that is yours for evermore.

We must take our lives as we made them, love;
St. Martin's summer, though brief, is bright,
And could there aught in the spring compare
With the tender glow of the autumn light?
I loved you first when the spring was here,
More dearly now in the failing year!

Of Remembrance.....Lady Lindsay.....The Flower Seller

Methinks that you'll remember, when I die,
Not some brave action, nor yet stately speech—
Though sheltered lives to these may sometimes reach—
But just a turn of lip, a glance of eye,
A trivial jest, a laughing word, a sigh,
A trick too strong to cure, too slight to teach,
Scarce noticed, haply mocked by all and each—
Now a full source of tears you'd fain defy.

Ah, do not weep! The traveler, having come
From mountain heights, cares not for drifted snow,
Nor rock, nor branch, as record of the day;
But plucks a gentian blue and bears it home,
Safe in his bosom—I would have you so
Keep one sweet speck of love at heart alway.

* Translated by Mary J. Safford.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

NEW WATCHWORDS OF LITERARY CRITICISM

REALISM, IDEALISM AND ROMANTICISM.....SATURDAY REVIEW

Are we not extending too widely the privilege of writing nonsense in the magazines? It is well understood that we are bound to accept a title in lieu of any conspicuous intellectual endowment; and that, though a duke or an earl may not seem to have much to say, nor much facility or grace in the saying of it, yet it is remarkable that the duke or earl should have anything to say, and should be able and willing to say it, at all. "The dog does not dance well," said Dr. Johnson; "but it is remarkable that he should dance at all." So, if we get grammar from a bishop and logic from a judge, we may well be content without exacting from each dignitary the possession of both faculties. But we think we have a right to insist that if the writer in a magazine has nothing whatever to tell the reader, or is entirely incapable of explaining what it is that he desires to say, that writer, if not noble or a cabinet minister, should at least be a baronet, a bishop, or a judge.

The above reflections have been suggested to us by several papers, in various magazines, on the condition and prospects of modern fiction. The subject is very interesting, and generally tempts us to read as much as we can of the article. But the more we read the more have we been confounded. In essays on literature and art, metaphor seems universally to take the place of definition, and the objects of one sense are invariably treated as if they were the objects of another. The chief qualities in a sonata are coloring, light and shade, middle distance; while a picture seems to be composed of semitones, chords, octaves. "Turning to another octave we find that the face repeats the crimson of the sash: the great green hat is a single dominant chord, only faintly echoed through the background in the hair"; thus wrote, not very long ago, a well-known critic in the *Fortnightly*, and be it clearly understood that the passage is serious, and is not designed as a burlesque of modern criticism, which does not hesitate to describe one novel as a fugue and another as a vignette, while a third is hard in its coloring, and a fourth is set in consecutive fifths.

But over no term does there hang such an impenetrable fog as over three words which seem now to be as indispensable in literary criticism as plus and minus in algebra—we mean Realism, Idealism, and Romanticism. Accordingly, we were pleased when recently there came into our hands a not very recent *Contemporary* containing an article by Mr. Hall Caine on *The New Watchwords of Fiction*, which stated that for the next twenty years at least these watchwords would be Romanticism and Idealism. Here, we said to ourselves, we are sure to learn the exact connotation of these very prevalent terms. But we found that these watchwords did not seem to convey a very definite or consistent sense even to the writer himself, and at the very outset we were confronted by serious difficulties. First of all, we learned that "Idealism has nearly always taken the turn of Romanticism," and that "Romance is the natural vehicle for great conceptions." Hence one would infer that Romanticism is much

the same as Idealism, and that our strongest efforts must be directed towards the exact apprehension of Idealism as distinguished from Realism. It was not, then, very satisfactory to be told nothing more definite than that "the Idealist does the world good, not by painting life as he sees it, but by virtue of the inward eye that we call Idealism," and that "to the novelist fact is only of value as a help towards the display of passion. He does not deliberately falsify facts, but mere fact has no sanctity for him, and he would a thousand times rather outrage all the incidents of history than belie one impulse of the human heart." But would it not be perverse in a novelist with such principles to deal with history at all? Would there not be reasons, for instance, against introducing Nero as a model son, though his relations with his mother certainly belied some impulses of the human heart, if the page of history may be trusted? But it seems that there is no difficulty at all in the matter: "The real function of the novelist has been too frequently propounded, and ought to be too obvious to stand in need of definition. It is that of proposing for solution, by means of incident and story, a problem of human life. Passion is the central fire from which his fact radiates, and fact is nothing to him, except as it comes from the central fire of passion." But when facts radiate from a central fire, is it Idealism or Realism? Let us see what his explanation of these terms will do for us: "I take Realism to mean the importance of the real facts of life, and Idealism the doctrine of the superiority of ideal existence over the facts of life." But it would appear that the real facts of life are of no use to the novelist at all: "There is a better rejoinder to the demand of the Realist that he should be allowed to paint the world as it is, and that is that he never can; no, not if he were a thousand times a Balzac." Yet we read that "Romanticism does not live only in the loveliest spots of this world of God. It exists within the four-mile radius at the present hour, and could be found there if only we had a second great Idealist like Dickens to go in search of it." So we should have thought. But is it not hard that the Realist should be scolded for wanting to paint the world—scolded as severely as if his ambition had been the much lower one of painting the town red; while the Idealist is encouraged to essay the feat without being even once a Balzac—which, of course, would not be nearly so difficult as being a Balzac a thousand times. Moreover, insult is to be added to the injury inflicted on the Realist: "When we hear the Realist boast that he is painting life as it is, it will be a sufficient answer to say that he is talking nonsense." Now such a rejoinder would seem to be so curt as to be absolutely rude. It will not satisfy the Realist, and perhaps it is hardly prudent in Mr. Hall Caine to sanction by his precedent the employment of such a term as "nonsense" in reference to questions of literary criticism.

In view of the advantage possessed by the Idealist in the enjoyment of such a very considerable preserve as the facts of life to the exclusion of his rival the Realist, we naturally infer that most novelists must have been Idealists, and we are not surprised

when we find ranged under the banner of Idealism not only Dickens, but Dumas, Hugo, Sue, Schiller, Goethe, George Sand, George Eliot, Scott, Hardy, Reade, Blackmore, Meredith, Wilkie Collins, and many more; while, with the exception of the inevitable Zola, the brothers Goncourt, and (inferentially) Balzac, we do not come on the name of any Realist except Turgenieff, while to Tolstoi and Ibsen is accorded a kind of modified Idealism. They are, as it were, on ticket of leave; they must report themselves from time to time to Mr. Hall Caine, and their future position will depend very much on their conduct while under his surveillance. We have not grasped the meaning of the terms with sufficient clearness to enable us with any confidence to place a given author in this or that class. Indeed, his own criteria discourage one in making such an attempt: "I do not place Flaubert in that position because his work seems always to be clouded by the moral shadows which overhung his life; nor Daudet, for the reason that the ethical character of his best work is disfigured by what I cannot but consider a wilful determination to find the balance of justice on the wrong side of the world's account." However, so strong was our impression that Realism and Idealism were wide apart as the poles, that we were surprised to read that "The Idealist starts from exactly the same scene as the Realist, the scene of daily life; only he realizes that the little bit of life that comes under his physical eye is only a disproportionate fragment of the whole, and the eye of imagination tells him the rest." We were surprised, because we cannot conceive even the most desperate Realist refusing his assent to what is really an identical proposition—namely, that a part (or bit) is not equal to the whole—and therefore we cannot see wherein he will show himself to be different from the Idealist. Baffled here, we look about for some signs or symptoms which may denote Idealism, and we find with satisfaction such a sign in Enthusiasm. But our satisfaction is short-lived. We begin to reflect that Enthusiasm may be misdirected, and cannot, therefore, be always associated with a quality which is going to be one of the watchwords of fiction for at least twenty years, and which cannot be hampered by connection with what may be a bad influence. And, sure enough, we find it is not Enthusiasm which is the invariable concomitant of Idealism, but "Enthusiasm living with imagination in the hearts of great men, which has again and again set the world aflame, and purified and ennobled every nature it has touched, save only the natures that were touched already with fanaticism"; or, in other words, save only those natures which it has not purified and ennobled. With this restriction, imagination is highly commended. But would not nearly any quality which "lived with imagination in the heart of a great man" be likely to produce very excellent results? Is it not as if a Vegetarian should say that we should all be Vegetarians because lentils, combined with roast beef in the diet of a healthy man, have been found salubrious? Accordingly, when he says that some one should protest "with all the emphasis he can command" against the theory that "the stream of tendency is towards a newer and purer Realism," one cannot help thinking that a few plain reasons would have been even better than emphasis, and

that best of all would have been a clear apprehension on the part of the emphatic one of the meaning of the terms which he emphasizes, and a clear exposition of the same to his readers. For instance, when we are told that "it was not the Slough of Despond that produced Christian," we reflect with some complacency that we never said (or indeed thought) it was, but we wonder why we are confronted with a proposition to which we cannot imagine even the most polemical disputant refusing his assent. We own that after the perusal of the article to which we have been referring, and many others dealing with Realism and Idealism in fiction, we cannot come to any conclusion but this: that Realism includes all those novels—be they what they may in other respects—which in Mr. Podsnap's phrase "are calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of youth"; and that Idealism embraces that very considerable body of fiction which the modern young lady can with little or no hesitation put into the hands of her brother or even her father. If this is the meaning of the terms, Mr. Caine's prophecy will probably be fulfilled. The British public will refuse to read works which seem to them to be immoral, even though they be works of genius, and this not only for twenty years, but as long as their very rudimentary sense of artistic beauty is so completely in abeyance to their somewhat stunted sense of moral fitness. Until a great (and in many respects undesirable) change takes place in the minds of the middle classes they will demand, and novelists will therefore supply, far more books on the level of *The Woman in White* or *The Bondsman* than on the level of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. We agree, moreover, that we are not likely to have another Thackeray; but we base our opinion not so much on the anticipation that "the cynic will have to retire abashed" as on the belief that a cynic with the powers of Thackeray will not be forthcoming.

HEROINES, PAST AND PRESENT

NINA R. ALLEN.....LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

In the good old times, not so remote but that most of us can remember them, and good because past and therefore seen through the enchanting haze of memory, the hair of the heroine played an important part. For one thing, it came down with surprising facility, apparently without cause, except that she had a good opportunity to display her wondrously beautiful tresses.

As a matter of course her hair was luxuriant. None of the other women in that particular book had hair worthy of comparison with hers, which fell in great waves far below her waist, whether purple-black, dusky, nut-brown, or the red gold such as Titian loved to paint.

If the heroine went out for a ride, the horses usually ran away. (One might almost think that the faithful animals had had instructions as to what was expected of them.) In her efforts to control the frightened creatures, just as they dashed by a group of her friends and admirers or rushed past the hero, down swept her hair in great inky masses to her knees.

If she went out for a canter, her steed became frisky, and her rich auburn hair, escaping the confines of net and comb—without making much fuss

about it, either—fell about her in sweet confusion, or floated behind her on the breeze.

If she were a lady of high degree, robbed of her lover by an irate husband or a stern father, she threw herself upon the breast of him who had loved her but too well, as he lay gasping away his life,—and of course her hair came down, though apparently fastened securely in place one little hour ago; the riotous masses of her copper-colored locks covered him like a shroud.

If she were a maiden of lowly birth, it made no difference. Pretty, coy little Babette, the fisherman's daughter, has been forbidden to speak to Lord Ronald or to think of him; she must tear his image from her heart. One day she is walking along the sands, mournfully gazing seaward. The tide, the treacherous tide, creeps in little by little until she is cut off from the shore. She does not return to her home at the accustomed time. But after a week has dragged by, the cruel waves bring to the shore a young maiden, with her shimmering hair floating about her.

Now, what made their hair come down so easily? How did they manage it?

The result was the same, whether the Honorable Mrs. Cholmondeley affected an elaborate waterfall, or Lady Majoribanks wore her tresses in a coronet on the top of her aristocratic head, or poor little Babette gathered her sun-bright hair into two long plaits. The waterfall fell, the braids unbraided, at the critical moment.

Not so long ago I knew a girl who had two long golden-brown braids; but they would never, never come down, not even when she was thrown from her horse or fell from a cherry-tree. Her hair never became riotous, nor could her hair-pins be induced to forsake her.

Recently there has been a change. The heroine's hair does not come down as frequently as in the past. After giving the subject serious thought, I have come to the conclusion that this is due not so much to the present low price of hair-pins, which places them within the reach of all, as to the fashion of wearing the hair that has prevailed during the last few years. Imagine how the heroine would look with a wavy section on either side of her head and her back hair as straight as a Japanese doll's! Nowadays her tresses content themselves with rippling back from her shell-like ears, while the wind lifts the light curls from her white brow, or caresses a stray lock that has fallen lovingly against her snowy neck.

The heroine was usually beautiful in the good old days. Indeed, it is surprising how many beautiful people, how many handsome, pretty, or good-looking people, appeared in the dear and wonderful book-world. Almost every one set up a claim to good looks of one sort or another. It was as if the novelist, with riches, titles, beauty, all within his reach to scatter lavishly, had not the heart to create a really ugly face. At any rate, on the rare occasions when he did so he made the ugliness so attractive that the other people in the book marveled at that person's fascination, and even the beauties paled in the light of her subtle charm.

Besides this type of heroine, who made no pretensions to mere physical beauty, there was another, still more alluring. Some people said she was too

short: others said she was of an adorable height. She was too pale: no, her color was delicately lovely. She had great, dark, soulful eyes: her eyes lacked expression. In short, she was not this, and she was not that. Still, in spite of the fact that she had a nervous twitching at the corner of her mouth, or winked half a dozen times where an ordinary mortal winks but once, she was charming. The men in the book all thought her beautiful, though the women—who did not like her—wondered at their absurd admiration for that creature who really hadn't a feature. Besides, the novelist said she was beautiful, and ought not he to know?

But times have changed. The heroine is now often decidedly plain. Even her creator does not try to hide the fact. Sometimes her hair is red, pure and simple, though once it was like burnished copper; or her milk-white skin is blemished by freckles. I have actually known of her being short and inclined to stoutness, instead of resembling the slender, sylph-like creature of old. But as yet the novelist has not seen fit to deprive her of that mysterious something which makes her beyond all other people irresistibly attractive.

The heroine used to be very fond of going about heavily veiled. Sometimes she wore a brown, sometimes a blue, or even a thick green, veil. Yet she looked charming in any of these, such was her air of distinction and her beauty of figure. In spite of her mask, the hero never failed to recognize her. Though he could not see her face, he felt sure that she was young and lovely, and only one woman in the world had such a carriage as that.

The heroine, particularly the English heroine, can also look sweetly pretty in a simple frock of gray linen. This, however, is a small feat compared with that of her who appeared in a gown of some white, soft, fuzzy, tufted stuff—the novelist himself seemed ashamed to say outright that it was Turkish toweling—with black velvet at the wrists, and knots of it here and there, a plain silver belt around her slender waist, and a heavy necklace of the same metal about her neck. The author apologetically explained that this costume was a little experiment in dress. But I have no doubt that the heroine was radiant in it. For she is the only woman in the world who can make her old gown look better than the new frocks of others, simply by putting fresh frills at her throat and wrists.

Poor, pretty, and proud, the heroine watches the other girls while they don their silks or airy muslins, and bemoans her sad fate in having to wear her shabby old gown to Lady Nugent's dinner. The sly minx! Does she not know that she has but to have her thick fair hair done up in a coronet, and to brighten her dingy brown merino with knots of crimson here and there, to eclipse them all? Does she not know that then the men will all crowd about her chair, and that even Lady Gwendolen, the earl's lovely daughter, will be neglected?

In her ability to look beautiful with so little effort and at so small a cost, the heroine of the past achieved a task as difficult as that accomplished by the type of hero who, as any one could see, was a gentleman. He had a red face, carrot-colored hair, and small blue eyes; he was short and stout, or insignificant-looking. His conversation smacked of the kennels and stables, and very often was en-

livened by profanity in the presence of ladies. Every one knew that he drank more than was good for him, that he gambled and betted, that he did not pay his debts. Yet, while they admitted that he was not good looking, that he was even plain, all the women in the book declared that any one could see that Sir Harry was a gentleman. But this is a digression.

Many changes have crept in. Time was when, if sorrows rolled over her like billows and one misfortune followed on the heels of another, the heroine was permitted to glide into merciful unconsciousness or went into a death-like trance. Nowadays, however, no matter how harrowing the calamity, she is obliged to grin and bear it, like the rest of us. The novelist no longer considerably draws a veil when he comes to an unusually difficult piece of writing. Perhaps he has learned that he cannot now successfully shirk his task with the plea that to say more would be profanation,—that he will not be the one to lay bare the secrets of that stricken heart. In these degenerate days he plunges in the knife with fiendish glee, regardless of the sufferings of the victim, of himself, or of the public. Nor does he rest until the ghastly task of vivisection is complete.

The heroine, you may have observed, rarely says anything at present, though she manages to do the lion's share of talking. She does not answer; she does not reply; she seldom retorts. No, she flutters, she flashes back, she breathes, when she wishes to give utterance to her thoughts. If she is in an exultant mood, she glories, instead of exclaiming. But let us console ourselves. She no longer habitually says No instead of No.

Yet "Alas for the good old times!" say I. For with them, I fear, has departed the ormolu clock. It stood on the mantel-shelf in the heroine's boudoir. I have seen grandfathers' clocks, cuckoo clocks, onyx clocks, Dresden china clocks, but never an ormolu clock, though once as common as beauty and titles. It never did anything so vulgar as to strike. You remember it, do you not, the little ormolu clock that musically chimed out the hours?

AFRO-AMERICAN LITERATURE

T. THOMAS FORTUNE.....NEW YORK SUN

The Afro-American is naturally emotional. He runs to poetry, music, and oratory as naturally as ducks take to water, and his sense of the humorous and ludicrous is as keen as that of an Irishman. These elements should preponderate in his literature, but they do not. I have, perhaps, three hundred pamphlets, leaflets, and books written by Afro-Americans, mostly since the war, and the bulk of them deal with such subjects as the race problem, religion, education, history, and autobiography. There is not a book of real genius in the whole lot, although there is a wide range of learning and research and a dead waste of lamentation over the present and longing for the future. . . .

The absence of humor in most of the books and pamphlets written by Afro-Americans is all the more noticeable because it is one of the most pronounced characteristics of the masses of the race. As soon as he becomes educated he becomes ponderous in his thought and expression. Here and there an orator like Bishop William F. Dickinson or

Prof. Joseph C. Price or Mr. Frederick Douglass, all of whom are dead, would convulse an audience by the broadness of his humor or the keenness of his wit, but ponderosity is the prevailing characteristic of the educated Afro-American speech-maker, and this is equally true of those who write. This is mainly because he thinks and speaks not as an African, but as an American, and because the sense of the wrongs his race has suffered and those he endures kills all the humor and wit there is in him.

In all the newspapers published by Afro-Americans one seldom comes across a flash of wit, a touch of humor, unless the writer drops into it in a moment of forgetfulness, which is plain to the reader. The heaviest sort of questions of state and race and philosophy are discussed in language as stilted as that of Dr. Johnson or Thomas Carlyle.

In the natural course of things, the Afro-American should excel in prose fiction and poetic composition. In his uneducated condition he is a child of imagination, of poetry, and of song, and on occasion will spin out the most unheard-of yarns in most poetic phrase, or burst out in song of the sweetest and most seductive character; but the moment he becomes educated he seems to lose the faculty of imagination, he ceases to spin yarns for himself or anybody else, and he does not sing any more, unless it be the songs of Moody and Sankey or Verdi or other white men. It is becoming difficult in the colleges of the South, for instance, to get a glee club to sing a jubilee melody or a church choir to sing one of the grand old songs their fathers sang. Macaulay says that education destroys the poetic faculty. In the case of the Afro-American this appears to be literally true.

HOW TO WRITE FICTION

A. CONAN DOYLE.....GREAT THOUGHTS

"I would like," said Dr. Doyle recently at the Author's Club, "to say a few words about this work of story-telling, at which so many of us spend our lives. I confess that I speak with all diffidence, for the subject has many sides to it, and when I read some cocksure critic laying down the law about it I always feel, as Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, that I wish I was as sure of anything as he is of everything. But one thing I do know—that this art of ours, which has to appeal to the infinite variety of the human mind, should be treated in a very broad and catholic spirit. The narrow esoteric schools who talk of the writing of stories as if their own particular formula embraced all virtues, take themselves much too seriously. There is nothing more absurd than the realist who denies merit to the romance writer, unless it be the romance writer who sneers at the realist. A healthy taste should respond to honest words of every kind. The man who does not care for the story is an incomplete man. The man who does not care for a true study of life is an incomplete man. The man who does not care for anything that has ever been or can be on God's earth is an incomplete man. To interest is the ultimate object of all fiction.

"There is interest in every view of life, and to interest is the ultimate object of all fiction. That is what every writer and all methods are aiming at, from the old wife telling tales in the nursery to Sir Walter writing in his study. Kipling seems to me

to sum up the whole question with the unerring instinct of genius when he says, 'There are five-and-forty ways of writing tribal lays, and every blessed one of them is right.' Every one is right if you can interest the tribe. That is the touchstone of our art. And we have a fine tribe to interest. They sit round, the great English-speaking race, a hundred millions of them, and they say, 'We are very busy folk, engaged in very prosaic work, and we should be glad if you could take us out of ourselves sometimes.' It doesn't matter what you tell or how you tell it if you can accomplish that. They don't care about the bickerings of cliques, but they welcome all that is good. You may take them back five thousand years with Whyte Melville, or on to the future with Bellamy or Wells. You may carry them to the moon with Poe, or to the centre of the world with Jules Verne, or to some other world with Gulliver. Treat of man or woman, character or incident, and you will always get your audience if you do but put your heart and conscience into your work. If you wish to free yourself of all small dogmatisms about fiction you have but to look at those works which the whole world has now come to look upon as masterpieces, books varying as utterly as Don Quixote and Clarissa Harlowe, Ivanhoe and Madame Bovary. No narrow formula can cover these. But on whatever lines we approach our work it is certain that the object of that work is a noble one. I am sure that if we could follow the course of a single good novel, if we could see the weary who have been cheered by it, the sick who have been comforted, the spent business men whose thoughts have been taken into other channels, we should realize that there is no field of human effort in which a man may better hope that he has attained the highest aim of existence by making the world a little pleasanter through his presence in it."

NOVELS WITHOUT A PURPOSE

GRANT ALLEN.....NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The 19th century has tolerated to some extent that inartistic and jejune gaud, the novel without a purpose; the 20th century, holding higher and truer conceptions of art, will soon outgrow it. In this matter of the object and function of fiction, a certain dominant (though retrogressive and obscurantist) school of critics has for some twenty years been dinning in our ears its poor little formula of "Art for art's sake," in season and out of season, till most people at last have almost begun to believe it for its much speaking. And it has done this in spite of the patent fact that all the most successful novels of the last half-century, from Uncle Tom's Cabin to Jude the Obscure, have been novels with a purpose and that the tendency to write and to read such novels with a purpose has steadily increased throughout the whole of this period. In short, our critics have set out with a false theory of art, and then have attempted to twist plain facts into accordance with their theory.

Take in detail a few examples. Hellenic literature begins with the mere heroic story. We are captivated by the remoteness from our world and its problems—by the clash of bronze arms, the naïveté and simplicity of the domestic relations, the clang of the Iliad. "the war and thunder of the

Odyssey." Very different is the tone of the great Athenian tragedians. There we feel at once the conservative grandeur and solemnity of Æschylus; the philosophic doubt and ethical inquiry of Sophocles; the frank skepticism and human reconstruction in many plays of Euripides. Take the three great epics of the world, again—the Æneid, the Divina Commedia, and Paradise Lost; what comfort can the advocates of the novel or poem without a purpose derive from those great works? Milton pleads guilty to purposiveness from the very beginning—pleads guilty, and glories in it. "To vindicate the ways of God to man" is the expressed purpose of the argument in his epic. Paradise Lost is a theory of theology—and heretical at that. Comus is a singularly unconvincing though beautiful and fanciful tract on the ascetic side of the question of sex—just as the essay on Freedom of Divorce is a later expression of mature opinion in favor of a particular form of laxity. From beginning to end, Milton was a glorified and ennobled pamphleteer; he wrote his pamphlets with a purpose first and a divine beauty second, for without the purpose they would never have been written.

Every other literature tells us the same tale. We start in all with sagas, stories, folk-songs, *märchen*. We progress to the drama and novel of character; we end with the Euripideses, the Ibsens, the Merediths. Chaucer and Boccaccio form the first term in a series which goes steadily on to Shelley and Goethe. And we all instinctively feel that the greatest and truest poets and romancers are those who have taught their age somewhat: Wordsworth, not Scott; Shelley, not Byron. Even outside the more definitely purposive work, we also feel that relative height may best be gauged by intensity of purpose. Keats himself, unconscious of it though he was, and the last author to be cited in such instance, one might think, when judged by this standard, is really purposive; for in a world too dead to the worth of pure beauty, he revived the naked Greek ideal of the simply beautiful. I end where I began. The greatest novels and the greatest poems are thus clearly seen to be those which most mark time for humanity.

A work of art, I admit, is not a pamphlet or a proposition in Euclid, but it must enclose a truth, and a new truth, at that, if it is to find a place permanently in the front rank of its own order. Even of other arts than literature this is essentially true—as witness Botticelli, Burne-Jones, Donatello, Wagner. Painting, sculpture, music, to be truly great, must crest the wave of their own epoch. In literature, however, no work can be considered as really first-rate unless it teaches us somewhat—not merely pleases us. The critic who insists on absence of purpose is shown by the greatest examples of the past, and by the working of the time-spirit, to be merely a belated and antiquated anachronism. Thus the novel without a purpose stands condemned on its very face as belonging inherently to the second class, and to the infancy of humanity. It will continue to be written, no doubt, for the younger generation, and the inferior minds; but in the 20th century, I venture to believe, the adult and educated public will more and more demand from its literary caterers adult interests, adult sympathies, a philosophic aim, an ethical purpose.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

FLAGS AND THEIR ORIGIN

HISTORY AND TRADITION.....NEW YORK SUN

Independence Day exhibits an unusual display of bunting, but few people understand the origin of the Stars and Stripes. It is said to have originated from the shield or coat of arms of Washington. The Washingtons were a Northamptonshire family, and in the early part of the seventeenth century various members of the family lived at the village of Little Brington, about six miles from Northampton. There are tombstones in the parish church of Lawrence and his brother, Robert Washington, the former of whom died in the year 1616. On the tombs are the shield of the family, and the blazon shows stars and stripes. The great-grandfather of the famous President emigrated and settled at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, in the year 1657. Thus there is little doubt that the American flag got its design from the red and white stripes and stars on the shield of Washington, and the "eagle issuant" from his crest. The number of stars in the United States banner represents the different states enjoying the privileges of statehood. The Dukes of Marlborough hold Blenheim House on the tenure of presenting to the sovereign annually on the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, a small flag embroidered with flower-de-luce, and taken from the French on that occasion. The flag is hung in the armory at Windsor, opposite the throne. The Dukes of Wellington hold Strathfieldshaye House, presented by "a grateful people to the hero of Waterloo," on the tenure of presenting a flag to the sovereign annually on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. This flag is also hung in the armory, opposite the throne. Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united under James the First the flag carried by the English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George emblazoned on it, while that hoisted upon Scottish ships was blue, with the cross of St. Andrew on it, the red lines of the English flag being perpendicular and horizontal and those of the Scotch flag being diagonal. Owing to some misunderstandings between the ships of the two nations, the King ordered "that a new flag should be adopted, having the cross of St. George interlaced with that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry this flag at the mainmast head, and English ships were to display the red cross of St. George and Scottish ships that of St. Andrew at their sterns. On April 12, in the year 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea, but it was not until the parliamentary union of the two countries, in the year 1707, that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain.

The St. Patrick cross was added in the year 1801, and the flag now denotes the union of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland and Ireland. The silks from which British flags are made are all woven in Switzerland. All the flags for British ships of war, except the royal standards, are made in the government dock yards, and the enormous number required may be judged from the fact that in the color loft at Chatham alone about 18,000 flags are

made in a year. The English royal standard is never carried into action, even though the sovereign in person commands the army.

An heraldic manuscript of the sixteenth century prescribes that "the royal standard shall be set before the Kynge's pavillion, or tente, and not be borne in battayle, and to be in length eleven yards." The royal standard is never hoisted on ships except when her Majesty is on board, or a member of the royal family other than the Prince of Wales. When he is on board his own standard is hoisted. It resembles that of the Queen, except that it bears a label of three points, with the arms of Saxony on an escutcheon of pretence. Wherever the sovereign is residing the royal standard is hoisted, and on royal anniversaries or state occasions it is hoisted at certain fortresses or stations, home or foreign, as specified in the Queen's regulations, but nowhere else. The Scots adopted a thistle as their badge, owing to its once having saved them and given them the victory over their enemies, the Danes.

It appears that the Danes considered it cowardly to attack an enemy in the dark, but on one occasion they deviated from this rule and crept barefooted toward the Scots. Suddenly one man trod upon a thistle, which made him cry out, and this alarming the Scots, caused them to fall on the army of Danes, over whom they gained a complete victory. The Scots now use the thistle, with the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit." Scottish historians trace the Order of the Thistle back to very remote antiquity. It is said that it was instituted by Achaius I. in the year 809, on the occasion of that monarch forming an alliance with Charlemagne. He took for his device the thistle. It is also said concerning the introduction that King Hungus, the Pict, had a dream, in which St. Andrew paid him a midnight visit, and promised him a sure victory over his foes, the Northumbrians. On the following day St. Andrew's cross (X) appeared in the air, and the Northumbrians were defeated. It is said that from this legend King Achaius founded the knightly brotherhood named after the saint. The Thistle, like other true orders of chivalry, was intended to have and named but eight knights as members. Queen Anne increased the number to its proper form, and named four others, while George IV. made it sixteen, and at this number it stands, not including the princes of the blood. The last time on record when the "Fiery Cross" was sent through the Highlands was when the Earl of Mar raised the standard at Castleton of Breinar in the year 1715. His address calling out the clans was dated from Invercauld House.

The ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, as now emblazoned in the Irish quarter of the royal standard. Green was never heard of as a national color until the year 1798. The revolutionary Irish leaders, for the purpose of uniting all classes of Irishmen and to join the Orangemen to the rest of their countrymen, adopted the color green, green being produced by the uniting of blue and orange. The Battle of the Standard, fought between the English and Scots

in the reign of Stephen, took its name from the remarkable standard taken into action. It was a car upon four wheels, resembling the carroccio of the people of Lombardy. These standard cars are said to have been invented or first used by Eribert, Archbishop of Milan, in the year 1035. It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn by four pairs of oxen. In the centre of the car was fixed a mast, which supported a golden ball, an image of the Saviour, and the banner of the republic. In front of the mast were placed a few of the most valiant warriors, in the rear of it a band of warlike music. Feelings of religion, of military glory, of local attachment, of patriotism, were all associated with the carroccio, the idea of which is supposed to have been derived from the Jewish ark of the covenant. It was from the platform of the car that the priest administered the offices of religion to the army. No disgrace was so intolerable among the free citizens of Lombardy as that entailed by suffering an enemy to take the carroccio. The English standard car presented the mast of a vessel strongly fastened in position. At the top of the mast a large crucifix was displayed, having in the centre a silver box containing the consecrated wafer or sacrament, and lower down the mast was decorated with the banners of the three English saints.

In former times banners were displayed in all church processions; thus St. Augustine carried a banner with the ensign of a cross before King Ethelbert.

All large monasteries also possessed their special banners, and in the days when ecclesiastics engaged in warfare these were carried before them to battle. Thus in the army of King Edward I., a priest of Beverley carried the banner of St. John, Stephen carried the banner of St. Wilfrid of Ripon at the battle of Northallerton, and the Earl of Surrey in his northern expedition had the loan of the banner of St. Cuthbert of Durham.

The banner of the cross was borne by the Crusaders in the East, and was employed by the armies of Ferdinand beneath Granada against the crescent. A nobleman is also said to have carried the banner of St. William of York, and the English Edwards and Henrys won their victories under the banners of St. Edward the Confessor and St. Edmund of Bury. After his winning of the crown on Bosworth Field, Henry, Earl of Richmond, who was thus created Henry VII., placed the banner of St. George in the Cathedral of St. Paul. The banner of England is composed of three crosses, that of St. George, the patron saint of England; St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, and that of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The oriflamme of St. Denis' Abbey was borrowed by St. Louis, by Philip le Bel, and Louis le Gros, at the time that they defended France against Germany. The Pope sent consecrated colors to Charlemagne, and to Philip of Spain for his Armada. There are about fifty-four national flags in the world, besides the flags of the various colonies and parts of empires, such as the flags of Canada and of Ireland, the flags of Prussia and of the free cities of the German empire. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung in St. George's Chapel, and those of the Knights of the Bath in the Chapel of Henry VII., at Westminster. The banners of an

enemy are suspended in the English churches. There was formerly a religious form for the consecration of banners, and the dignity of "Canneret," was the first among the second order of nobility. The title of Knight Canneret was the highest rank in chivalry, and was usually obtained in consequence of some distinguished exploit in battle. The knight was distinguished by a square banner on his lance, the other knights bearing an indented pennon, and he had the privilege of commanding a separate body in the field, without attaching himself, like others, to the service of a nobleman. The English "trooping of the colors" had a strange origin, for tradition in the brigade of Guards attributes the institution of this parade to William, Duke of Cumberland, Colonel of the Coldstream and afterward of the First Foot Guards, who was scandalized at the unsteadiness of officers scarcely recovered from their midnight potations when they appeared on parade at the then unusual hour of 6 in the morning. It is said that the royal Duke devised the manœuvres, which required each officer and non-commissioned officer to march slowly and solitarily in a straight line directly to his post. The least unsteadiness was certain of detection. Although the necessity of this test no longer exists, the parade is carried out in its original form. It has been customary to have the display on the sovereign's birthday since the accession of George I.

The Danish national flag is a crimson banner bearing a white cross, and is a sacred emblem of victory and triumph to the Danes.

The ancient flag of Denmark was the raven, one of the sacred birds of the famous Odin, and this banner floated on the ships of the old sea kings who formerly infested English shores, and was retained as the national emblem until the commencement of the thirteenth century. At this time Waldemar II., the husband of the beautiful and beloved Dagmar, was King of Denmark. On June 22, 1219, a terrible battle was fought at Volmer between the Christian and pagan Danes. The Christians were nearly overcome when Anders Sunneson, the Archbishop, and his holy brethren ascended a hill overlooking the battle, and, imitating Moses, the Archbishop stretched forth his arms in supplication and prayer to God. While he could hold up his hands the Christians prevailed, but when they dropped from fatigue the pagans had the advantage, so his brethren supported his arms. The banner of the Christians had, however, been lost in the conflict, when a crimson banner, bearing on it a white cross, was seen descending from heaven, and a voice was heard to say, "When this sign is borne aloft you shall conquer!" The whole Christian host gathered themselves together under the heaven-descended banner of the cross and, assured of victory, utterly routed their pagan adversaries, who took to flight in abject fear. The Christians then assembled on the field of battle and gave thanks to God for the victory. The King conferred the honor of knighthood on thirty-five of his brave warriors under the banner of the cross, which was then called the "Dannebrog," or the banner of the Danes. The last fragment of this heaven-descended banner is said to be still preserved in the Treasury of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen. It is, however, merely a part of the staff, richly inlaid and ornamented with gold, and was re-

covered in the year 1841 by Frederick VI. from a person in Kiel, into whose hands it had fallen. The old banner was taken to Kiel in the year 1713 by Frederick IV. from Gottorp, to which place the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp had carried it as a spoil of war. He deposited it in the church of St. Nicolai, and it was hung above the high altar, but at the restoration of the church it was sold, together with other things, as old rubbish, and is supposed to have been burned, with the exception of the piece of the staff. Such, then, is the history of the royal banner owned by the Princess of Wales as a daughter of the Kings of Denmark.

The French do not appear to know the origin of the tricolor. The most probable theory of its adoption is that the red and blue were borrowed from the ancient badge of Paris, used by the citizens since the year 1358. It is also supposed that the white of the Bourbons was added in deference to the wishes of the Garde Nationale, which was still loyal to the King; still some writers affirm that Louis XVI., himself, with his own hand, made the change, when, at the foot of the staircase of the Hotel-de-Ville, he placed in the white cockade of his hat the ribbon offered him by Bailly. However this may be, some time elapsed before the tricolor became the national flag. The flag given by King Humbert to the Italian ironclad Umberto I., which floats at her masthead, measures nearly ten yards in length and is six and a half yards wide. The silk of which it is made is of Italian manufacture. The sewing and embroidery of the Savoy arms was done by the Industrial Girls' School called "Duchessa di Galliera." An apron is the royal standard of Persia. This is covered with jewels and borne in the van of Persian armies. It commemorates Gao, a Persian blacksmith, who raised a revolt which was successful. This a leather apron covered with jewels still does honor to his memory. The Korean flag is curious and typifies the two elements of creation, namely, the male and the female. This is contrived by the representation of a sort of globe, one half blue and the other red. The flag itself is white, and in addition to the centre ball displays in the corners strange and complicated devices which were invented by a Chinese emperor some thousands of years ago.

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE

THE OLD WORLD'S CENTENARIANS.....MEDICAL REVIEW

A German statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the Old World. He has found, for instance, that high civilization does not favor the greatest length of life. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their 100th birthday. England has 146, Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10; and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 18,000,000 population, has 410. The most amazing figures found by the German statistician came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Servia has 575 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084; and Bulgaria, 3,883. In other words,

Bulgaria has a centenarian to every thousand inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than 100. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Servia, there were in 1890 some 290 persons between 106 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 125 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140. Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian 160 years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is then, in his opinion, Bruno Cotrim, a negro born in Africa and now a resident in Rio Janeiro. Cotrim is 150 years old. Next to him probably comes a retired Moscow cabman, named Kustrim, who is in his 140th year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is 130 years old, but neglects to give her name or address, possibly out of courtesy, or perhaps in view of the extraordinary figures which came to his hand from the Balkans he thought a subject only 130 years old was hardly worthy of particular mention.

PSYCHOLOGY OF FINGER RINGS

E. M. DAVY.....HOME JOURNAL

From the earliest times a mysterious significance has been associated with rings, and these apparently trivial little trinkets have played a very important part in the world's history.

They have been used as symbols, tokens of trust, insignia of command, badges of rank and honor, pledges of faith and alliance, and also as signs of servitude.

Of all ornaments the ring is supposed to have been the first worn. All the Hindu-Mogul divinities are represented with rings; so likewise are the gods of Elephanta.

Mythologists told an ingenious fable to account for their origin; Jove, upon loosing the Titan Prometheus from his rock of torture, obliged him, as a perpetual penance, to wear forever on his finger a link of the chain set with a fragment of the Caucasian rock.

The Bible gives innumerable instances of the importance of the signet ring: Darius sealed with his the den of lions; Jezebel made use of the ring of Ahab to seal the counterfeit letters ordering the death of Naboth.

One of the oldest rings extant is that of Cheops, the founder of the Great Pyramid; it is of gold with hieroglyphics; and the use of the scarabei and signet rings of the ancient Egyptians dates from a remote period of history. They were made of gold, silver, bronze, precious stones or faience. Sometimes the bezels were solid and did not move; sometimes they were inlaid with scarabs inscribed with various devices, or the name of the wearer, and revolved. During the XVIII. dynasty a very pretty class of ring was made at Tell-el-Amarna, in blue, green, and purple glazed faience; examples are very numerous, and every Egyptian collection of importance contains several. The band of these rings is seldom more than an eighth of an inch thick. Some have a

plate with a bas-relief of the god Baal playing on the tambourine, as the inventor of music; others have their plate in the shape of the right symbolical eye, emblem of the sun, of a fish, or of a scarabæus, while some represent flowers or bear hieroglyphical inscriptions with the names of Amen-Ra, and of other gods and monarchs. These rings are of a substance finer and more fragile than glass.

The Homeric poems make mention of ear-rings only; but in the later Greek legends the ancient heroes are described as wearing finger rings. Counterfeit stones in rings are mentioned in the time of Solon, who made stringent laws concerning them, and also prohibited sellers of rings from keeping the model of a ring they had sold.

The Lacedæmons, according to the laws of Lycurgus, had only iron rings, despising those of gold.

Etruscans and Sabines wore rings at the period of the foundation of Rome, 753 B. C.; and the workmanship of the Etruscan jewelers was of peculiar beauty. Pliny relates that the first date in Roman history in which he could trace any general use of rings was in A. U. C. 449.

Mithridates, the famous king of Pontus, possessed a museum of signet rings.

With the increasing love of luxury and show, the Romans as well as the Greeks covered their fingers with these ornaments, some even wearing different kinds for summer and winter. According to Martial, one Clarinus wore daily no less than sixty.

In getting up pleasure parties—which we moderns call picnics—the Romans made a temporary exchange of rings as vouchers that they would fulfil their engagement.

Lucian describes a rich Roman who wore sixteen rings—two on each thumb and each finger except the middle one, which was held in a species of reprobation.

Heliogabalus never wore the same ring twice.

In the year of Rome 775, it was decreed that no one should have the privilege of wearing a ring unless he, his father, and his grandfather, all free-born men, had possessed four hundred thousand sesterces (£3,360) in landed property, and had, in accordance with the *lex Julia* on theatres, the right to sit on the fourteen rows of seats.

Rings were given among the Romans on birth-days. The gladiators often wore heavy rings, a blow from which was sometimes fatal.

The Romans had also their amulets and magic rings, on which were engraved one or more stars, the head of Anubis, a sign of the Zodiac, or a human foot.

Rings were in common use among our British, Saxon, and mediæval ancestors. According to Pliny, the Britons wore them on the middle finger, and some of the Anglo-Saxon rings that have been discovered are of most excellent workmanship; notably one of gold enameled, now in the British Museum, that belonged to Ethelwulf, King of Wessex (837-857).

The ring of Solomon—so Hebrew legends say—possessed most marvelous powers. The mystic word *schemhamphoras* was engraved upon it, and every day at noon it transported him into the firmament, where he heard the secrets of the universe.

Plato relates how the ring of Gyges, king of Lydia, rendered its owner invisible when turned in-

wards. Herodotus tells a similar story of the same ring.

From Asia legends connected with rings were introduced into Greece, and from Greece to Italy, numberless miraculous powers being ascribed to them. They were supposed to protect from the "evil eye," from the influence of demons, and dangers of every kind, though it was not simply in the rings themselves that the supposed virtues existed so much as in the materials of which they were composed, in some precious gem that was set in them, some device or inscription on the stone, or some magical letters engraved on the circumference of the ring.

Dactylomancia (from two Greek words signifying ring and divination) was a favorite operation of the ancients. It was one of the modes of inquiring by magical means who should succeed to the Roman emperorship. The letters of the alphabet were laid in a circle, and a magic ring suspended above was believed to point to the initial letters of the name of him who should be the future emperor.

Another ancient mode of divining by the ring is similar in principle to the modern table-rapping. The edge of a round table was marked with the characters of the alphabet and the ring suspended above them stopped over certain letters, which, being joined together, composed the answer.

Divination by sounds emitted on striking two rings was practiced by Execetus, tyrant of the Phocians.

Galen mentions a green jasper amulet belonging to the Egyptian king, Nechepsus, who lived 630 years before the Christian era. It was cut in the form of a dragon, surrounded with rays, and worn to strengthen the organs of digestion.

Liceti, a Genoese physician of the nineteenth century, who wrote a book on rings, ascribed the want of virtue in medicated rings to their small size, observing that the larger they were, or the gem in them, the greater the effect.

Among charges brought against Joan of Arc was that she had charmed rings to secure victory over her enemies.

In the early and middle ages it was not only generally believed that rings could be charmed by the power of the magician, but that the engraved stones on ancient rings which were found on old sites possessed supernatural properties, the good or evil influences of which would be imparted to the wearer. Rings made of the bones of an ostrich were deemed of rare value; those of hoof inclosed in gold a remedy for epilepsy. A piece of silver collected at the communion and made into a ring is still supposed to be a cure for convulsions and fits of every kind.

The ancients appear to have been acquainted with vegetable poisons as speedy in their effects as the modern strychnia, and these poisons were often concealed in the hollow of a ring. These rings were put together with an amount of skill far beyond that of modern jewelers, for the soldering of the joints of the gold plates of which they are formed is absolutely imperceptible when breathed upon,—a test under which modern solder always assumes a lighter tint. Hannibal, from fear of being delivered up to the Romans, swallowed poison, which he carried with him in the hollow of a ring. Demosthenes died in a similar manner, and many other instances are on record.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

MARIE AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

"REGINA ET M. D.".....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Marie Amélie of Portugal enjoys the distinction of being the first woman of royal birth who has acquired the honorable right to add the letters M. D. to the "Regina" that follows her name. After a couple of years of hard and serious study, pursued under disadvantages of no ordinary character, since every moment of a Queen's time is supposed to belong to the nation, and to be taken up by the manifold duties pertaining to her lofty station, she has just succeeded in passing with flying colors the difficult examination which entitles her to practice as a physician. Empresses, Queens and Princesses of the blood have on many occasions distinguished themselves in connection with the nursing of the sick and wounded, as well as with the organization and management of hospitals; but Marie Amélie, the daughter of the late Comte de Paris, is the first lady born to the purple to become actually a full-fledged doctor of medicine.

The occurrence is of considerable importance to the feminine world. In the first place, it has served to sweep away all obstacles that have until now been raised by the Portuguese authorities—State, municipal, and medical—against the admission of women to the practice of the noble art of healing those who suffer, and then, too, it will tend to diminish the prejudice which exists in so many quarters all over the world against women physicians. Twenty years ago, and even at a still more recent date, they were almost universally denounced as anomalies, as unsexed creatures, who had abandoned every atom of refinement, delicacy and femininity. And yet here we find a woman of renowned elegance, of rare intellectual gifts, a devoted mother, a good wife, imbued with the deepest religious sentiments, who has been able to go through the entire gamut of medical studies without sacrificing in the slightest degree a single one of those qualities which have served to render her so popular in Portugal, and so admired, as well as respected, abroad.

Queen Marie Amélie's taste for this particular branch of science may be said to date from the time of the discovery of the serum of diphtheria. Portugal is a country that suffers probably more than any other in Europe from this frightful scourge, the lack of cleanliness of the people, as well as their indifference to even the most elementary rules of sanitation, contributing in a great degree to the ravages that it commits. On hearing of the serum she at once took steps to have it introduced into her adopted country, but encountered the greatest opposition, not only among the people themselves, but also on the part of the medical profession at Lisbon. Once convinced of its efficacy, however, she set to work to remove the disfavor with which it was regarded. She surrendered her riding school, as well as a number of her horses, to those intrusted with the production of the remedy, and then, with the object of removing all popular apprehension as to the alleged dangerous character of its effects, caused herself to be publicly inoculated therewith. Need-

less to add that the operation in no way impaired her health, while it has since enabled her to visit the diphtheria wards of the metropolitan hospitals and to assist in the nursing and medical care of the patients without the slightest danger of contagion.

Her Most Faithful Majesty might have remained content therewith had it not been for the health of her husband, Dom Carlos. The latter, in spite of his merry, fat face and jovial demeanor, is far from possessing a strong constitution. He suffers from excessive obesity, and during the last year or eighteen months his corpulence has increased to such a rate as to seriously alarm his regular physicians and relatives. Specialists were called in, and for a time he was subjected to a severe regimen. Finding that it had no appreciable effect in diminishing his girth, he cast dietary and medicinal regulations to the winds, and declared that he would no longer submit thereto. Thereupon his wife announced that she would undertake the treatment of his case, and it was with the object of being properly qualified to do so that she set to work to go through the course of study needed to enable her to fulfill the duties of a physician.

From that time forth the atmosphere of the royal palace became distinctly medical, and it may be doubted whether Dom Carlos altogether approved of his wife's new departure. For not only were there medical books and plaster casts littering the royal apartments, but the Queen was also at her husband night and day, constantly forcing him to show his tongue, to have his pulse felt and his temperature taken, lecturing him at every moment of the day concerning his eating, his drinking and his exercise, while the conversation to which he was forced to listen was of a nature to terrify a perfectly healthy man into imagining that he had every ailment under the sun. Indeed, if Lisbon court gossip is to be believed, the recent trip to Paris and England of fat, indolent, lazy and pleasure-loving King Carlos was undertaken mainly with the view of obtaining a respite for a while from the medical attentions of his wife.

Queen Marie Amélie has inherited much of that extraordinary energy which so distinguishes her active mother, the Comtesse de Paris, in whom, however, it takes an exceedingly masculine form, the Comtesse being addicted to the smoking of strong cigars, to shooting and, it is whispered in Royalist circles at Paris, to bullfighting. The consort of Dom Carlos steers clear of all these eccentricities, although she does not manifest aversion to attending a bullfight as a spectator. It was on an occasion such as this that she practically saved the life of her husband. During the course of a "corrido" given at the Campo Pequeno, near Lisbon, one of the heavily beflagged masts that surmounted the royal box was snapped in twain by the wind and fell with great force almost directly on the head of the dumpy King. With rare presence of mind and strength she managed to divert the fall of the mast, so that instead of crushing her husband's head it merely grazed his shoulder. Marie Amélie has been trained to every form of athletic sport, and is

a superb rider and swimmer, the latter an accomplishment which she shares with her mother-in-law, Queen Pia.

Up to the moment of her son's marriage, Queen Pia's influence had been predominant at Lisbon. She had to all intents and purposes ruled the Kingdom of Portugal with an iron hand ever since she first arrived in the country as the bride of King Luis, and, being an extremely ambitious woman, she strongly resents having to make way for her French daughter-in-law, whose power has superseded her own. The preponderance of Marie Amélie's influence over her husband is altogether to the advantage of the Portuguese; for whereas the political ideas of her mother-in-law are of the most autocratic character and of a despotism entirely Muscovite in its nature, the Queen Consort favors liberalism of an advanced form and is entirely in touch with the democratic ideas that prevail among the vast majority of her husband's subjects. Finally, it may be added that she is very rich in her own right, having received a large dowry at the time of her marriage and inherited a still larger portion at her father's death. She can, therefore, afford to be independent, and has on several occasions achieved much popularity by declining to receive a cent of the large annuity allotted to her by the Government in the form of a civil list, declaring that she could not find it in her heart to take a penny from the country as long as its financial necessities were of such an acute nature.

INTERVIEWING PROF. JOHN MILNE, F. R. S.

AN AUTHORITY ON EARTHQUAKES.....BLACK AND WHITE

Professor John Milne, F. R. S., is of the stuff explorers are made of. Had chance not put him on the path that led him to be the foremost seismologist of his time, he would be mapping out the blanks of the Dark Continent, or discovering the North Pole. Despite many adventures and hardships, and twenty years of service in Japan, this man in the prime of life speaks modestly of his work, and describes a lonely journey across Siberia and Mongolia with less emotion than a Little Englander would discover over a voyage from London Bridge to Margate. "Earthquake Milne," the appellation whereby every foreigner who has drunk a cocktail at Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, or Tokio, knows him, spent his early years uneventfully at King's College School, London. Thence he went to the Royal School of Mines, in Jermyn Street, and while yet a student was sent by Cyrus Field to report upon mines in Newfoundland and Labrador. His appetite for travel thus whetted, he explored Iceland, and shortly afterwards joined the expedition of Dr. Beke, which was sent out by the Geographical Society and the Rothschilds to fix the exact site of Mount Sinai. In '75 Mr. Milne was appointed consulting engineer to the newly-formed Public Works Department of the Japanese Government, and it is characteristic of the man that instead of going comfortably to his post by a P. and O. boat he made his way alone across Europe and Asia, following to a great extent the line of the projected Siberian railway, and did not emerge at Shanghai until nearly a twelvemonth later. He had many weird experiences during that long journey, especially in Mongolia, which would make glorious

"copy"; but it was of earthquakes that I wanted his experiences, so I asked him point blank how he came to make them his especial study.

"With a shock occurring on the average once a week, a man need not be a geologist to take a keen interest in earthquakes," he said with conviction. "Of course, the majority of them do nothing worse than break your best piece of Satsuma, but you never know. A man may get used to most things with practice, but no amount of practice will keep him from bolting out of bed and into the street when the tremors begin. The first big earthquake I experienced was in '80, when Yokohama bore the appearance of a town that had been bombarded. This led directly to the formation of the Seismological Society of Japan, and the study of earthquakes was taken seriously in hand. At the present day there are nine hundred and sixty-eight stations scattered all over the Empire where these movements are recorded, a special bureau whither the reports are sent and analyzed, and a chair of seismology at the Imperial University."

"Which I suppose you occupied?"—"The first professor was a native—Professor Sekiya; but afterwards, when the Public Works Department broke up, the school of mining attached to it became part of the University, and besides being the Professor of Mining, I occupied the Chair of Seismology until I left last year."

"The catastrophe of '91 was the greatest during your term, was it not?"—"Yes; it occurred about six in the morning. I got into the street in time to see the next house tumbling to pieces. This was in the capital, where the Imperial Hotel was ruined and the University considerably damaged; but the worst effects were further south. Nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight persons lost their lives, and the number of injured exceeded a hundred thousand. Railways and bridges were destroyed, four hundred miles of river and canal embankment smashed, and the sides of mountains fell out and formed lakes by damming the rivers. The Government spent thirty millions of dollars in relief works and repairing damages; and as the earthquake lasted just thirty seconds, it may be said to have cost the Government alone a million a second."

"And the country has enjoyed an immunity from serious shocks until that which occurred the other day at Kamaishi?"—"Yes," said Mr. Milne, "practically speaking it has: though there was one in Tokio which cost twenty-six lives, and another in the northern provinces which killed about three hundred people. In the recent disaster the great loss of life—thirty thousand it is said to be—has been due to enormous tidal waves washing in on the coast. These are not uncommon. In '55 they partially destroyed the town of Shimoda, where Perry landed and got his treaty, and in '68 and again in '77 such waves were felt along the coast from north to south, rising and falling at short intervals like an ordinary tide: they were due to earthquakes in South America. At Kamaishi the origin of the disturbance was probably close to the coast, and therefore the waves rushed in with great violence. The cause may have been either a submarine eruption or a gigantic landslide at the bottom of the ocean. Strange to say, for many years past the origin of the large earthquakes which have been felt on the eastern

coast of Japan has been traced to a point perhaps a hundred miles out at sea, and such a line lies, to use a technical expression, in the anti-clinal folding which forms the backbone of the northern island. It is quite possible that this 'folding' is still in progress, and from time to time the crumpling crust reaches the limits of elasticity and suddenly breaks. That is the reason for probably ninety-five per cent of these disturbances."

"And the other five per cent?"—"Volcanic explosions," answered Mr. Milne promptly. "In Japan there are about a hundred volcanoes that have been active during the historical period. Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, you know, is said to have been formed about 200 A. D., when it marched from the south to its present position, leaving the depression behind which is now known as Lake Biwa. There is this to be said for earthquakes," added Mr. Milne thoughtfully, "that though they do an enormous amount of damage—five hundred lives and several million dollars is probably their annual cost in Japan—they ought to be a source of satisfaction to the survivors, for a shock is simply an announcement that the crust of the earth is buckling upwards and that the country is growing."

"It would require a pretty robust patriotism to look at it from that point of view," I suggested.—"Oh, I don't know," said the Professor, "and then again, the benefits that have been derived from the study of Seismology in Japan are manifold. The method of building bridges and houses has been revolutionized. For example, the piers of bridges are now made thicker at their bases and taper upwards, instead of being built with straight sides as in Europe, and brick factory chimneys have been replaced by structures of sheet iron. A severe earthquake now would not cause a fourth of damage which would have been inevitable even half-a-dozen years ago."

"And your especial pet, the Seismograph?"—"That, too, has applications outside earthquakes. In conjunction with my friend Mr. Macdonald, of the Japanese Railway Department, I perfected an instrument on the same principle as the seismograph for recording the vibrations of trains. By this means any defect in the engine or permanent way is at once discovered. These instruments are universally in use on Japanese railways, and probably they will be taken up by British lines presently."

"And, a last question, what is the great mystery of earthquakes?"—"The present problem I am engaged upon is to determine the rate at which earthquake motion is transmitted round and possibly through the earth," Mr. Milne told me. "It has been found that a violent shock in any part of the world may be recorded, if proper instruments are used, in any other part. I have obtained distinct records of earthquakes which had their origin at the antipodes of the observing station. Shocks at Japan have been often recorded in Europe. The most curious results of the analysis of these records is the discovery that the motion has been transmitted more rapidly than it could be transmitted through glass or steel; and the conclusion, therefore, is that such motion cannot have traveled a superficial course, but must have come through the interior of the earth."

To confirm these observations Mr. Milne proposes that fifteen or twenty stations should be established round the globe, so that by recording earthquake movements the effective rigidity of the earth may be ascertained. It is scarcely necessary to say that this knowledge would be of enormous value to physicists and astronomers.

LADY TENNYSON, THE LAUREATE'S WIDOW

HERSELF A POET AND MUSICIAN.....POUGHKEEPSIE NEWS-PRESS

Emily, Lady Tennyson, widow of Lord Alfred Tennyson, the late poet laureate, who died at her residence at Aldworth, England, August 10, was a daughter of Mr. Henry Sellwood of Somersby and a niece of Sir John Franklin. When the late poet laureate first met her at Somersby, she possessed much beauty and charm. Carlyle described her as having bright, glittering blue eyes, "and," he adds, "were it not that she seems so very delicate in health, good might be augured of Tennyson's adventure." Emily Sellwood married Tennyson in 1850, and her subsequent life showed that Carlyle had not been mistaken in his judgment. She always suffered more or less from illness, and for many years before her death she had been a complete invalid. But, although she was bodily disabled, her mental power was by no means weakened and remained active to the last. She had talent in poetry, as some of her verses testify. Several of them are to be found in Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song."

Lady Tennyson was also a good musician and set to music many of her husband's songs. It was she who wrote the music for the lines dictated by Tennyson on his deathbed which were sung at his funeral service in Westminster Abbey. Lord Tennyson's brother, Charles, married a sister of Miss Sellwood.

HERR OTTO LILLIENTHAL

A MARTYR OF SCIENCE.....THE INDEPENDENT

Herr Otto Lillienthal, the famous experimenter in the building of flying machines, fell to the ground and was killed, near Berlin, on the eleventh of August. Since the day when Icarus experimented with his wax wings and, flying too near the sun, fell into the sea that bears his name, men have been tempting fate by aerial trips. Lillienthal was known as "the man who flies," for he had succeeded in sailing three hundred yards through the air. His wings, at first flat, were changed to the gentle parabolic curve of the bird. He believed that no great power is used by birds, but that they keep afloat by means of the particular way in which their wings catch the air. His method was sailing rather than flying, for he would run along some height, facing the wind, his wings folded behind him, and then when he had gained sufficient momentum he would leap into the air, spread his wings, and sail away after the fashion of a great seagull. His method was an exact imitation of the flight of all large birds. His wings, constructed of closely woven muslin washed with collodion, thus preventing the penetration of air, were stretched upon split willow ribs. Otto Lillienthal was forty-six years of age. He was born in the quaint little town of Auklam, on the Baltic coast of the Prussian Province of Pomerania. With a younger brother he went to Berlin, and there founded a large manufactory of small steam engines, which is still operating.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

In Paradise.....Henry Baldwin.....The Bookman

When Mollie laughs, you hear the rush
Of winds among the forest trees,
The joyous outburst of the thrush,
When twilight prompts his melodies,
And other sounds as quick as these
To lift the heart. The paths are green,
Life opens for her down its leas;
She treads them blithely: She's sixteen.

When Phyllis smiles, the darkest sky
Is shot with sunlight through and through;
For every dimple shown thereby
She gains a lover, ardent, true.
'Tis vain to sigh and vain to sue,
He best may fare who long can wait
For favor from those eyes of blue —
The years she numbers are but eight.

Order my life, ye Sisters three,
As seemeth best, but grant me, whiles,
Abidance in that Paradise
Where Mollie laughs and Phyllis smiles.

Triplet...Anne Virginia Culbertson...Lays of a Wandering Minstrel

He stole just one kiss
Ah! why did he do it?
I own it was bliss,
Why then do I rue it
He stole just one kiss?
The reason is this,—
I fancied you knew it,—
He stole just *one* kiss!

Could She But Guess.....The New Budget

Could she but guess the secret here —
The secret I would fain confess —
What would she do, poor little dear,
Could she but guess?

I wonder! Would she feign distress,
Or would she feel it — she's sincere —
Or might she shyly murmur, "Yes"? .

The deuce — 'tis out! My whole career
Lies in her hands to blast or bless.
That comes of trifling with a mere
"Could she but guess."

Nancy.....Puck

When Nancy donned her brocade gown,
Piled up her powdered hair
And put a patch upon her cheek,
There was no maid so fair!
I longed to be a gallant knight,
Her colors for to wear,
When Nancy donned her brocade gown
And piled her powdered hair.

When Nancy on the tennis court
In rough serge met my view,
I thought the loveliest frock e'er made
Was just of flannel blue;
And tennis seemed the fittest sport
For maidens to pursue,
When Nancy on the tennis court
In rough serge met my view.

When Nancy in a gingham gown
Stood at the kitchen shelf

And, with her careful, housewife air,
Put by the kitchen delf,
Upon a sudden then I knew
'Twas she who charmed — herself —
When Nancy in a gingham gown
Stood at the kitchen shelf.

Ballade of Forgotten Loves...Arthur Grissom...Beaux and Belles

Some poets sing of sweethearts dead,
Some sing of true loves far away,
Some sing of those that others wed,
And some of idols turned to clay;
I sing a pensive roundelay
To sweethearts of a doubtful lot,
The passions vanished in a day —
The little loves that I've forgot.

For, as the happy years have sped,
And golden dreams have changed to gray,
How oft the flame of love was fed
By glance or smile, from Maud or May,
When wayward Cupid was at play;
Mere fancies, formed of who knows what?
But still my debt I ne'er can pay
The little loves that I've forgot.

O joyous hours forever fled!
O sudden hope that would not stay!
Held only by the slender thread
Of memory that's all astray.
Their very names I cannot say,
Time's will is done; I know them not;
But blessings on them all, I pray —
The little loves that I've forgot.

L'envoi.
Sweetheart, why foolish fears betray?
Ours is the one true lovers' knot;
Note well the burden of my lay —
The little loves that I've forgot.

Helen's Hand.....The Ladies' Every Saturday

Fair Helen puts her hand in mine,
And, at its touch, I thrill and start
To feel each finger soft entwine
About my heart.

In Helen's hand a voice I hear —
Within its palm — within its press;
And lips of love a message bear
Of tenderness.

For long my dreams held only this:
An open rose — a star's expanse,
In which lay shining Helen's kiss,
And Helen's glance.

To-day a brighter beam I see;
In jeweled sleep, a golden band
Engilds the spotless purity
Of Helen's hand.

To Chloe.....Robert Bridges.....The Century
(FOR A MENDED GLOVE.)

Fair Chloe looked upon the old torn glove,
Then touched its ragged edges with her fingers,
And lo! the rent was closed — as if for love
Sweet healing follows where her touch but lingers.

If all the rents that follow Chloe's eyes,
And all the hearts despairingly defended,
Were healed so soon — we'd straightway realize
That love and life are good as new when mended.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

FASHION IN CLERICAL GARB

THE CUT OF "THE CLOTH".....NEW YORK TIMES

The latitude which may be observed now in the dress of the clergy of all denominations is one among the many signs of the modern liberal tendencies. At present it seems to be almost wholly a question of personal taste as to whether or not a minister when not in the pulpit shall wear distinctly clerical clothes. Years ago, when the lines between the different sects were much more sharply drawn, it would have been considered a remarkable departure, significant of immediate conversion to Anglicanism or even to Romanism, for a Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian minister to don the regulation dress of the Episcopal clergy. Now the wearers of the cassock vest, the clerical frock coat with its standing collar, and the round linen collar opening at the back, are to be counted among pastors of all denominations. At a Methodist conference held recently, several of the men present were dressed in extreme clerical style. A leading tailor in Broadway said the other day that he made the Episcopal garb for a great many Presbyterian ministers. The climax of novelty seems to have been reached when a Unitarian clergyman appears in full clericals. The gentleman in question goes so far as to wear the Roman turn-down collar, with the "rabbi" or bib-like attachment of cloth in front, instead of the plain, single band of the Anglican style.

But there is an opposite side to the matter. While ministers in general are practically free now to adopt the distinctive "uniform" if they desire, they are also quite at liberty to wear clothes exactly similar to those of any ordinary citizen, of whatever color or cut may suit their fancy. Hence it has come about that the old time Prince Albert coat and white tie, which used to be the certain signs of the Evangelical preachers a few years ago, are now comparatively seldom seen. Those which still exist are confined chiefly to the older men, who find it hard to depart from lifelong conventions, and to country pastors, among whom changes in fashion are long in making themselves felt. If a minister to-day does not choose to adopt the Episcopal dress he usually wears an ordinary suit, making no attempt at any half-way distinction.

Even in the Episcopal church there are some clergymen, though they are decidedly in the minority as yet, who prefer not to be known as such by their clothes. When engaged in any outdoor pastime in the country they put on appropriate costumes, such as bicycle or golf suits, or light flannels. It is the opinion of clergymen who dislike the "uniform" idea that they lose influence with a large class of people by placing themselves apart, and, as it were, advertising their profession. Those who favor the clerical dress contend, on the other hand, that the ministry is a profession which ought to be distinguished from all others, and believe that the significant costume goes far toward claiming the respect of the general public.

The changes in the dress of clergymen when in the pulpit have been less marked. In the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches the preacher is ab-

solutely required to wear a certain prescribed garb. This for Episcopalians consists of the long, black cassock, moderately tight fitting underneath, and the white surplice above. The stole, a long silk or satin band, symbolizing the yoke of the gospel, is worn over both shoulders, the ends falling down in front. In the Presbyterian church the wearing of the black Geneva gown is optional but, judging from what the makers of these articles say, the use of them is certainly not on the decrease. The gown worn by the Lutheran preachers differs slightly in cut from the Geneva pattern, but bears a general semblance to it. Baptist clergymen do not ordinarily wear gowns when preaching, but when an immersion is to take place a garment called a baptismal gown is put on. The demand for these seems to be fully as strong as ever.

THE "ANIMAL" FURNITURE FAD

WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.....THE STRAND MAGAZINE

We have all seen hunting trophies—for the most part mournful looking heads—mounted in monotonous fashion and set up as ornaments in country houses; but he was really a "dressed smart man" who first thought of adapting these trophies to every-day use—turning them, in fact, into articles of furniture.

Fancy lounging into the entrance hall of a country mansion after a long ramble, and throwing your hat on the horn of a rhinoceros, which identical horn was once half buried in the writhing body of your host! And in saying this, I have a certain country seat in my mind. I also recall a titled lady who occasionally wears a necklace of gold-mounted bear's claws, which correspond exactly with a number of frightful looking scars on her noble husband's back. Then, again, in the beautiful home of one of our greatest big game hunters there may be seen at this moment a superb tiger set up as a dumb—very dumb—waiter. That same tiger, however, wasn't always so obliging, and he once tore to pieces the very man he now stiffly supplies with a glass of grog and a cigar.

An obsequious looking bear which was shot in Russia by no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, for years has "waited" meekly in the smoking room at Marlborough House. The setting up of this bear was intrusted to Mr. George F. Butt, F. Z. S., the eminent naturalist, of Wigmore Street, who has a perfect genius for transforming big game trophies into articles of furniture and general utility. From Mr. Butt I learn that this particular branch of taxidermy is about thirty years old, its origin dating from the time when ladies adopted the hideous fashion of wearing as hats whole grouse and pheasants. In the "Sixties," when this craze was at its height, the naturalists couldn't supply the birds fast enough—at four guineas each. "More grouse were worn than were eaten," remarked Mr. Butt, gravely; "and not merely the wings, mark you, but the whole bird from head to tail."

After these modish abominations came tiger and bear claw jewelry, the notion of which was imported from India; then followed various articles made from whole animals and parts of animals. One of

the earliest designs was a horse's hoof—that of a favorite charger—made into a silver-mounted ink-stand. Chairs were also made which were supported by the four legs of a rhinoceros or zebra, or a favorite horse.

But without doubt the most original "animal" chair I ever beheld was that which belongs to that mighty nimrod, Mr. J. Gardiner Muir, of "Hillcrest," Market Harborough. This chair is made from a baby giraffe, which, with its mother, was shot by Mr. Gardiner Muir, near the Kiboko River, in British East Africa. The design is by Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly.

It is quite astonishing to learn how many defunct animals are called upon to throw light upon things. I refer, of course, to animals converted into lamps. Some year's ago a certain lady's pet monkey died, and, although her grief was great, she resolved to have her dead darling turned into something useful as well as ornamental. In life that monkey had been phenomenally active—tweaking the noses of dignified people who least expected it; and the sorrowing mistress couldn't bear to think of the poor little thing as a mere stuffed specimen grinning idiotically beneath a glass case. Therefore was that pet monkey set up as a candleholder, grasping in its little fists the polished brass sconces, and with quite an eager, officious air.

This set another fashion, and before long a West-end firm (Messrs. Williams and Bach, of New Bond Street) was doing a roaring trade in animal and bird lamps. The designs of many of these are remarkably ingenious. In the design of another monkey lamp two active little fellows are supposed to be frolicking together, the topmost monkey bearing the oil well after the manner of Atlas, with his tail coiled around the crossbar, while his playfellow is scrambling up the pillar as though anxious to share the burden and the fun.

For some reason, innumerable monkeys were sold to light up billiard rooms, the little animals swinging from a hoop with one hand and carrying the lamp in the other. After a time people other than those who had dead pet monkeys wanted to possess these unique lamps, so that defunct simians from the Zoo had to be eagerly bought up, and Mr. Jamrach, the famous wild beast importer, was vexed with orders for dead monkeys. Later on less uncommon pets—parrots and cockatoos—were utilized in a similar manner, and at length this latter form of the craze reached preposterous dimensions. Will it be believed that the Bond Street house (I have it on the authority of the manager) had actually to keep a stock of live parrots and cockatoos, so that aristocratic customers could select one for a swinging lamp? After selection, the doomed bird was sent along to the taxidermist, killed immediately, and then mounted in the style chosen. The parrots swung in brass hoops with outspread wings, and carried the lamps on their back; whilst cockatoos were "chained" to a perch. O Fashion! what cruelties are perpetrated in thy name!

Of course the idea of turning into useful articles pets that have died from natural causes or old age is at once ingenious and praiseworthy. For example, a fruit and flower stand made by Mr. Geo. F. Butt for the Princess of Wales, is now at Sandringham. The centre is a movable screen composed

of a favorite parrot belonging to Her Royal Highness.

A beautiful fire screen was also made by Mr. Butt for the Countess of Mayo. It is composed of a giant argus pheasant, which was shot by the late Earl at Singapore, only a short time before his own assassination.

Emu and swan lamps have been made to the order of a wealthy Australian gentleman. The effect of the former in a drawing room is curiously striking, but the latter is designed for a table lamp. The swan—a magnificent coal-black bird—rests upon a large mirror, so as to give the impression that the stately creature is floating on some placid lake.

The moment the door is opened at Baroness Eckhardstein's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, a gigantic and truly formidable bear is seen flooding the hall with a soft red light. This bear is one of the very largest ever seen in this country. It was shot during one of its fishing excursions in Alaska, and set up by Rowland Ward, who presented it to the Baroness on the occasion of her marriage. The electric light can be switched on from behind.

Very quaint and ingenious is a letter clip made from the beak of an albatross, and it is a relic with a history. A year or two ago a certain foolhardy individual set out (as many have done) to cross the Atlantic in a craft, little larger than an open boat. The adventurous voyager did eventually make New York Harbor, but he was in a pitiable state of exhaustion. It transpired that before he had been many days at sea, he was attacked by an enormous albatross, which bird, one would think, was aware of the dangerous nature of the whole undertaking, and so commenced an unprovoked onslaught. The bird was shot, however, and its head ultimately brought to Mr. Butt to make up for the purpose indicated. Doubtless that mariner is still reminded of his lonely fight in mid-ocean every time he files a letter.

A "tiger chair," a capital example of "animal" furniture, has the seat covered with the beautifully marked skin, and the head and paws so arranged as to give the impression that the terrible animal is about to spring. This unique chair was made by Mr. Butt for a gentleman in the Indian Civil Service, and it is particularly interesting from the fact that the tiger was a dreaded man-eater, which had devastated and appalled several villages in Travancore. The day it was shot, this brute came into a village in search of a dainty meal, and succeeded in carrying off a little white girl, ten years of age. This child was afterwards rescued, but she was so shockingly lacerated that she died the same night in the house of a missionary doctor.

A novel hatstand adorns the entrance hall at Langley Park, Slough, the beautiful seat of Sir Robert Harvey, Bart. It consists entirely of horns selected from stags shot in Invermark Forest, Forfarshire, by the present baronet and his father, during a ten years' tenancy. The design is copied from one originally designed by Sir Edwin Landseer. Mention of this great artist brings us to another item of "animal" furniture—Landseer's "otter" chair. Surrounding the chair are some heads—those of a favorite dog, a Scotch stag, a wild Chil-

lingham bull, and an American bison—the three last shot by the painter himself. Landseer always admired otter skins, so a friend one day presented him with several very fine ones. These were subsequently spread on the chair by Mr. Butt, the head of the largest otter hanging down over the back in accordance with Landseer's own design.

In the house of a big game hunter you will come across all sorts of trophies, doing duty in various capacities. Here we see the leg of an ostrich mounted as a door-stop. Stranger still, we next behold the foot of a big elephant fashioned into a liqueur stand, so that it may be placed on the table in the midst of a group in reminiscent mood, Nimrods who may, perchance, be fighting their battles over again. This is one of Mr. Rowland Ward's registered designs. The foot is that of an Indian elephant—a magnificent beast—shot by the then Duke of Edinburgh, during a well known tour.

Very large elephant feet, by the way, are coveted trophies, and are, moreover, interesting indications of the height of their late possessor, twice the circumference of the forefoot giving the height of the elephant at the shoulder. Strictly speaking, though, this rule applies more particularly to the Indian species.

Not the least interesting among the items of "animal" furniture that have come under my notice was a certain letter box in a country house. The top part consisted of the skull of a once notorious leopard, which had decimated great herds of cattle in its day, and required a vast deal of killing. Record skulls of lions, tigers, and leopards are very frequently seen mounted as useful objects in the country houses of wealthy hunters. For instance, a hall clock is firmly grasped between the jaws of a tiger which killed at least five unlucky Hindu gun bearers, whose cowardice cost them their lives.

To merely catalogue the various items of "animal" furniture I have seen would fill whole pages of a magazine. I have been shown ugly looking "knobkerries," fashioned by natives from the horns of the rhinoceros. There are scooped-out pheasants as pie covers; the eggs of emus and ostriches as basins and jugs; hares' heads as matchboxes; flying opossums holding card trays; coiling snakes as umbrella stands; capercaillie claws as candlesticks; wild asses' ears as tobacco pouches; hippopotamus skulls as arm chairs; foxes' heads as toothpick stands; elk and wapiti legs supporting tables; panthers hugging satin-lined waste paper baskets; flamingoes holding electric lights in their beaks; swans' necks as ink bottles; crocodiles (with very expansive smiles) as dumb waiters; and elephants as "cosy corners."

One elephant is not exactly a "cosy corner," but he forms quite a unique hall porter's chair; at the same time, it would be somewhat invidious to speak of the thing as an "elephantine hall porter's chair"—even though in some cases the description might be peculiarly appropriate. This accommodating animal is a young Ceylon elephant, modeled by Rowland Ward in a perfectly natural position, but adapted for the use of the hall porter.

An extremely interesting and even beautiful table ornament, made from the tusks of Indian wild boars by Mr. Butt, of Wigmore Street, cost £55, and the mountings are of silver. In this case, the tusks

were forwarded by the adjutant of a crack regiment stationed in the northwest provinces. The officers of that regiment had indulged extensively in the noble pastime of pig-sticking, and had carefully preserved the boars' tusks with the view of having them fashioned into some useful and handsome ornament which might adorn the mess table, and serve (almost literally) as a peg on which to hang many an exciting story.

The last piece of "animal" furniture to be described in this article is a capital specimen of Mr. Butt's artistic work—a bear set up as a dumb waiter, carrying in one hand, or rather paw, an electric lamp with frosted globe, and in the other a tray with a couple of boxes of cigars and some paper pipe-lights in a liqueur glass.

HARNESS WORTH FORTUNES

A RECORD OF COSTLY CAPARISONS.....LONDON TID-BITS

"I have, not once, but many times, known thousands of pounds to be spent on a single set of harness, and I may tell you that at least two orders given in London—for a great part of the first-class harness for the whole world is made in England—in respect of the coronation of the Czar of Russia, came to quite £2,000 each," said the manager of one of the most fashionable harness makers in England.

"Before speaking of these, however, I should say to you that there are few articles which admit of more luxurious mounting than harness, and from one hundred to five hundred pounds is by no means an uncommon price to pay for any sort of ceremonial harness, where many sets are required.

"But there are several historical sets of harness which have cost ten or more thousands of pounds the set. The former sum was paid for the harness of the first Napoleon, and that of Napoleon III., which I remember well, included in the making no fewer than 170 dozen morocco skins, besides magnificent gold work of every description. I have heard of small parts of this harness being sold at all sorts of places, and a year or two back I was offered a portion, with gold work upon it, for a few pounds. Lord Lonsdale—who has whips, historically interesting and magnificently mounted, alone to the value of some thousands of pounds—bought this same piece. But I could go on for a long time, telling you of magnificent harness. I call to mind one specimen, given by a Russian to a French actress, which had precious stones as well as gold work upon it.

"Quite recently, the Khedive of Egypt placed a £2,000 order for harness in London, chased gold buckles and gold embroidered pad-cloths being features in this; but, to my knowledge, both the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the present Gaekwar of Baroda have paid much larger sums for similar articles made here.

"A portion of the Czar's coronation harness order was placed in England, and the many sets of harness cost thousands. Besides gold, morocco skins, and jeweled coats of arms, a huge quantity of ostrich feathers were required, for each of one hundred and forty-eight horses sported a splendid plume. Our ambassador, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, ordered new harness, costing a very large sum, and the Italians placed a very large order here in connection with their representative's appearance at the coronation."

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

THE PROBLEMS OF CULTURE

THE MEANS AND THE END.....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

Culture is a word that immediately suggests to the common mind some vague ideal of personal distinction. Very generally it is supposed to be nearly, if not quite, synonymous with learning. The usual conception of the significance of the term, however, is the reverse of definite. To some minds it means the possession of a vast store of erudition; to others merely the mastery of some polite accomplishments.

In reality, of course, the relation of culture to knowledge is merely that of the end to its means. It is certainly true that knowledge is a means of culture. It is not only in itself a developing and impressive influence, but the processes through which it is acquired constitute a gymnastic course of the highest value. But culture means being, not possession—what one is, not what one has. As to its ways and means, they are innumerable, and he would be a bold man, or a very ignorant one, who would venture to say that any one system of training and development was superior to all others.

The essential idea of every "proper" scheme of culture is growth. Every one who has had much to do with plants knows that almost every form of vegetable life is susceptible of wonderful changes in respect of beauty and strength, though the type will maintain its identity under all superficial disguises. The growth may become more generous and abundant, the coloring more brilliant, but the scientific botanist will never be at a loss to name and classify it. Those changes of structure that are claimed for evolution can hardly, from the nature of the case, come within the purview of actual observation, and must continue subject to more or less doubtful speculation. But the development and improvement of the plant under intelligent care present a perfect illustration of culture. Mind and body are alike susceptible of development along the lines of increased strength and refinement, though there is never in any case an instance of actual transformation or metamorphosis.

The raw country boy may become a scholar, an artist, a philosopher, or a statesman; but at the highest stage of his development he will still bear the marks, not only of his race and his nationality, but also of his class and his family. It is a fact beyond debate that no education, whether within college walls or in the wide world of affairs and fashion, can erase the cradle-mark and the household intonation. It is an ancient saying, in which most men believe, that blood will tell; but no one can be certain how much is due in any given case to family tendency on the one hand, and to special family culture on the other. The distinction is wide and obvious enough. Thomas Carlyle's father and mother were poor peasants. They had almost no learning—that is to say, they had almost none of that learning which is acquired directly from schools and books. But they were, nevertheless, in a certain sense, very highly cultivated. They had high ideals and they cherished beautiful dreams, for all of which they were indebted to a special form of nature—to landscape—to a historic church, and to the redoubtable

individuality of the Scottish genius. Thomas Carlyle read, and pondered, and toiled terribly, and before him the horizon of the day and of history continually widened; but he never got rid of the essential characteristics of his family any more than he dropped the broad Doric of his mother tongue.

It is a question how far it is desirable that the special flavor of the province and the hearth should be lost in the amenities and compromises of cosmopolitan intercourse. The charm, the distinction, the variety of typical and of well-defined individual traits impart an interest to art and literature with which the cultivated world could not afford to dispense. The real, the fundamental problem of culture, perhaps, is the preservation of the highest degree of individuality consistent with the largest measure of social sympathy and helpfulness. It is noticeable that among men in any society, village or urban, there is always a keen relish of individuality, whether it is displayed in moral or in purely intellectual traits. Recently a very eminent Oriental diplomat visited these shores in the course of a journey round the world. It was well known that the destinies of many millions of his fellowmen had been placed absolutely in his keeping so far as their earthly welfare was concerned. He had met and held his own with trained diplomats of Europe and America, and he had achieved a well-merited distinction by his practical efficiency in various administrative offices in war and peace. Whoever met him recognized his sterling manhood and at the same time the penetrative and subtle power of his intellect. There could be no question that the man had been very highly trained, although he knew neither Greek nor Latin, mathematics nor physics, as those sciences are understood in the Western world. But he wore the marks of culture—comprehensive grasp, power of attention, refinement, self-possession and self-respect. He knew less, he was more, than many inferior men. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Unto the end, it may be, speculation and conjecture in regard to certain matters will be rife; but it is even now possible to develop manhood along certain lines leading definitely in the direction of enjoyment, sympathy, refinement and power.

THE USE OF LEISURE

OCCUPATION "IN OUR HOURS OF EASE".....NEW YORK OBSERVER

We are accustomed to think that everybody enjoys leisure, an interval of rest from daily preoccupations. And yet an immense number of people not only do not take pleasure in it, but have a positive dislike for it. They have been so long at work, the habit has become such an endless chain, that nothing else interests them, or even rouses their curiosity. Work has so occupied their minds that from something to be put aside and taken up at regular intervals, it has become an essential part of themselves, a kind of skin, which cannot be torn away without actual pain. When off work they are uneasy, out of sorts, and at odds with life. Very often they are grievously conscious of their defect, wish they could utilize their leisure in a way to give

at once occupation and pleasure, but are unable to find anything save work which is not to them insipid, or which affords sufficient satisfaction to be long endured. They have failed to acquire the habit of interesting themselves in special subjects or occupations, and when out of business are consumed with chagrin at their own uselessness and the monotony of existence.

It is true that many of this class enjoy reading, but omnivorous reading, without the habit of criticising and remembering, tends to become a mere occupation, and as for mechanical pursuits, nothing interests them sufficiently to bring self-forgetfulness. Mere amusements might, of course, profitably occupy a part of their leisure; but the amusements which really amuse require considerable strength and effort. They make heavy drafts of vitality, and increasing age in many cases prevents men from honoring these drafts. They have strength enough for the performance of their daily tasks, but nothing more. Real play involves much of the effort of real work, and real work and the true enjoyment of leisure are almost incompatible. The profit of leisure lies in the combination of interest and amusement, of occupation which does not require too much thought, and pleasure which does not demand too much of effort, physical or mental. In their lack of energy for any strenuous relaxation of the bent bow, amusements fail with this class to amuse, and, driven back upon themselves, the cessation from work becomes a misery hardly to be endured. The old habit of working bites deeper and deeper, and in sheer desperation they go back to it, or die, as physicians say they often do, of enforced leisure.

But the older workers are not the only class which have a positive dislike for leisure, though we are always apt to associate that dislike with those who have worked long and "retired." There is a large class of young men who simply cannot find anything to do with their spare time. Of the two classes they are, perhaps, the most to be pitied, because their inability is almost certain to be attributed to idleness, and so to make them the target for ill-natured criticism. But in the majority of cases it is not idleness, nor love of play, nor unwillingness to accept any positions save those beyond their reach. It is only the inability to become interested in any pursuit that is not in some way forced upon them. Were a leisure occupation or amusement made peremptory, they would take it up unhesitatingly, and more often than not would be glad to do so. But they cannot bring themselves to engage in anything save under a kind of compulsion, or to perform work which does not visibly advance them in life. Many of them readily acknowledge their failing, yet find resort to reading, or mechanical occupations, or outdoor games, merely as a means of employing leisure, quite unendurable. They want to work, would be glad to do anything provided that it yielded visible results; but they cannot develop an interest in any pursuit simply to pass the time. Those who say that it is only laziness will do well to remember how little of the world's work would be done save under compulsion. It is not laziness, but a lack of capacity for attention or concentration, as natural in many cases as any other predisposition, and to be remedied—and then only partially—by

the persistent cultivation of the habit of attention.

Few conditions, we fancy, are more unfortunate than that of men incapable of interest save in their daily toil. For nothing so directly contributes to happiness as a permanent interest in some pursuit disconnected with one's business or professional life. Such a pursuit, whatever it may be, affords not only a needed diversion, but a safeguard against many of the ills and discomforts of existence. It robs monotony of its terrors, keeps the mind from feeding upon itself, and broadens the judgment, the narrowness of which is the chief defect of men engrossed in a single occupation. It brings to the mind a feeling of content, a sense of satisfaction, of which the man without separate interests for his leisure hours knows nothing. Indeed, a most valuable charity would be one which helped men to provide occupation for such hours. There are many which are permanent, and which combine in requisite degree occupation and pleasure—music, reading, drawing, botany, natural history, the lighter mechanical avocations, etc. Any of these will, and to thousands do, bring needed relief from the strain of business and professional engagements, and, being inexhaustible, will always prove a source of delight and content. The masses may profit even more from them than the cultivated, for they have less of relief from their own thoughts. Any mechanic or laborer taking up one of these pursuits in his hours of leisure would be quite certain to be more contented, not alone with his own position, but with the world about him. He would think less of the inequalities of the social system, and realize that, after all, life, even in the lower walks, is not the mere barren plain which the socialists love to describe. A man who can find interest and occupation in collecting, in music, in wood carving, or in books, has a permanent safeguard against discontent, and may look on the turmoil about him with assured tranquillity. Never so long as he has his fiddle, his note book, or his chisel, will he be eaten up with chagrin, or lose the feeling of interest and pleasure. As Bulwer wrote to Lady Blessington: "If we cannot stop Time, it is something to shoe him with felt, and prevent his steps from creaking."

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

LADY COOK.....GALVESTON NEWS

Patience is an excellent virtue, and one of those most difficult to acquire. Woman possesses it in a far greater degree than man, and this has been one of her compensations for long ages of servitude. It was necessary for her to endure or die, and she has learned to endure. Yet in the face of all the difficulties and trials which beset us through life, the wrongs and injuries, the diseases and disappointments which are incidental to all, patience is essential to every one, irrespective of sex. We admire courage always, but seldom admire passive fortitude. But courage may be a mere animal instinct, and usually is, whereas patience is a highly intellectual quality, and is the fruit of reason or religion. Chaucer wrote in his *Persones Tale*, "The philosopher seyth that patience is the virtue that suffereth debonairly all the outrages of adversitee and every wicked word." What armor, then, can be so effectual against the disasters of fate as this Godlike gift of enduring calmly?

The fretful, fussy individual is contemptible to others and a misery to himself. Whenever a woman is destitute of this most womanly quality of quiet endurance nature or education has robbed her of a distinguishing virtue of her sex, and she becomes one of those sour and querulous creatures that are able to drive any man from house and home unless he has the patience of Job. Its cultivation, therefore, is of primary importance and should begin at the earliest stage of life. But when we see how young infants are permitted by the indulgence of foolish mothers to defy them and their nurses, to struggle and scream and kick in paroxysms of passion whenever they are thwarted and habitually disobey as they become older, we need not wonder that with such a training they should grow up without self-control and be subject to criminal outbursts. So long as parents neglect their duties to their offspring, so long will wretchedness and vice roll on, and many a man whose evil passions control him would be tempted, if he knew all, to curse the irrational fondness of the mother who bore him.

The origin of our word denotes its meaning: "Patience," suffering or learning, that is to say, calmly. We have lost the old English verb "to patient," which was in vogue down to Shakespeare's time. "Patient yourself, madam," says Titus Andronicus. Ours is a sterling, solid word, which has sustained its signification for ages, and has seen good service in the life of humanity. The martyrs for philosophy and religion, to say nothing of others, gave notable examples of its meaning when they cheerfully endured all the agonies that tyrannous intolerance could inflict upon them. "The virtue of the best Pagans," says Lecky in *History of European Morals*, "was perhaps of as high an order as that of the best Christians." And the patience of Pagan philosophers under persecution was not inferior to that of the followers of the Cross. Both have proved thousands of times over how sublimely men and women can suffer and die when sustained by this noblest of virtues. "Pound the body of Anaxarchus, for thou dost not pound his soul," was said to the tyrant of Cyprus by the philosopher when brayed alive in a stone mortar with iron hammers to satisfy a mean revenge. "Follow God," was one of the most frequently repeated of Platonic maxims. "A God (what god I know not) dwells in every good man," said Epictetus. And Marcus Aurelius adds: "Offer to the God that is in thee a manly being, a citizen, a soldier at his post, ready to depart from life as soon as the trumpet sounds." Another teaching of the Stoics was "the duty of the most absolute and unquestioning submission to the decrees of Providence." "To weep, to groan, is to rebel," said Seneca. "To fear, to grieve, to be angry, is to be a deserter," said Aurelius. "Remember," wrote Epictetus, himself a cripple, "that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the master has ordained. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do so heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate or a private man, in each case act your part with honor. God does not keep a good man in prosperity. He tries, he strengthens him, he prepares him for himself." When Anaxagoras, the preceptor of Socrates, Pericles, Euripides and many other famous pupils, was condemned to death because of scientific research, he ridi-

culed the sentence, and said it had long been pronounced upon him by nature. He refused to have his corpse borne to his own country, for, said he, "the road that leads to the other side of the grave is as long from one place as the other." Nor were these mere precepts, for he, like numbers of the Stoics and Epicureans, had renounced wealth and honors for practical philosophy. Epicurus himself taught that "all good and all evil consist in feeling, and what is death but the privation of feeling?" And Cicero declared that "all virtue is in action." "The proper study of a wise man," said a great modern philosopher, "is not how to die but how to live. . . . There is no subject on which the sage will think less than death." When Antoninus Pius was dying, and the tribune asked him for the password of the night, the emperor replied: "Æquanimitas [patience]!"

Action, feeling and resignation form the three components of the worthiest life, but the crown of all is patience; to know how to endure and how to wait; to render the mind superior to all accidents of time or place. The imagination of the most imaginative race never conceived anything grander than the lonely Titan chained to Mount Caucasus with an eagle from year to year ever gnawing his vital organs. Beaten by tempests and chilled by the eternal snows, he lifted his eyes and voice in calm defiance of his unjust persecutor and patiently awaited the hour of his deliverance. He stands today, in the records of Pagan genius, as a giant type of mortal endurance. But if we turn our eyes to Calvary, in the reign of Tiberius, we perceive a still grander and more human example. He who had renounced all things from his love of humanity, whose life had been spent in innocence and beneficence and the highest exercise of patience, condemned for blasphemy by the impure lips of those he wished to save, hangs bleeding on the cross. But, in that hour of supreme torture, his patience rises above his pain. "Father!" he cries, "forgive them, for they know not what they do."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BORE

JOHN GILMER SPEED.....FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

A truth-teller may be an awful bore and tiresome in anecdote beyond all others. But it is not the truth that makes a bore a bore; he is such by nature, and can no more help it than the leopard can change his spots. He is not one to be dismissed lightly. If that were so the person would not be a bore. Indeed there is nothing light about a bore, whose chief characteristics are heaviness and weariness. This is so, notwithstanding the fact that some of the most intense and irrepressible bores in the world are full of energy, vigor and vivacity. But these qualities, when not attuned by sympathetic good fellowship are dreadfully tiresome—so actively tiresome, indeed, that the victims think and feel with all uncharitableness. Sex has nothing to do with the capacity to be tiresome, though, no doubt, men have cultivated the doleful art more frequently than women, and have brought it to a higher condition of effectiveness. This is probably due to the fact that men are at once stronger than women and more vain. Their strength makes them last longer; their vanity prevents them from seeing what effect they are producing on their associates. But there are

women, and to spare, with a very pretty gift in that direction. It is not infrequently held that a bore is merely a fool; indeed, I fancy that if twenty persons selected at random were asked the question, something like nineteen of them would say that this was so. There could, however, be no greater mistake; the prevalence of the misapprehension is due, I fancy, to the fact that the bore is so tedious that we do not think of him after we have escaped, or that when we have escaped we are so weary that we are incapable of going backward from the effect to the cause of it. If a bore were merely a fool we should not permit him to bother us; we would not listen to a fool—we would dismiss him or flee from him. But it is far different with the bore—the real bore. It is essential that he should have abilities that command respect. He may be so good that in not listening to him we feel that we are turning our backs upon virtue; or he may be so accomplished that in fleeing from him we feel that we are running away from learning. Therefore we listen and wait and, out of respect for things that are admirable, submit to inflictions greater than any other met with in society.

Women suffer from bores more frequently than men, but not so intensely. Women are so patient and so amiable that they will tolerate that which is tiresome much longer, and with a better grace, than men. Many and many a bore has been encouraged in his tediousness by women who have listened to him and pretended to be interested and amused. The bore goes away from such an interview strengthened in the belief that he is a most agreeable fellow. This is not noted in derogation of women, nor does it indicate any hypocrisy. A charming woman cannot help being charming, and she is not to blame for letting her light now and then fall upon the bore within her presence. But even such women suffer in being natural under such discouraging circumstances. I have heard ladies confess that the long visits of tedious men, wrapped in themselves and their own affairs, constituted a penalty so great that the pleasures of society were quite overbalanced. It is easy to believe this when we recall the fact that evening visits are prevalent in nearly every part of this country, and that these visits last anywhere from half an hour to four hours. Just to think of sitting over the parlor fire with the most admirable bore of your acquaintance for two or four solid hours. The very idea is appalling. A man would yawn and fidget, and mayhap be rude of speech; a woman smiles and chirps and does her best to seem to like it, but she suffers all the same. And what is her reward? Why, she is made to suffer some more, for the fellow is sure to come back again where he has been permitted to enjoy himself so thoroughly.

And what is it that constitutes a bore? I have asserted that he must command some measure of respect. Beyond this, bores are impossible to classify, for they manifest their peculiar capacity too variously. Some of them talk too much, some too little. But both great talkers and very silent men are often most agreeable. I fancy that most frequently a bore owes his tiresomeness to inordinate self-absorption, which produces an inharmonious lack of sympathy. In plain every-day language, the bore does not know how to mix. But he dis-

covers himself, sooner or later, to all, save himself, within his circle, and then he is truly a man of mark. The bore, however, is not discoverable at sight—if he were, we could be on our guard and protect ourselves against him. As he has abilities, he usually makes a very pleasant first impression. We therefore welcome his acquaintance, and assist in our own undoing. The most variously learned man I have ever known is so much of a bore that he finds it difficult to earn a living as a writer, notwithstanding his learning and the other fact that when he has an article in a magazine it is usually the best in the number. Now, if this gentleman would stay at home and send his pieces by post every editor would be glad to have him as a contributor. But he needs must visit the editors and publishers. In self-defense they return his offerings, and, when they know him well, are denied to him in the outer offices.

The bore belongs to no nation and to no age. He is as new as to-day and as old as history. The ancients tried methods of suppression of the bore, but they availed not. A Persian philosopher, two thousand years ago, recommended that a good method was to borrow from the rich and lend to the poor, then both would avoid you, the former for fear of having to make further loans, and the latter for fear of being dunned. This method was devised in wisdom, but it would necessarily be limited in its application. A woman could not apply it to a man, nor a man to a woman. But in some cases it would, no doubt, act excellently well. And here is a method of yesterday: An artist in New York was visited very frequently by a gentleman who came inopportunely and interrupted important work. The artist gave all kinds of hints, but they fell on unheeding ears. At length he said to his visitor: "The next time you come I want you to give two quick knocks on the studio door, then, after an interval, three more. That will be a signal, and I will know who it is. You know it is not everyone I care to open the door to when I am busy. But if you use this signal I shall know who it is." The bore was delighted, and never for an instant dreamed that the artist was arranging a plan for his exclusion. When the two knocks and then the three knocks were sounded, the artist went on calmly, aye gayly, with his work, and the bore went away, believing that the painter was not at home. But this method cannot be generally applied. The truth is, the bore cannot be entirely suppressed, and therefore must be endured. One curious thing, however, is worth considering. No human being so quickly detects a bore as another bore. They are antipathetic and most intolerant the one of the other. There is a world of suggestion in this fact, and it may be that a general knowledge and general application of it in a very personal and practical way would give us freedom otherwise denied. But to bore the bores would be difficult, if not impossible, to many amiable and guileless folk, the very ones who are the easiest victims and the greatest sufferers. So, probably the best plan of all is to cultivate a consideration for others, even for the bores who know not what they do, for there be many of us, no doubt, who all unconsciously spread only weariness when we think we are shedding a pleasant and grateful light.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE WORLD'S OLDEST UNIVERSITY

FREDERIC E. PENFIELD.....THE IDLER

The great school of the Mohammedan world, in the Egyptian capital, is one of Cairo's important sights; but very few American or European travelers are aware of its interest, and not one in a hundred visits it. The pyramids, the sphinx, and the river Nile are too absorbing for tourists to remember that in the same wondrous city exists the largest and oldest university in the world, El Azhar, meaning "the splendid." Constantinople may be regarded as the official head of the great religion of Islam, but Cairo for nine hundred years has been the educational centre; and if one wishes to attain the summit of Mussulman learning he must attend the classes of this collegiate establishment. Unless one be familiar with Arabic, and knows where to look among musty books and manuscripts in the Egyptian Library, it is very difficult to get reliable information regarding this wonderful mosque college.

The claim of possessing the oldest university has been made for Oxford, Paris, or Bologna, but the founding of their ancient seats of learning is legendary as to dates, while the records of El Azhar are clear from the year 975. Whether it is really a "university" in our meaning can be more appropriately questioned. It is widely different from Oxford and Cambridge, but wise men of the East have termed it a university.

Years ago it was difficult and disagreeable to view the interior of this great school that draws scholars from the remotest land where the Koran is read. Now the formalities are simple and easily complied with, and the presence of strangers is scarcely noticed.

From the hotel quarter of Cairo it is but a fifteen minutes' drive to El Azhar.

The structure, too often restored to leave any indication of the original building, surrounds a large open court with arcades on each side. The lofty minarets are fine examples of Eastern art. The pavement is of marble, much worn in places, and everywhere polished by constant use. There are seven entrances, each with a name. El Azhar is so surrounded by houses that very little can be seen of it externally, and the building is almost destitute of architectural embellishment.

The enormous square court is bordered with porticoes, each divided into various compartments for the separate use of students of different nations. One, for example, is for those who come from Algeria, another for those from Morocco, one for Syrians, one for Nubians, one for Turks, Asiatics, and so on. There is a compartment even for students from the holy city of Mecca, where the Prophet Mohammed is buried, and there are divisions for scholars representing different sections of Egypt.

There is a department for blind pupils, as well, for whom there are special instructors and funds. It is a strange fact that these unfortunates are peculiarly turbulent and fanatical. If they believe their rights invaded, or their food not good, they give way to fury and attack anyone within reach.

If aware that an "unbelieving Christian" is looking at them, their fanatical resentment becomes offensively apparent.

Followers of the Prophet hold different views in regard to their theology, as do different denominations of Christians. There are four great orthodox sects of Mohammedans—Shafeites, Malekites, Hanefites, and Hambalites, and all are represented in El Azhar.

There are more than 10,000 scholars and 225 masters, and the period of instruction may be indefinitely extended, even for a lifetime. But from three to six years is the usual course. One may see old and grizzled men there as well as children of four years. The institution is so richly endowed, and owns such valuable property—for few true Mohammedans of fortune die without leaving something to El Azhar of Cairo—that no scholar is compelled to pay anything, although many from choice contribute to the expenses.

The masters get no pay, but receive liberal allowances of food. Those of certain degree once a week draw several hundred loaves of bread—a traditional custom—and these loaves presumably find their way into outside shops and are sold. A master usually teaches in odd hours at private houses, reads the Koran at weddings and funerals, copies books, or holds a petty office of a religious character to which a small salary is attached. Wealthy students voluntarily help the masters to live. The headmaster, known as the Sheik El Azhar, is chosen from the faculty for his superior knowledge and holiness, and in the eyes of the faithful occupies a position second in importance only to that of the Khedive.

Some of the sheiks are men of marvelous learning, but independence of thought is never found among them. Progressiveness is discouraged as a dangerous tendency. Masters and pupils learn only what may be found in books centuries old, and religion pervades every branch of study.

Students who come from abroad toil weary years to learn the Arabic grammar, after which they take religious science, with the Koran as text book. Then follows jurisprudence, religious and secular. Literature, syntax, philosophy, prosody, logic, and intricacies of the Koranic teaching as directed to an upright life, round out the course.

In lieu of a professor occupying a "chair" of any high-sounding "ology," he may be said to hold such and such a pillar, for when lecturing he sits squat on a sheepskin rug at the base of a stone post, with his students squatted in a half-circle before him. Nearly three hundred marble pillars support the roof of the porticoes and such portions of El Azhar as are not open to the skies, and each is a class room for some particular subject. Pupils listen with rapt attention, taking part in the discussion of a theme so intently as to be oblivious of the presence of Christian spectators. A lecture finished, they respectfully kiss the hand of their instructor, and hasten to another column to become absorbed in further study.

Equality seems to be characteristic of the University. Outward evidences of superiority and po-

sition are unimportant, for the son of the pasha or bey, in robes of silk, sits side by side with peasant youths clothed scantily in coarse cotton.

Occasionally a green turban is seen, indicating that its wearer has made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, or that his family is believed to be descended from the Prophet. Rich and poor alike perform at stated intervals the purifying ablutions at the public fountains within the enclosure commanded by the Koran, and all prostrate themselves in prayer many times a day. This they do whenever the spirit moves them, although at fixed hours all pray in unison with heads invariably turned towards the "Kibla," the niche in the largest assembly room indicating the direction of Mecca.

A thousand or two youths actually live within the walls of the Azhar. They partake of their simple meals, likewise, when the spirit moves them. Their food is exceedingly plain and inexpensive. A bowl of lentil soup, a flat loaf or cake of bread, and a handful of garlic or perhaps dates, are enough to attract a group of schoolfellows, over which they discuss affairs and joke as youths elsewhere do. To needy students nine hundred loaves of bread are distributed each day.

The great quadrangle presents a picture to be rivaled nowhere in the world. Singly and in groups students sit on their skin rugs earnestly toiling over lessons. No matter how scorching the sun's rays, if the impulse seizes them they stretch at full length on the pavement, enveloped in their long outer garments, and tranquilly sleep. Pupils and professors step over and around them, always respecting their slumber.

Cats without number that seem to belong to the place hobnob with the boys upon terms of perfect peace; but dogs being "unclean" by Koranic teaching, the doorkeepers never permit one to enter the sacred precinct. Sellers of bread and water pass freely among the studying thousands, always careful not to disturb the sleepers, and here and there students may be seen mending their garments, or even washing and drying them in the sun.

Juvenile pupils are taught little but the Koran. Day after day their masters drill it into them, not infrequently aided by a palm branch, the Oriental equivalent of the birch. The youngsters sway back and forth and sideways in concert when reciting. The sheik, perhaps, knows less about the printed page than the boys, but to him the Koran is so familiar that he is able to detect the slightest error of his class. On his part "reading" is a feat of memory, and should a professor of higher grade refer him to the book, he would most likely claim to be suffering from weak eyes, and request a student teacher to read for him.

The urchins are as industrious as beavers. When far enough advanced to write, favorite quotations from the Koran, such as "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and "I testify that Mohammed is God's prophet," are given them for exercises. With deft fingers they write the texts on flat pieces of tin with reed pens.

An Azhar student is always under the supervision of the school authority. In roaming about the streets of Cairo, should he misbehave, the police could only detain him until an official were summoned from El Azhar to take him into custody.

This system of proctorship is in fact the same as at the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Because an Azhar scholar has immunity from military service in Egypt, it is suspected that many young men are enrolled as students for no other purpose than to escape the life of a soldier—to most Mohammedans an obnoxious calling.

In the year there is no definite recess; but during the month of Ramadan, and on the occasion of the many religious feasts, there are holidays, amounting in the aggregate to the long summer vacation so dear to the Western world schoolboy. El Azhar students are up with the sun for the first prayer of the day. By midday their work is finished.

Apparently Azhar youths have few amusements or recreations. Baseball, football, and boat racing have yet to be brought to their consideration. They have, of course, their diversions, but what they may be is a mystery to the onlooker.

A singular tradition associated with this renowned seat of learning is that, although practically without roof, no bird, not even the inquisitive sparrow, ever ventures in.

THE FATHER OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

A. MOSSO.....THE CHAUTAUQUAN

By unanimous consent Adolph Spiess was the inventor of the method and exercise on which all the programs of gymnastics are based to-day. Few schoolmasters have left such deep traces in education; few perhaps have done so much work as Spiess. He taught, in the public school at Burgdorf, history, geography, singing, drawing, and gymnastics—all at the same session. Poor as he was he would take a three hours' walk every week to the Münchenbuchsee gymnasium, and after two hours of hard exercise he would return always on foot, tired but not discontented. Burgdorf is a little town in the canton of Bern. Its castle crowns the summit of a hill. One day I visited the town, went up to the castle, and passing through it to a terrace sat down under an old linden, to admire the landscape and gaze on the snow-capped Alps whitening in the distance. An instructor in the high school of Burgdorf who had gone with me on this walk pointed out to me the windows of a room in the castle where Spiess' first school had been. In that room boys and girls had first gone through those exercises which are now part of the training in all public schools. All there is just as it was in 1833, when Spiess came from Germany, full of hope, happy in being called there as Pestalozzi's successor. Pestalozzi had written in that very castle his book, "How Gertrude Teaches Her Children," as well as the "Mothers' Book," no less celebrated in the history of popular pedagogy. Spiess tells us how the gymnastic exercises were carried on in the castle only in winter and when it rained, but at other times how he would lead his boys out into the open air to exercise in the playground which is down in the valley, a grassy meadow protected from the sun on the south by a high cliff.

Spiess' best years were passed in that meadow. The four volumes of his work on gymnastics were thought out and put into practice on that playground. An old horizontal beam on two rusty supports, which is still there, is probably the oldest piece of gymnastic apparatus in Europe.

THE POOL OF THE ALLIGATORS: A MATABELI EXECUTION

BY BERTRAM MITFORD

[A selected reading from *The White Shield*, by Bertram Mitford. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This tale is put into the mouth of a Zulu chieftain, "old Untúswa, sometime induna under the great Umzilikazi, Founder and first King of the Matabeli nation," who is relating his adventures to an English traveler, resting for a season near a native kraal, after many days spent in exploring the mountains of Zululand.]

You will remember, Nkose,* a certain pool in the river, which the King and I had lighted upon one evening soon after arriving at our new resting place, and into which he had caused some calves to be driven that the alligators might seize them. Now this pool had been turned into a place of execution. No longer were those adjudged to doom led forth to die beneath the knobsticks of the slayers, as formerly, but were forced to leap or were thrown into the pool, and from it none emerged alive. As I sat and talked with Masuka, I remembered that the Pool of the Alligators lay at no great distance from us, and between ourselves and the great kraal. Upon it the old Mosutu seemed to be concentrating his attention; and, as I listened, sounds were wafted thence.

"Evil doers are about to meet death!" he said, at last. "Come, we will witness it."

We rose and took our way along the river bank. As we crested the rise, which brought us near the brow of the cliff from which the victims were thrown, we saw a multitude streaming down from the great kraal, and in the forefront of the crowd were men armed with sticks, and driving before them two other men, who were bound.

These were already half-dead with fear, and could scarcely walk, but the blows of the slayers urged them onward until they stood right upon the spot whence they should leap into the jaws of the hungry alligators. We could see at a glance that they were slaves, and sadly, indeed, they looked. From the people we learned that these two, being in charge of a flock of the King's goats, had suffered wild dogs to break into the fold at night, whereby upwards of a score were slain. So Umzilikazi declared that if his goats were only fit to feed wild dogs with, assuredly two base Bakoni were only fit to feed alligators with; and they had been led forth.

Now, this scene did not move us in any way, Nkose, for the death of a slave more or less was nothing. But we just lingered to see these leap in.

Yet they would not. When driven to the edge they hung back, then cast themselves on the ground weeping and groaning for mercy. Already the surface of the pool below was alive with slimy, stealthy life. Widening lines upon the water told that the alligators well understood the cause of the tumult overhead. They moved silently to and fro, awaiting the plunge which should bring them the prey they had learned to love best—the flesh of men.

Now the slayers had grasped the screaming wretches, and were about to fling them out, when between the cliff brow and the victims a figure suddenly sprang forth, arising, as it were, by magic.

All gave a shout of wonder, and the executioners paused in their work. The black robe, the long, flowing beard, the countenance stamped with a great horror and pain, were known to all. It was the white Isanusi.

"Hold! my children!" he cried. "Hold! I beg of you!"

The slayers hesitated, and growled to each other. With arms outstretched, there the white man stood on the cliff brow between the hideous, hungry reptiles and their weeping, shivering victims. To fling these in was impossible without flinging him in too.

"It is the King's will, father," growled the chief of the slayers. "Know you not that did we hesitate we should be even as these? Stand aside."

"Not yet, not yet," he pleaded; and there was weeping in his voice. "Not yet. Wait—only until I hasten to the King! He will hear me, for he has given me the lives of such as these!"

"It may not be, father," was the answer, made now with more alarm. "Whau! it is on us the Izingwenya will feed, if not on these. Stand now aside."

"Ah! have pity! Untúswa will take my side," he cried in a glad voice, catching sight of my face. "Stay their hands, Untúswa, if only for a while, till I bring back the King's pardon."

"It may not be, father," I, too, replied. "The King's sentence has been given. It is even as the men say. Their lives are as the lives of these if they hesitate. Would you doom to death many men where two will suffice? Let them do their work."

Now, I know not, Nkose, how this thing would have ended; for the white Isanusi still continued to stand and plead, and none dare remove him by force, remembering in what high honor he was held by the Great Great One. But just then loud shouting made itself heard upon the outskirts of the crowd, which bent low suddenly, like a forest struck by a gale. And there advancing, with his head thrown back and a light in his eye such as none of us cared to behold, came the Great Great One himself.

He stalked straight up to where stood the white Isanusi, to where lay the doomed ones and the executioners, who, having hesitated to perform their work, counted themselves already dead. He was attended by the old induna Mcumbete, to whom he now turned.

"See," he said, in a voice which made many tremble, "I am no King. I am only the lowest of the Amaholi. For the word of a King is obeyed; yet my word, though long since uttered, is not obeyed. Hau! What sort of a King am I?"

And the terrible frown of anger upon his face took in the white man, even as it did ourselves.

"Mercy! Great Great One! Mercy for these!" cried the stranger, pointing to the doomed slaves.

We who watched trembled for the life of the speaker; those of us who did not tremble for our own—and of these there could be but few—for this was a terrible thing which had happened, such a thing as had never before been known, that any man, white or black, should dare to interfere between the King's decrees and their execution. But still the

* "The Chief." A title of courtesy.

white priest stood upon the brink of that grisly pool of death pleading forgiveness, not for himself, but for those two poor miserable slaves. Ha! that was a sight indeed.

"You do not know us yet, O stranger!" went on Umzilikazi, now in bitter and sneering tones; "else had you not thought to save the lives of these two by any such means. For now have you doomed many to death, even all those whose errand it was to carry out my sentence and have allowed themselves to hesitate in doing so. For they, too, are dead men."

A gasp of horror, which was almost a sob, ran through the multitude. The Izimbonga bellowed aloud in praise of the King's justice; but even their voices were not without a quaver. But the white priest stood facing the angry countenance of the King; and upon his own was stamped a great and deep sadness, but never a trace of fear.

"Be merciful, thou ruler of a great nation!" he pleaded more earnestly. "Mercy is the quality by which a King may show himself truly great. We have been friends. Oh, slay not these men, when the fault is entirely mine."

"Not entirely. The fault of the man who hesitates to obey my word is entirely his own, and the penalty thereof he knows," said Umzilikazi, pitilessly. "We have been friends, white stranger; but of what sort is the friendship which teaches those who are my dogs to laugh at me? Friend as thou art, I know not how thine own life shall be left thee after such an act as this."

Something in the words seemed to strike the white Isanusi. His face lightened up.

"See now, O King!" he replied. "The fault is mine. If I am a traitor in your eyes, who were my friend, take my life instead of the lives of these. Take my life, but spare theirs."

"Ha!"

The gasp of amazement which softly left the lips of the King was echoed by a shiver from the crouching multitude.

"Think carefully, O stranger," he said. "Look below. See the upturned glare of the alligators' eyes. Mark their number—their great size—their hideous shapes. This is no pleasant or easy death."

"Nor is it for these, Great Great One," was the reply, with a sweep of the hand over the doomed men, who, victims and executioners alike, crouched motionless in the silence of despair. "And for them such a death may be more terrible than for myself, who humbly trust that it may be the opening of the gate of a new life whose glories are beyond words."

"I think words enough have been spoken upon this matter," said Umzilikazi, coldly. "Take thy choice, white Isanusi. Thyself to the alligators—or these."

"My choice is made, Black Elephant."

"Leap, then!" said the King, with a wave of the hand towards the brink.

"I may not do that," was the reply, "for it would be to take my own life, which my teaching forbids. The slayers of the King must throw me in—that they themselves may live. But, first, I desire a few moments wherein to pray that the Great Great One above may receive my spirit."

To this Umzilikazi gave assent, and the white

priest knelt down, and, drawing out the cross, with the Figure of a Man upon it, he kissed this. And then, for the first time, some of us noticed that the sign he made upon himself with his hand more than once was in form even as that cross.

Whau, Nkose! that was a strange sight—stranger, I think, I never beheld. The sun was near his rest now, and his fading beams fell upon the surface of the hideous pool beneath, painting it and the numerous snouts of the hungry monsters lurking there as it were blood-red. And above the crouching, awe-stricken multitude—the only movement among which was the rolling of distended eyeballs, the groveling figures of the doomed ones, gray with fear, and not knowing yet if their lives would indeed be spared—the stern, upright figure of Umzilikazi, terrible in the offended majesty of his disobeyed commands, and the subdued, shrinking countenance of the old induna. And, in the midst of all the kneeling priest, in his black, flowing robe, the tones of whose voice, rising and falling quickly in prayer, being the only sounds breaking in upon this dead and awesome silence. And to us who gazed it seemed as though a strange light rested upon the face of the white Isanusi, imparting to it a look which had nothing in common with the set, motionless expression to be seen upon the face of a brave man doomed to die; but this might have been caused by the long rays of the setting sun darting upon it. At length he arose.

The King made a sign to the slayers. Not this time was any hesitation to be found among them. Leaping eagerly to their feet, they sprang forward and laid hands upon the white priest.

"A moment!" said this one, signing them back. "Bid me now farewell, son of Matyobane! for I wish thee no harm on account of my death, and for it I forgive thee freely. Nay, more, I thank thee for it! since, through it, thou sparest the lives of these, who number more than half a score."

He stretched forth his open hand. Umzilikazi grasped it, yet let it not go; and thus for a moment they stood, gazing into each other's faces. And that of the white man expressed the truth of his words; for in it was no evil look, no sign of fear, or of a desire for revenge. Still they stood thus, uttering no sound. The strain was becoming terrible. In crushed, breathless silence the multitude hung upon what was to follow. Was the King bewitched? Could he not relax his grasp? A dull splash was heard beneath, as one of the alligators turned on the water. Then Umzilikazi spoke:

"The alligators may go hungry this night, for thou art a brave man, my father; too brave a man that thy life should pay for the miserable lives of such as these. Yet for thy sake I will spare them too, though I know not whether after doing so I am a King or as one of their dogs!—Hau!"

"A greater King than ever, son of Matyobane," was the reply, uttered solemnly. "The Great One above will bless thee, my friend."

Now the shouts of bonga which rent the air were deafening, and from one end to the other of that vast multitude rolled the praises of the mercy of the King. And, indeed, it was wonderful, for this was the only occasion upon which I ever knew Umzilikazi spare any man when his "word" had once gone forth that that man should die.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.....Jean Ingelow

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if you never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sate and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes —
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne.
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin ran again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall [he cried] is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left. "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
 And I — my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O, come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare.
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifed sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and me;
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Where the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy, lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

To *Anthea*.....Robert Herrick

Bid me to live and I will live
 Thy protestant to be:
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.
 A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay and it will stay
 To honor thy decree:
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see:
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree:
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me:
 And hast command of every part
 To live and die for thee.

To *Melancholy*.....John Fletcher

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly:
 There's nought in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound!
 Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
 A midnight bell, a parting groan!
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
 Nothing's so daintily sweet as lovely melancholy.

Oh, *Sweet Content*.....Thomas Dekker

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 Oh, sweet content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 Oh, punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
 Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
 Oh, sweet content!
 Swimmest thou in wealth yet sinkest in thine own tears?
 Oh, punishment!
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

When *All The World Is Young, Lad*.....Charles Kingsley

When all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
 Creep home and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among;
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS: PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

THE POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN FLIGHT

DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.....SATURDAY REVIEW

The recent accident by which Herr Otto Lilienthal lost his life while performing one of his bird-like descents, supported by a double *aéroplane*, closely following the successful flight of Professor Langley's machine over the Potomac in America, has drawn public attention to the question as to whether the flying machine will soon or ever be a fait accompli.

To say that man will literally fly not only asserts a proved impossibility, but when applied to the flying machine is technically incorrect. To say that he will be able to mount into the air supported on an *aéroplane* fitted with a motor capable of propelling it with sufficient velocity to enable it to raise his weight together with its own, and travel at a considerable pace even against a wind, is a fundamental article in the creed of every *aéronautical* physicist.

The main principle involved in the modern *aéroplane* flying machine is essentially that of a kite. A plane surface inclined at a small angle to the horizon and exposed to the wind is supported in a stationary position, when moored, by the upward component of the pressure. If, instead of the air moving against the kite or *aéroplane*, as it is more technically termed, we imagine the latter, still inclined but free, to be propelled forwards by a stern screw fan, so as to create a wind by its own motion, the conditions giving rise to support are maintained precisely as when it was moored, with this difference only, that in proportion as the air is at rest so the *aéroplane* will move relatively to the earth.

There are thus two main conditions to be fulfilled in order to secure *aéroplane* flight—namely, an inclination (variable according to circumstances) and a motor sufficiently powerful and light to supply the entire apparatus with the necessary velocity. In addition to these the *aéroplane* must be stable, so that when exposed to the action of disturbing currents or anything tending to overturn it, contrary forces are set in action tending to restore its equilibrium. This is now the chief and almost the only difficulty that has to be surmounted.

The possibility of driving a self-supporting *aéroplane* through the air has been practically demonstrated in Professor Langley's experiment with his small model, and in order that a similar machine of larger dimensions may carry a man, it will only be necessary to make a proportionately lighter motor and utilize the wind as an auxiliary, after the manner employed by the sailing birds, such as the albatross and the vulture, by intelligently altering the inclination with the gusts and lulls.

Lilienthal's failure was due to the fact that his *aéroplane* was fundamentally unstable. Leaving the question of motors to be dealt with by others, he tried to imitate the soaring birds without having first ascertained whether, in the absence of sufficient power to work his wings, which he never pretended to possess, he could create stability when, after having turned side on the wind, he encountered a sudden gust. The bird, naturally and instinctively, by an upward movement of the lee wing is able to trans-

form what is really an unstable into a stable combination, and restores its lost balance. The man, in the absence of such side power, requires his *aéroplane* to be stable in all positions, apart from any auxiliary wing movements which may be arranged so as to be worked by the motor.

The new flying machine which is now being constructed by Lawrence Hargrave of Sydney is based on what has been found by the kite principle to be a perfectly stable *aéroplane*. It not only comprises two plane surfaces, one above the other, but the sides are filled in, so that whenever it is turned over it presents a fresh plane to the air instead of two sharp edges. It bears, in fact, the same relation to Lilienthal's double-wing planes that a ship does to a raft. Employed as a kite, its performances have eclipsed everything hitherto achieved, and only quite recently at Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, several Hargrave kites, flown tandem, were able to reach a height of nearly a mile and a half, and float perfectly steadily without any tail adjuncts.

In order to convert such an *aéroplane* into a flying machine, Mr. Hargrave is adding movable front and rear planes by which the inclination can be altered, as well as side planes to partially imitate the adjusting wing movements employed by soaring and sailing birds.

The motor, which he is building himself, is the product of much ingenuity and experience, the final survivor of a complete hecatomb of discarded models, and, with characteristic pluck, he is determined to trust himself to his *aërial* ship, and endeavor to solve, by the aid of all modern knowledge of *aërial* mechanics and efficient light motors, the most daring problem ever approached by man. That even he will be completely successful at first is open to doubt. The raising of the machine and man will doubtless be accomplished without much difficulty, especially if there happens to be but little wind; and if the motor works the stern screw fan properly, and the movable front plane is efficiently manipulated, a return to earth ought to be rendered easy and safe.

Lord Kelvin has recently admitted that the supporting power of the air on an *aéroplane* moved through it far exceeds that which was assigned by theory, and there is no reason to believe that the confident hope expressed by Mr. Hargrave that he would fly before many months are out may not be accomplished. Lilienthal's unfortunate accident merely points out a weakness against which Mr. Hargrave has fortunately provided.

THE HOUSE OF THE MIND

REVOLUTION IN THE PHYSICS OF THOUGHT.....LESLIE'S WEEKLY

The past five years have revolutionized the science of the brain. Before then there were manifold gropings in the dark. Now a great sunlight shines.

Camillo Golgi in Naples and S. Ramon y Cajal at Madrid are the Helmholtzes of the physics of thought.

The splendid researches of the latter on the retina of the eye and the courses of the nerves of sense, and the brilliant monograph of Golgi upon the minute

anatomy and physiology of the brain, thrill the reader like the new planet which "swims" into the astronomer's ken.

The immense plates in Golgi's book are more fascinating than a bird's-eye picture of a newly-explored continent which is filled with strange fauna and flora, inhabited by pigmies and man-eaters, whose soil teems with diamonds and silver and gold.

This new land, poised high above the shoulders of the modern Atlas, has, hidden within its bony walls, the veritable microcosm of the universe. It is brimful of analogies, eloquent of evolution, prophetic of infinite progress, shadowy with mystery of the dead forms of disuse, radiant with the light of purposes accomplished.

We know now that all the special senses have what are called end-organs—such as the retina of the eye and the organ of Corti in the middle ear; that vibrations of ether impinge upon these end-organs in the guise of shapes, colors, smells, sounds, etc. A vibration is the mode of motion enjoyed by ether particles.

Recent investigations in animal-physics prove that the end-organs modify the character of these vibrations, or rays, so that they may be forwarded by the special nerves to the centres in the brain where sights and sounds and smells are received and stored.

The most rapid, or quick-following, vibrations are those of violet light, and the slowest those of sound, smell, touch, and taste. This is probably the exact descending scale of rapidity.

A close study of physiology has also elicited the interesting fact that these rays of vibratory ether invariably pass through some watery medium before they are finally taken up by the end-organs and so carried to the brain centers by the several special nerves of sensation.

Thus shape and color rays pass as waves through the aqueous and vitreous humors of the eye, and sound rays through the endolymph of the middle ear, while odor and taste require the hair-cells of the nose and the taste-buds of the tongue to be bathed in mucus.

Salt cannot be tasted by a dry-wiped tongue, nor ammonia perceived by dry hair-cells in the nose. The end-organs of smell and taste are comparatively vicarious. That is to say, our sensations of smell and taste are to a considerable degree interdependent.

The judgment which the expert tea and coffee taster passes upon the quality of these staples is based quite as much upon their perfume, or aroma, as it is upon their separate effect on the taste-buds of his tongue.

The smell and taste centers are close together in the brain, and taste-buds and smell-cells are mingled in the mucous passages of the mouth and nose.

The Pacinian corpuscles in the finger tips fail to receive and modify the sensations of touch if the cuticle or outer skin is removed. A raw-flesh finger-tip has lost all of the brain-like sensitiveness of the whole-skin finger-tip.

End-organs bear the same relation to the afferent nerve fibres (which carry sensations to the brain) that a telephone transmitter (diaphragm) does to the wire—modifying its electrical resistance in accordance with the varying timbre of the voice.

In the same way it is now proposed to employ a selenium transmitter (lens in this case) for the transportation of color and shape by wire over long distances.

A camera in New York may thus photograph a man at the Washington end of the wire.

So soon as suitable transmitters and receivers are discovered, taste, smell, and touch may also be carried from afar, and I can smell the rose held close to the transmitter in San Francisco, and taste sugar at the end of the wire, and feel the hand of my friend over leagues of land and sea.

You play on the piano and find that certain notes will make the windows vibrate, and other notes cause the gas to flare up. A certain note on your violin will shatter a wine glass. This quality of being naturally affected by certain vibrations is general in physics.

Blue glass is tuned to blue vibrations. In response to certain chords in your voice the strings of the piano sing, and synchronously with other notes of the piano your dog howls.

All sensations (vibrations) can be carried from far distances when the proper media for modifying original vibrations or tuning them to a common carrier are found.

The telephone may be said to be an (imperfect) ear on a long-distance scale, and the telephoto (to coin a similar derivative) a long-distance eye. In point of fact, a close study of the brain will show an endless list of analogies between its physics in miniature, so to speak, and those of the ever-widening mundane sphere of electrical invention.

WHY THE GULF STREAM FLOWS

AGENCIES AT WORK ON ITS CURRENT.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Shortly after the first voyage of Columbus, the existence of some of the characteristics of the Gulf Stream became known, and with Franklin's observations as to its temperature, scientific observations upon it began. Since then, many other observations as to its depths in places, temperature, and direction, have been added to the sum of information on the subject. Some of the accounts, however, stopped very far short of the ultimate interest in the subject derivable from determination of the cause of the stream.

The statement that the trade winds heap up the equatorial waters on the eastern shore of Central America, thereby giving a "head" to the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, seems to suffice to most persons for an all-sufficient explanation of the generation and behavior of the Gulf Stream. But it ought to be obvious that, although winds do, as is observable in small areas, heap up waters against obstructive lines upon which they impinge, the movement of the equatorial waters towards the west cannot be the sole cause of the Gulf Stream. On the contrary, whatever head actually exists there is produced by several agencies causing the thrust of waters in the form of a mighty current.

These agencies may be divided into primary and secondary, or subsidiary. The primary causes of the Gulf Stream are the globular form of the earth; its rotation on its axis; the difference, in correspondence with latitude, of its rotary velocity; the difference in density, due to difference in temperature, between its polar and equatorial waters, and the

presence of the American continent. For, if we will eliminate in imagination every agency but these, including the trade winds, we shall see that we have, through the facts of the form of the earth and this difference of density, the resultant of two lines of force represented by the tendency in the direction of waters so constituted to flow.

On one of these the centrifugal force of the earth's rotation draws the waters as a submarine flow from the poles to the equator, resulting in a supramarine flow from the equator to the poles; while, on the other, the rotation of the earth on its axis, at right angles to those directions, tends to make the waters move directly towards the east. If there were no continents at all on the surface of the earth, the effect of this, as viewed from the equator, would be to make the submarine flow from the pole, in the northern hemisphere, assume a southwesterly curve convex towards the equator; and to make the supramarine flow, from the equator to the same pole, assume a northeasterly curve, concave towards the equator.

Similarly, with reference to the southern hemisphere, as viewed from the equator, the submarine flow from the poles would assume a northwesterly curve, convex towards the equator, and the supramarine flow from the equator to the poles would assume a southeasterly curve, concave towards the equator. The reason for this is that the submarine flow, coming from the north or the south pole, would reach successively degrees of latitude of greater and greater velocity of rotation, and therefore would assume a more and more westerly direction, whereas the flow going from the equator towards either pole would successively reach degrees of latitude of less and less velocity of rotation, and therefore would assume a more easterly direction.

The very same causes are operative now to produce the very same effect, and the chief reason that it does not exist in the simplicity described is on account of the presence of continental lines disposed in a northerly and southerly direction. Yet, despite the complication introduced into the phenomenon of ocean movement by that and other causes, the surface waters of the ocean, without regard to the streams coursing through them, move in a general direction in the northern hemisphere towards the northeast, and the submarine waters towards the southwest; while in the southern hemisphere they move correspondingly, the surface waters towards the southeast and the submarine waters towards the northwest.

Owing to the causes which have now been detailed at sufficient length, the submarine waters lag behind the surface waters, and therefore the surface flow from the equator to the poles assumes a relatively easterly position with respect to the submarine flow from the poles to the equator. The inclusion of the agency of the north and south continental lines, and the presence of constant winds in certain quarters of the earth, do not create the movements of the ocean, but merely serve to modify, with great intricacy, the general flow. The movements just described as deducible from general principles, and long previously held to be true, have in quite recent times been proved true by various scientific observations, notably by those of the Challenger in 1873-1876.

The chief subsidiary causes which make the Gulf Stream what it is are: 1st. The direction and force of the trade winds, producing drift currents into the Caribbean Sea. The body of water thus entering that sea leaves the residuum to be chiefly supplied by the flow of the polar current under and beside the Gulf Stream issuing from the Straits of Florida. 2d. The head of water produced by those winds and other agencies at the Gulf Stream and the correspondingly lower level at the place whence a portion of its waters are so derived. 3d. The volume of discharge contributed to the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico by the rivers flowing into them. 4th. The increase in volume of these waters through the long-continued heat to which they are subjected while confined within the caldron formed by those basins.

By studying this whole assemblage of causes we are led to conclude that the present oceanic currents are, in fact, huge hydraulic engines worked by Nature from the north pole and the south, nor less from the equator and the revolution of the earth. The Gulf Stream, with the analogous current, is merely one of the two greatest products of that machinery; the flow from its colossal pump in the direction of its discharging tube and the general circulation of the ocean, partially actuated by the earth's rotation and by the sun-generated winds, being ceaselessly engaged in life-giving and life-aiding agency over the surface of the globe.

THE SCIENTIFIC OBJECTS OF POLAR EXPLORATION

ROBERT STEIN.....POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

To ascertain with greater precision the shape, size, and density of the earth, the astronomer's base of measures, and thus render the science of surveying more accurate, ten pendulum observations near the unknown extreme of the arc are worth a hundred elsewhere. Observations on magnetism, especially near the magnetic pole, will benefit the thousands of ocean vessels which largely depend for their safety on the precision with which the compass can be interpreted. To the meteorologist the arctic is of special importance, because it presents the extremes of a world-embracing system, each of whose parts affects every other. Tides and currents are similarly interdependent. The aurora can best be studied where it is most common and most fully developed.

Observations on the character and behavior of plants and animals under the unique conditions of the arctic will give to the student of organic life a more thorough mastery of his problems. To that end the hydrography must be known (depth of sea, temperature, water movement, sea bottom, salinity, light). The arctic affords the best facilities for studying one set of geologic forces (glaciers, icebergs, frost fissuring) in their extreme manifestation. The condition of the earth in past geologic epochs will not be fully known until the strata of the arctic lands have been mapped. To the paleontologist the arctic has already yielded most valuable information in the fossil evidence of a mild climate. Petrified trees and similar fossils, precious to museums or geologic cabinets, can probably be reached by way of Hayes Sound. To the ethnologist the Eskimos represent a phase of human life without a parallel.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

ETYMOLOGICAL SUPERSTITIONS

INFLUENCE OF WORDSLE MAGASIN PITTORESQUE

It is difficult to understand how great is the influence of words on popular beliefs. When two terms present some similarity in pronunciation, this resemblance, remote though it be, suffices in the mind of the masses to establish between them a mysterious connection whence some legend arises. The history of language furnishes us with examples on all sides. It is thus that Hugh Capet appears in history as having a large head [Latin *caput*, head], that oil of lavender is extracted from the asp, and that bears and oxen have usurped the places of stars in the heavens. There was formerly, in the Alps, on the Italian frontier, a chapel dedicated to St. Vrain of Verein. This pious hermit, who lived in the sixth century of our era, was bishop of Cavaillon and was present at the second council of Macon in 585. On the site of this chapel was erected later a tower, which bore the name of the Tower of St. Vrain, in Italian San Verene. When the memory of the bishop was effaced in the minds of men the term San Vereno, being no longer understood, was changed to *sans veneno*, an expression which was naturally translated [into French] *sans venin* [without poison], and this is the present name of the tower. People, however, were not able to stop here. A reason for this singular name was sought. Why was this tower "without poison"? The solution of the problem was soon found. The tower was called thus because near it no venomous animal could live, no poisonous plant flourish. History does not say to what distance the influence of the tower extends, but it certainly asserts that no poisonous thing can grow near it. If a scorpion, a viper, or even a spider ventures too near, it dies at once. The tower is "without poison." Thus an error in pronunciation, coming from a certain similarity between two words [vereno, veneno] gave rise to a legend that is to this day believed in the neighborhood to be as true as the gospel.

The popular imagination attributes to certain saints a peculiar power over maladies and over the scourges that ravage humanity. These beliefs have nothing to do with religion. The church sets before us the saints as models whose virtues we ought to imitate, and as powerful intercessors with God; but she says nowhere that they have power to remove sickness, to preserve from lightning, or to assuage pestilence or famine. How, then, have these superstitious beliefs arisen? With a little attention it will be easy to see that there is in the whole thing only a question of homophony. Thus St. Clou has naturally for his specialty the cure of fever sores [clous]. St. Main [French *main*, hand] and St. Genou [genou, knee] have power over affections of these parts of the body. St. Claire and St. Luce watch over the eyes. The department of hearing [ouïe] belongs to St. Ouen. St. Mammès watches over maladies of the breast [mamma]. St. Eutrope (whom the peasants call Strophe) will cure dropsy. [Fr. *hydropisie*]. This saint has also the power to make peas grow. We do not know how this superstition arose but prudent gardeners never omit

to plant their peas on St. Eutrope's day, certain to have an abundant crop. People subject to vertigo address themselves to St. Avertin, lunatics [in Italian, *matti*] to St. Mathurin. . . . When we are subject to dizziness we find that everything whirls [French, *ça tourne*], so we should pray at once to St. Saturnin. . . . We say that paralytics are "taken" [French, *pris*]. St. Pris is ready to come to their aid. Why does St. Anthony of Padua have the power to find lost objects? Because Padua is in Italian Padova, and lost objects were formerly called [in French] *épaves*.

YOGI MAGIC IN INDIA

FREDERICK BANCROFT.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

I had heard vaguely long before I reached India that there was a band of the Yogi—the so-called sanctified Yogi—somewhere up in the northern part of the country—a sect, in fact, who, not for a mere living, but apparently from religious conviction, performed miracles. And so—though I was told it would take me at least a week to accomplish my purpose—I started one night from Delhi northward for the unknown. It was a very long journey, but one that is undertaken every year by the more wealthy people—the English particularly, who, during the winter, manage to survive this cloying, deadening climate. On this slow railway it took one day to reach Simla, and from there the voyage was more or less precarious. Trains were few and connections very infrequent. The population grew less dense, the people more hardy. We gradually got into a hilly country where barbarism still survived; that is to say, the severe impact of European civilization which distinguished the lower part of the country seemed to fade away, and we got into the native, genuine and historic Indiaism. English officials were fewer, and one saw only an occasional trooper. Now and then soldiers invaded the third class section of the train, but they were all natives, excepting an occasional English officer. And, without dilating on the tediousness and the annoyances of a very long trip, I got at last to the foothills of the Himalayas, a little village with an unpronounceable name, from which we took horses for thirty miles further into the interior, and then, as the route grew more precipitous, mules. An occasional inn was found, but the country had almost completely lost its English character.

We traveled on higher and higher. I had the map well routed for me, and I was told I could make no mistake as to my destination. Toward sunset of the second day my courier pointed out to me in the lowering distance a small congregation of huts surrounding a principal edifice of stone. "There," said he, "is the abode of the Yogi."

I had been careful to provide myself with first class recommendations, and so I felt no fear of any refusal on their part to enter the sacred precinct. Making our way through a tortuous defile down the mountain side, we passed a sparse population, finally to reach the gate of what looked not unlike a monastery of the mediæval times. Absolute silence reigned there, and I was puzzled how to enter.

There was no bell, no knocker; only a huge wooden gate made of unhewn logs, but a very respectable barrier in itself. My interpreter informed me that the doorman only came every half hour, and that I should have to wait until he made his rounds. So allowing the mules to graze at leisure, I sat with my companion upon a bench that stood beside the place, and patiently waited permission to enter. Ten minutes passed, and then I saw emerging from the distance in the gloom a tall, gaunt, spectre-like person clad in a gray robe. As he approached I noticed that he was wondrously thin; cheeks sunken in, deep set eyes, and altogether, the mien of a Franciscan of old. In fact, the whole atmosphere was monkish. It recalled to me the stories I had often read of the monasteries of the mediæval days. It seemed as if I had gone back four or five centuries of civilization. There was no greeting in his demeanor. My interpreter handed him my letters, and he shuffled off, to disappear as mysteriously as he came. Another fifteen minutes' wait. Then he returned and laboriously opened the gate. Not a word passed his lips, either to myself or to my companion. He signed us to follow him, which, of course, we did.

We found ourselves after traversing a parallelogram some seven or eight feet long silently shown into what seemed a small ante-chamber. There, very shortly after, came to us a man quite the reverse of the one we had seen—an athlete in appearance, strong as to sinews, heavy in build, neither fat nor lean, and possessing a countenance that one would say at the jump was one of great intelligence. He was kindly in his greeting, neither shaking hands, however, nor bowing. And I took my demeanor from his. He asked us why we came there, and I replied that I wished to witness the mysteries of the Yogi. He told me that, unfortunately, this was the time of year when they were in retreat. He explained, as well as he could, that they were an ascetic order, not given to the display of their powers to strangers. I made bold to ask the purpose of the sect, and he explained that they were ascetics; that they believed in the exercise of religion through the visual sense; that is to say, the powers of a perfect man could be so developed as to appear miraculous to the imperfect. And what wonders they accomplished were through the direct interposition of Buddha with God. This conversation may have lasted some twenty minutes, and it took place standing. This man, who, it seems, was the superior of the order, asked us to partake of the repast then due. We accepted willingly, and entered a large refectory, perhaps seventy feet long by about twenty broad, bare of everything excepting one long table, benches and two or three smaller tables at the end. To one of these we were assigned, while the superior took his position alone. Then the members of the order filed in in perfect silence. The repast consisted of milk curds, honey and a species of unleavened bread, heavy as dough. We were treated to small portions of kid, but I remarked that nobody else in the place ate any; in fact, they were not served with it. Most of them looked like the man who originally let us into the gate; occasionally there were two or three words of conversation that appeared to be necessary, but no general talk. And during the entire repast, I never saw one smile permeate the countenance of any there.

In my search for information I feel bound to say that I met with disappointment. The superior took me out into the yard surrounded by the parallelogram, showed me a recent grave and said: "One of our brethren sleeps there." As there were marks of graves all around the place, it struck me as of no particular significance, and observing my look of astonishment, he spoke to the interpreter, who translated his meaning thus: "This man made an infraction of one of our rules. He had been condemned to forty days' solitary confinement. He is confined here. He will live." In short, I was told and asked to believe that a human being lay three feet under this earth, and would be resurrected at the end of his imprisonment, and remain as whole as before. Ten days of his time were up. I confess that the temptation came over me for a moment to remain thirty days here, and witness the resurrection, but the necessity of returning to the State forbade. I was assured by the people on the outside of the village that they had seen the burial of the man, though he was alive; that he submitted to his fate without a murmur, and that, at the time of his disinterment, all those who cared would be invited to witness the fact that he came to life again.

After a while we went into a small darkened room; that is to say, two lamps stood behind us, and two others far in front. The superior asked me if I desired an example of their powers. I told him that that was the principal reason of my coming there. "Then see this!" said he. One of the monks rushed forward, and coiled a section of slight rope, threw it into the air and then scrambled up it. I saw, as plainly as my eyes can see, the rope thrown up and the man disappear hand over hand beyond my line of vision. But I have not the slightest doubt that it was an optical illusion. There was darkness all around. Nothing could have been easier than for the trickster to throw the rope, disappear in the black shadow, and a dummy be pulled up. At any rate that is the way I explained one of the most mysterious and celebrated tricks of these Yogi. There is no doubt in my mind that these men, while perfectly sincere in their religious belief, employ tricks to affect the mind of the ignorant and give them the name of miracles. The bare truth seldom obtains. It must be accompanied by some supernatural manifestation.

QUEER BELIEFS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THE TOTEM AND THE MEDICINE BAG.....PITTSBURGH LEADER

The "totem" and the "medicine bag" of our North American Indian are two separate and distinct things, and each has its function and meaning, but notwithstanding, these terms are constantly used as interchangeable, and few who are not well posted in Indian matters know to the contrary. The "totem" is to the Indian what our crest, title of honor or symbol of ancestry is to us. Few of our Indians have any tradition as to the origin of their creation, but nearly all have some tradition as to the origin of their families. The general belief is that the tribe is the miraculous result of the intercourse of some god with some animal, bird, fish or reptile. As a rule they recognize the fact that the tribe is a mere aggregation of families, each one of which, however, firmly believes that it thus descended from one of the lower orders of creation.

The representation of this animal, bird or reptile becomes the "coat of arms"—the "totem." The skin of this animal is carefully stuffed, bedecked with ornaments, feathers, etc., and carried around in the hand on all occasions of full dress. In good weather it is fastened to the front of the tepee of the head of the family, and at his death it is fastened to a pole and planted at the head of his grave. This is the "totem." It is not a mystery, and has no religious meaning or signification. Not so with the "medicine bag," which is purely religious and the contents of which are a secret between the Indian and his God. The term "medicine" is applied to every condition of the Indian life, to almost every object of its surroundings. Everything is either "good medicine" or "bad medicine." If a man gets up in the morning feeling badly his "medicine" is no good, the Bad God has him in his power for the day, and of this fact he is sure if he misses a good shot at a deer or other game. If, on the contrary, he arises feeling splendidly and has good luck in hunting it is "good medicine," and the Good God is with him for the day.

Every Indian has his "good medicine," and the manner of dealing with it is very interesting. Each male Indian is taught by his father how to make "good medicine," and as soon as he reaches the period in his life when he is to become a warrior, he must prepare his "medicine." At least one of the ingredients must be a secret known only to himself. Hence, after being initiated as a warrior, he will go alone to some solitary place and there fast and meditate in deep religious thought, when finally he falls into a sleep or trance, and then he is supposed to dream of the ingredient for his "medicine." Returning to camp, he mixes the "medicine," which is put up in tiny bags of dressed deerskin and worn suspended around the neck by himself and wife and children. The secret ingredient is carried always by the Indian in a small pouch, and what it is is never told to any one, not even to his own wife. The other ingredients are known to all, but the one which possesses the charm is known only to himself. The different ingredients are selected according to the fancy of the compounder and usually consist of earths and sands of different colors, ashes of plants, particles of bones of animals and fish, varying according to the fancy or superstition of the Indian. Having collected and placed the ingredients in a shallow dish, kept for this sole purpose, they are slowly stirred. From the combination of colors or from some other peculiarity produced by the process the Indian believes he has compounded a "good medicine," which is carefully put up and worn as described. Should any of the mixture be left after each member of the lodge has received his share, the remainder is burned in the lodge fire.

Should subsequent events prove that the mixture is "bad medicine," it is taken outside the camp and buried, no one touching it. The same thing is again gone through with until a "good medicine" is obtained. Many years ago it was the custom among most of the tribes to keep forever the secret ingredient and change the other parts if the "medicine" proved "bad medicine," but now the prevailing custom is to seek a new one if, after long bad luck, he becomes convinced that he has not the proper charm in his possession.

It is not frequent that the Indian carries the belief in his "totem" to the extent of having it tattooed upon his body. In fact, during the life of the writer in the west and among the Indians of many tribes, he has seen but one totem tattooed on the body, and this case has only come under his observation quite recently. The Indian in question is a half breed who has been in the government employ off and on for many years as scout. His mother was a full blood and his father a Frenchman. The totem is that of the historical and celebrated Five Nations, who subjected and expelled the neighboring tribes in northern New York, and made their influence felt from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Indian is over 75 years old, and the totem has been upon his breast since he was a mere boy. The similarity of the bird which represents his tribe to the pictures of the Egyptian birds is so marked as to cause one to stop and consider where the savages of that tribe could have seen pictures of such a bird from which to copy the design. He was unable to give any account of its origin as the coat of arms of his tribe, though in use for generations.

THE UNLUCKY PEACOCK FEATHER

NOT OF UNIVERSAL ILL-OMEN.....LONDON GLOBE

The vagaries of superstition, though often curious enough, are usually in a sense consistent; that is to say, the action or gesture or event which is ominous of ill, or the article whose possession is counted unlucky in one part of the country, is, with slight and casual variations, of evil omen, or is a bringer of bad luck, in other parts of the country also. And even in lands far distant from one another, and among peoples differing in race and language, the same mysterious agreement on matters of luck is often found to prevail. But the gorgeous plumage of the peacock is a striking example on the other side. In no one district is there any settled and generally received belief as to the unluckiness, or the reverse, of the peacock's feathers.

It seems to be more of a matter of individual preference than is usually the case with superstitions of this kind. In many parts of England people are to be found who would shrink, if not with horror, at least with very genuine dislike and fear from the idea of using the feathers for decorative purposes. One old woman will tell you that so long as such uncanny things are kept the daughters of the house will have no suitors for their hands in marriage; while another old woman, perhaps of the opposite sex, will prophesy other calamities as sure to follow such a tempting of fate.

Another curious instance of belief in the unluckiness of the peacock's feathers occurred a few seasons ago at Drury Lane Theatre, when the pantomime included an "Olympian procession." Among the other gods and goddesses who duly "processed" under the eye of the stage manager was Juno. But, strangely enough, there were no indications of any kind about her costume to associate her with the peacock, the bird specially dedicated to the "Queen of Heaven." The absence of such indications was naturally noticed and commented upon; but a dramatic journal explained that the omission was "not accidental, but designed, theatrical people having a superstitious aversion to the peacock in any form appearing on the stage."

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

THE PLACE OF CORN IN THE CUISINE

MARTHA BOCKEE FLINT.....N. Y. EVENING POST

"The young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his long and glossy plumage."

So plainly is maize the most distinctive product of the United States that there should be no question as to an appropriate "national flower." The plant has in its graceful growth a lordly preëminence, and there is no other that has been on this continent so widely a source of food supply, and which links us so closely with the simple economy and primitive life of the vanished Indians.

The various early names of Guinea corn, Turkie wheat, Chinese tree-wheat, and others with similar Oriental suggestion, have strengthened the hypothesis of an Asiatic descent, but DeCandolle has conclusively traced its origin to the plateaux of the Andes, whence it follows isothermal lines far to the northward. The little Mandan corn, not two feet high, pursues the Missouri to its remote sources, and on the Cordilleras of Mexico there grows a variety in which a protective husk to each kernel adapts it to the elevation.

Civilization has gladly accepted the maize, and the sweet "corn in the milk," and early roasting ears are delicacies beyond the dainties of the cook's art. When

"The soft and juicy kernels
Grow like wampum, hard and yellow,"

from the coarse golden meal are made a score of wholesome breads, ranging from the tortillas, for which Mexican maids pound the corn in stone mortars, to the pone, hoe-cake, dodgers, and egg-bread of the Aunt Dinah or Mam' Phyllis, whose occult skill is altogether incommunicable, and the crisp Johnny cake, its name a corruption of journey-cake, baked on a board before the campfire as an emigrating family or group of neighbors made their way to the woods to the far "West" of Onondaga or Genesee. More than these, the maize has not only given us many other savory dishes, as the luscious baked Indian pudding, but it has enriched the English language with various Indian words, most notable among which are hominy, samp, and succotash. Roger Williams speaks of the latter—*Msick-quatah* in the Narragansett dialect—as "corn boiled whole with green beans," and of *samp*, *nauwsaump*, as "a meal pottage of Indian corn, unparched, beaten and boiled and eaten hot or cold, with milk or butter, which are mercies beyond the natives' plain water, and which is a dish very wholesome for the English bodies."

The products of maize stand first in the various piquant notes of Indian cookery given in *New England Rarities*, that curious chapter of natural history, printed for John Josselyn, gentleman, "at the Green Dragon in Saint Paul's Churchyard," in 1672. A few extracts from this book may represent one phase of aboriginal customs, and of early colonial life, from the point of view of an English gentleman, a scholarly observer, alert to discover "chyrurgical rarities," and the "manie odde plants of the countrie."

"The New England standing dish" is of "Indian wheat of which there are three sortes, yellow, red, and blew; the blew is commonly Ripe before the others a month. Five or six grains of Indian wheat hath produced in one year six hundred. It is hotter than our wheat and clammy, excellent in cataplasms to ripen any swelling or imposthume. The decoction of the blew corn is good to wash Sore Mouths with. It is light of digestion and the English make a kind of Loblolly of it to eat with milk which they call samp. They beat it in a mortar and sift the flower out of it. The remainder they call Homminey which they put into a Pot of two or three Gallons with water and boyle it upon a gentle Fire till it be like a Hastie Pudden; they put of this into milk and so eat it. Their Bread also they make of the Homminey so boyled, and mix their flower with it, cast it into a deep Bason in which they form the Loaf and then turn it out upon the Peel and presently put it into the Oven before it spreads abroad. The Flower makes excellent Puddens."

He further gives "Another Standing-Dish in New England" as follows:

"When the milk is ready to boyl then put into a pottle of milk about ten or twelve spoonfuls of this Meal and so boyl it leasurly, stirring of it every minute lest it burn. When it is almost boyled enough they hang the kettle up higher and let it stew only. In a short time it will thicken like a custard; they season it with a little sugar and spice and so serve it to the table in deep Basons and it is altogether as good as a white-pot."

The Indians in their simple diet were not unmindful of the flavorful wild fruits that grew on hillside and marsh. Roger Williams says of the fragrant strawberries which crimsoned the native meadows, "The Indians bruise them in a mortar and mix them with their meal to make Strawberry Bread." The cranberry, or *Sarsemineash*, he adds, was given in fevers as well as made into an appetizing confection. Josselyn says of it, "The Cran Berry is excellent against Scurvy and to allay the fervour of hot Diseases. Indians and English use them much Boyled with Sugar for sauce to eat with their meat and it is a delicate Sauce, especially for roasted Mutton. Some make Tarts with them as if with Gooseberries." Writing of the most widely dispersed and fruitful of the whortleberries, the blueberry, *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, and the huckleberry, *Gaylussacia resinosa*, "very good to allay the burning heat of Feavers and hot Agues either in Syrup or conserve," Josselyn makes mention of "A Most excellent Summer Dish" from the "Bill Berries which are of two kindes, black and Sky-coloured which is more frequent. They usually eat them put into a Bason with Milk and sweetened a little more with Sugar and Spice, or for cold Stomachs with Sack. The Indians dry them in the Sun (called *sautoash*; beaten to powder, and mixed with parched meal and baked as a cake, *sautauthig*), and sell them to the English by the Bushell who make use of them instead of Currence, putting them into Puddens both boyled and baked and into Water Gruel."

Among other "plants proper to the countrie," the

American Cucurbitaceæ are introduced: "Water mellow is a large fruit but not near so big as Pom-pion; smoother and rounder, the colour of a sad grass green, or more rightly sap green; the seeds are black, and the flesh or pulpe exceedingly juicy. Squashes, but more truly squonter-squashes, are a kinde of mellow, or rather gourd, for they oftentimes degenerate into gourdes; of them some are green, some yellow, some longish like a gourd, others round like an apple, all of them pleasant food, boyled and butter'd and season'd with spice." The pumpkin, glory of the September cornfields, was cultivated by the Indians when first known to the European incomers. They used it baked in the ashes until the firm flesh softened into a pulp, which was mixed with meal and baked again into a loaf resembling the Southern pone. Its first use by the English before some ever-to-be-honored domestic genius evolved the inimitable pumpkin pie is shown by Josselyn in a minute recipe for "The ancient standing dish of New England":

"The Housewives' manner is to slice the Pompion when ripe and cut them into Dice and to fill a Pot with them of two or three gallons, and to stew them over a gentle fire a whole Day, and as they sink to fill again with fresh Pompion, not putting any liquor to them, and when it is stewed it will look like bak'd apple. This they dish putting Butter to it and a little Vinegar (with some spice as Ginger, etc.), which makes it taste like an apple, and so serve it up to be eaten with Fish or Flesh."

THE DIGNITY OF DINING

ROYAL EPICURES AND THEIR COOKS.....LONDON CHEF

At one time, some two or three hundred years ago, Italy held the palm for cookery, and the French mocked at what Montaigne termed *le science de gueule*. Then came other days, when masters of the art, such as Béchameil, maître d'hôtel of Louis the Magnificent, and Vatel, the famous steward of the Prince de Condé, ruled over the æsthetics of the dinner-table, and when great ladies, even princesses of the royal blood and mistresses en titre, thought it no indignity to direct the course of a dish or to themselves prepare it. The Princess of Soubise invented the *purée d'oignons* that is even now called after her. The Princess of Condé gave her name to a particular mode of serving a breast of mutton, the Duchess of Mailly, vying with her, to a special way of dressing a leg of the same viand. The gentle Louise de la Vallière was a great adept in all the culinary lore, and Madame de Maintenon, femme savante as she was, would herself prepare les *côtelettes en papillote* for the delectation of her royal master. In fact, so alarmed was she when Louis XIV. showed a predilection for *carré du mouton à la Condé*, that she called in Père Lachaise, who in his turn invoked the aid of another priest, with the triumphant result that Canard au Père Douillet is known historically as having been the dish that weaned the too susceptible monarch from the pitfalls of the Princess, and fixed him in the paths of virtue by the side of the Widow Scarron.

With all due respect to Monsieur Savarin, it is not every man of sense who knows how to eat. Witness the First Napoleon and the great Carlyle, men who swallowed their food in great gulps, ruin-

ing alike their health, and, what is synonymous with health, their tempers also. Every one is not like Mr. Gladstone, who lays it down as an axiom and acts upon it, too, that food should be turned over in the mouth at least twenty to thirty times before it is finally swallowed, so do not deceive yourselves. The most important hour that a day has in store for you, the axle on which all else turns, health, business, wealth, happiness, is that hour which is ushered in by what Byron calls "the tocsin of the soul," that is the dinner-bell. It is a time for which to prepare ourselves with a solemnity befitting such a grave occasion, and is not to be rushed into lightly, as if it were of little or no moment. Otherwise, how has it arisen that the favored ones of this earth habitually cast off garments of toil, the coat of varied, and unmentionable garments of unvaried form, and attire themselves de rigueur whenever it is the question of dinner?

WHAT MEXICANS EAT

EDWARD PAGE GASTON.....LADIES' HOME COMPANION

Many Americans and other foreigners have made complaint of the highly seasoned sameness in Mexican fare, and all kinds of Latin cookery, but one who has ever sat at table with the distinguished residents of Chapultepec (President Diaz and family) could find no cause for criticism on this or any other reasonable score. The cuisine is unmistakably Mexican, but the dinner is so well selected that the most discriminating taste finds itself thoroughly enjoying the novel quality of the repast. The soup comes on with its thickening of roasted pea flour and lard-toasted bread in lieu of crackers, followed by the ever-present eggs and their eternal Mexican accompaniment of fried bananas; and these advance the way for a multitude of other delicacies dear to the Latin gusto. One of the dishes served, if the dinner be a typical Mexican one, is the far-famed mole de guajelote, which has come all the way down from the days of the Montezumas, bringing with it the highly savored pleasures of roast turkey, overspread with a heavy dressing of peppery chile and rich seeds. The tortilla, a small, thin pancake made of handground corn, is popular alike among the rich and poor, and this will appear, deftly rolled, and containing finely hashed meat, strongly impressed with chile and a milder dash of garlic, the whole making up the toothsome *enchilada*. There are accompaniments of freshly sliced tomatoes, spiced lettuce, radishes and varied relishes, and from time to time there appear other more substantial viands. The ever-present frijole beans appear, delicately browned in lard, as only a Mexican *cocinera* can prepare them; stuffed artichokes and mutton chops come familiarly along, as do small whitefish from the near-by lakes, and scalloped oysters from the Mancha, both served as a mid-dinner course. . . .

For dessert there are ices, preserved fruits, elaborately prepared marmalades, nuts and raisins, and a great variety of rich, fancily frosted and jellied cakes of small size, called *pasteles*. Home-prepared extract of coffee is poured into the cup of each person at the table, to finish the meal, and the two or three spoonfuls of this syrup-thick and lye-strong composition are plentifully drowned with hot milk, making a cup of coffee of delicate aroma and delicious taste.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

THE TRUTH ABOUT MICROBES

WILLSON D. YOSTLING.....POPULAR SCIENCE

There was a period in the history of the world when "blood-letting" was regarded as a cure for every form of disease; there has also been a period now happily ending, when ethyl-alcohol, in the form of wine, ale or spirits, was supposed to be necessary in the treatment of maladies, and now, in 1896, we are suffering from what I am compelled to call "antiseptiphobia," by which I mean a belief upon the part of the public that most of the ills to which flesh is heir can be cured by the judicious use of microbicides. Indeed, since the establishment of the germ theory of disease, the world seems to have arrived at the conclusion that carbolic acid and similar preparations possess powers almost allied to magic.

The substitution of the nasty smell of a drug—or chemicals—for the offensive smell of some other character is worthless as far as the destruction of microorganisms and the prevention of disease are concerned. Further, no disinfectant for rooms can be of much value unless it can be applied to the walls and ceiling, as well as to the contents of the room.

As long ago as 1887, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, of England, condemned the use of carbolic acid, upon the ground that it tends to preserve the dormant germs from decay. Nor is this all, for Dr. George Sternberg, a high authority, has written that "experiments with carbolic acid show that the popular idea, shared perhaps by some physicians, that an odor of carbolic acid in the sick room and other places is evidence that the place is disinfected, is entirely fallacious." Dr. Sternberg considers the fumes of sulphur and of peroxide of hydrogen reliable disinfectants, in the proportion of 1 volume of either to 100 volumes of air.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that, while microorganisms require a certain quantity of oxygen to enable them to subsist, yet any considerable addition to that quantity appears, as a rule, to cause death. The inhalation of oxygen, which gas can now be obtained from the atmosphere at a very moderate cost, is likely to be thoroughly tested as an alleviate in lung diseases, and oxyaerated water will undoubtedly be given a trial in cases of dyspepsia and diabetes.

There are three different classes of microorganisms. This article deals exclusively with the pathogenic microbes—those which are productive of disease. The other two classes are zymogenic—productive of fermentation, and chromogenic—producing color. Low forms of life (call them animal or vegetable, as you please), such as microbes or microorganisms, reproduce their species in different ways; some by fission, which is a simple division into two parts, each of those parts eventually becoming a perfect, full-sized adult; others by spores, or buds which grow at the end of prolongations and ultimately leave the parent, thus becoming distinct individuals. The former variety has been named "bacteria," the latter "bacilli." The distinction between the two is of the utmost impor-

tance, because a degree of heat which will inhibit the growth of the most minute bacteria, is not likely to exercise any influence upon the spores of bacilli, although it may temporarily retard, or permanently destroy, the disease-producing power of the full grown specimens.

Every form of life, whether animal or vegetable, flourishes best under certain conditions as to temperature and food or soil. To this law microorganisms, of course, conform, and the presence of certain substances in the nourishing medium is essential to the growth of both bacteria and bacilli. Thus, disease-producing microbes do not thrive well if proteids and some organic salts are absent; or if the nourishing material is distinctly acid. Nevertheless, there is reason for believing some putrefactive germs—which must be near relatives to certain pathogenic organisms—are capable of rapid growth in acid medium. In addition, many pathogenic organisms remain inactive unless they are exposed to a certain degree of heat—about the temperature of the human body appears to suit them best—but their growth is quite rapid until from 86° to 100° F. is reached. Heat above 140° F. arrests the growth of many adult microorganisms, and it may destroy some of them, although it probably has no influence upon the spores of the bacilli.

An "antiseptic" is a substance capable of creating a condition unfavorable to the growth and activity of microorganisms.

A "germicide" is a substance which will destroy the vital action and the reproductive power of microorganisms. If, after pathogenic microorganisms have been placed in a nourishing medium to which carbolic acid has been added, upon the medium being exposed to such conditions of heat and moisture as are favorable to the vital activity of the organisms, the growth is retarded, the conclusion is often reached that the carbolic acid is a germicide, and that the disease-creating power of the microbes has departed forever. This reasoning is fallacious, because the vital action of the organisms may simply be retarded, in a manner similar to that by which the application of cold inhibits microbial growth. In order to sustain an assertion that the carbolic acid was anything more than a very mild antiseptic (if it is that), another experiment is necessary. The microbes must be removed and placed in a fresh nourishing substance. If they should then cease to grow, notwithstanding the presence of favorable conditions of heat and dampness, the conclusion would unquestionably be justified that the carbolic acid had injured or destroyed their vital activity.

Before a substance is pronounced a "germicide," bacteriologists take still greater precautions. After the germs have been exposed to the action of the hypothetical germ destroyer, they are introduced into the bodies of suitable animals—such as are believed to be especially susceptible to the disease under observation—and if, after the lapse of sufficient time, and repeated trials, the disease fails to make its appearance, the substance may be pronounced a germicide, as far as that particular micro-

organism is concerned. In cases involving microbes producing spores, the supposed antiseptic cannot be regarded as possessing any valuable germicidal properties unless it destroys the activity, not only of the adult organisms, but also of the spores.

The following facts seem worthy of attention:

Sporeless microorganisms are destroyed in one and one-half hours at a temperature a little above 212° F.

Spores of bacilli require three hours' exposure at a temperature of 284° F.

The most competent authorities appear to believe that heat for less than half an hour at a temperature below boiling point has little influence upon the majority of the disease-producing microorganisms.

The question so far discussed is the influence of antiseptics upon microorganisms, and not upon the poisonous alkaloids known as "ptomaines," which, being generated by the microbes, are very often—if not always—the direct cause of disease. While germicides may destroy microörganic life, nothing, except sufficient heat for a lengthened period, is at all likely to nullify the disease-creating power of the ptomaines.

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION

FLOYD M. CRANDALL.....ARCHIVES OF PEDIATRICS

It is not generally known at the present day that small-pox was in former times essentially a disease of childhood. One hundred years ago eighty per cent of all cases occurred in children under five years, while a large proportion of all the remaining cases occurred between five and ten years. It is one of the strongest proofs of the efficacy of vaccination that these conditions are now wholly changed.

Several circumstances have combined during the past two years to bring small-pox into more than usual prominence. A number of outbreaks of the disease in this country and in England have wakened into activity several small but noisy bands of anti-vaccinationists. The Jenner centennial in May has also been the occasion for numerous articles upon small-pox and vaccination. To the average medical man, the fierce opposition to vaccination which has arisen in some quarters is almost unaccountable. It may be a surprise to some to know that the passage of anti-vaccination laws has been almost accomplished recently in at least two state legislatures.

In view of the assaults that are made upon vaccination from time to time, it seems eminently proper to occasionally review the whole subject and to consider the grounds for the faith that inspires us.

The statement is sometimes made, even by physicians, that small-pox is not the serious disease it formerly was; that it has been modified in recent times; that scarlet fever is as much to be dreaded as small-pox. Such statements are not based on facts; they demonstrate chiefly the ignorance of the speaker. It is possible that it is not as virulent as it formerly was, but it is still one of the most malignant of diseases and not to be compared with scarlet fever. Dr. Welch, in a recent study of small-pox, reports fifteen hundred and twelve cases in unvaccinated persons, with a death rate of over fifty-eight per cent; in young children the rate was much higher

than this. Hart gives the death rate of unvaccinated cases as nearly forty per cent. In the Sheffield epidemic of 1887 the death rate was forty-four per cent. These mortality rates are fully double those of scarlet fever, even in virulent epidemics, while the sequelæ of scarlet fever, though very serious, are not to be compared with those of small-pox.

The extreme contagiousness of small-pox, its excessive rate of mortality, its loathsome character, and the maiming and disfigurement it leaves behind, combine to make it the most serious scourge from which the race has suffered.

It is difficult for the present generation of men to realize what small-pox was a century ago. It has been justly described as "the Attila of diseases, a very scourge of God, overrunning countries and destroying whole populations." When Jenner performed his first vaccination in 1796, small-pox was causing more than one-tenth of all the deaths of the human race. Bernouilli, the mathematician, estimated that more than fifty millions of the inhabitants of Europe died from small-pox during the eighteenth century. Others place the number even higher. It was further estimated that this foul disease destroyed or disfigured the fourth part of mankind. When small-pox was introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards three and one-half million died within a few years. In 1734 seventy per cent of the people of Greenland died of small-pox. In 1707 in Iceland eighteen thousand in a population of fifty thousand died in a single year. It is believed that six million North American Indians fell victims to its ravages. It has done more to exterminate the aborigines of this continent than any other cause.

Among civilized nations the ravages of the disease were almost equally great. It attacked every class and order, from the peasant to the king. It wrought wholesale havoc among many royal families, notably those of England and Austria. When Louis XV. of France died of small-pox, the corpse was deserted by everyone except a few priests, who were detailed to perform the last rites.

The disease had a marked influence not only upon the history of nations but in modifying the character and the habits of life of the people. Macaulay refers frequently to it in his "History of England," and in the fifth volume thus speaks of it:

"That disease over which science has achieved a succession of glorious and beneficent victories was then [in the last years of the seventeenth century] the most terrible of all the ministers of death. The havoc of the plague had been far more rapid, but the plague had visited our shores only once or twice within living memory. The small-pox was always present, filling the churchyard with corpses, tormenting with constant fears all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to her lover."

"If a modern traveler," says Dr. Hyde, "could be transported to London in the early part of the present century, no peculiarities of architecture, dress, or behavior would be so conspicuous as the enormous number of pock-marked faces he would encounter at every turn." The comparative infre-

quency of unpock-marked faces is shown by the following description of a criminal issued by the London police authorities in 1688: "Thomas Bayly, a short, burly man, fair and fresh-colored, without pock-holes, flat-nosed, under 40 years old, commonly wears a fair Perriwig, and useth a blue as well as a red coat."

"For us Edward Jenner has drawn the fangs of small-pox, and the only excuse for the fools who revile him is that they do not know the deadly scourge from which he has delivered them."

On May 14, 1796, Edward Jenner performed vaccination for the first time on a human subject. Then small-pox was the most widely spread disease which afflicted the human race; now many physicians of large experience have never seen a case. In England, in 1660, the average annual number of deaths per million from small-pox was 4,170; in 1770 the deaths had steadily increased to 5,020. In 1801 they had decreased to 2,040; in 1860, to 388; and in 1890, to 73.

In Sweden, strict records have been kept since 1774 and are particularly valuable. Before vaccination, the small-pox mortality per million living was 2,045. During fifteen years of permissive vaccination the mortality was reduced to 480 and for 77 years of compulsory vaccination it has averaged 155. During the past ten years under more rigid laws the rate has ranged only from 0.2 to 5.0.

The evidence offered by Prussia is particularly striking. A most rigid revaccination law has been in force since 1874. Vaccination of all infants is made compulsory, with revaccination of all at school age. The mean rate per million before this law was 309. Since the law was passed it has been 15; during the last ten years, 7. The rate has never risen materially since 1874.

The Sheffield epidemic of 1887 also furnishes some very positive evidence. The attack rate per thousand in the non-vaccinated was 94, the death rate 51; the attack rate in the once-vaccinated was 19, the death rate 1; the attack rate in the revaccinated was 3, the death rate .08. Among 1,201 persons employed on English small-pox ships, during several years only six were attacked with the disease, and this in mild form without a death. Such evidence might be repeated almost indefinitely.

Ernest Hart sums up the subject most satisfactorily as follows: "Speaking broadly, it has been shown that, taking the whole population, small-pox is no longer the scourge of infancy that it formerly was; but it has, at the same time, been seen that the unvaccinated children of to-day suffer in the presence of an epidemic as severely as such children ever did, and that the decrease both of attack and of mortality is confined to the vaccinated. It has been shown that efficient infantile vaccination protects almost absolutely from death and from severe attack, and, with comparatively few exceptions, from small-pox attack of any kind during the first ten years or so of life, but that after that age its protective power gradually wears off unless the vaccination be efficiently repeated. It has further been shown that, notwithstanding the gross exaggerations and distortions of the anti-vaccinators, the risks attending vaccination properly performed are, when compared with the gigantic saving of life, health, and beauty, which vaccination has effected,

so infinitesimal that they may be disregarded, excepting so far as they should accentuate the care to be taken by medical men in performing the operation."

It is clear that Jenner studied the subject with which his name is so intimately associated with the minutest care, and that he was a master of it in all its details. His ideas were clear and well defined, and the system was completed when it was given to the world. Upon one essential point only was he in error. He believed that vaccination properly and thoroughly performed in infancy would afford protection for life. It is not strange that he should have reached this conclusion, for his experiments with inoculation after successful vaccination made him absolutely certain that immunity was conferred by it against small-pox. It required considerable time and long observation to demonstrate how long this immunity would be operative.

Jenner's claims for vaccination, though always positive, were judicious and by no means extravagant. His own words were: "Duly and efficiently performed, it will protect the constitution from subsequent attacks of small-pox as much as that disease itself will. I never expected that it would do more, and it will not, I believe, do less." Shortly before his death he said: "My opinion of vaccination is precisely as it was when I first promulgated the discovery. It is not in the least strengthened by any event that has happened, for it could gain no strength; it is not in the least weakened, for if the failures you speak of had not happened, the truth of my assertions respecting those coincidences which occasioned them would not have been made out."

The chief lesson taught by the century's experience is the fact that after vaccination has been performed in infancy revaccination should be performed in later childhood. The period of immunity is unquestionably somewhat variable. In case of probable exposure or in the face of an epidemic, the operation should be performed without regard to previous vaccination. Even primary vaccination in infancy has vastly reduced the dreadful mortality, and when small-pox is contracted later in life it tends to render it less fatal. It has had the somewhat peculiar result of shifting the occurrence of the disease from childhood to adult life. Since the immunity of vaccinia is certainly not as prolonged as that of small-pox, vaccination in infancy alone is not sufficient wholly to prevent the occurrence of epidemics among the adult population. The statistics which have already been quoted from Sheffield clearly show the remarkable decrease in the attack rate of the revaccinated. Experience the world over confirms the dictum of the Board of Health of Berlin: "Vaccination in infancy, renewed at the end of childhood, renders an individual practically as safe from death by small-pox as if that disease itself had been survived in childhood, and almost as safe from attack."

The lesson to be derived from experience is almost too plain to require formulating: Vaccinate in infancy and again in later childhood (at ten or twelve years).

Another lesson taught by the century's experience is almost equally strong: Permissive vaccination is not sufficient; compulsory vaccination and revaccination are necessary to protect the public.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

A Little Visitor.....Helen Standish Perkins.....The Independent

There's a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you *how* he came,
For well the secret's hid;
But I *think* upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down the earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
Each, a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
With a dash or two of brown.
And he must have had a Midas touch,
For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
He dressed in cloth of gold.

Then he took a glittering icicle
From underneath the eaves,
And with it, on my window,
Drew such shining silver leaves,
Such fair and stately palaces,
Such towers and temples grand,
Their like I'm sure was never seen
Outside of Fairyland.

Who is this busy little man,
Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy;
The little stars all saw him,
Though they will not tell a soul;
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.

In Johnny's Pocket.....Indianapolis Journal

An old shoestring and a sixpenny nail,
Some grocer's twine and the shell of a snail,
Two hickory nuts and an old brass pin,
A lump of gum and a bit of tin,
Two marbles, a top and a fishhook or two,
A dozen "B" shot and his father's corkscrew,
A button, a knife and a leather sling,
An empty spool and some more string,
Tobacco tags, of kinds galore,
A penny whistle and an apple core,
A piece of rubber and a stale fishworm
(Which I knew by the odor had lost its squirm),
Four carpet tacks and a discarded locket
I found to-night in my sweet boy's pocket!

Slumber Song..Frank Dempster Sherman..Ladies' Home Journal

Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream fairy sings:

Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep —
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars,

Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep —
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:

Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep —
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

What the Wind Says....Zitella Cocke...Little Men and Women

When Willie goes upstairs to sleep,
A wakeful ear he's sure to keep
Upon the Wind, who always knows
What Willie does, and where he goes;
If he's been good the whole day long,
The wind sings ever the same song
In sweetest, softest lullabies
As Willie gently shuts his eyes:
"Good and true! Good and true!
Willie, you — Willie, y — o — u!"

But sometimes — ah, the truth is sad —
Poor Willie's willful, cross and bad,
He breaks his mother's strictest rule,
And even slips away from school;
Then when he creeps into his bed,
And pulls the pillow o'er his head,
And listens — hark! the mad Wind knows.
Hear, how it whistles, storms and blows:

"So untrue! So untrue!
Willie, you — I mean y — o — u!"

Oh, then his heart begins to quake,
And one long hour he lies awake,
And wonders how the wise Wind knew —
The wisest wind that ever blew —
Till something inside speaks out bold:

"I am the monitor who told!
Oh, yes, 'twas I who told the Wind,
And both of us know you have sinned."

"Willie, you — Willie, y — o — u!"
Wind and Conscience both say, "y — o — u."

A Proper Reason.....Anna M. Pratt.....Youth's Companion

Great-grandma said (and she's always right),
"A proper child must be polite."
And teacher said (for I wrote it down),
"Katharine is a proper noun."
That's another grammar — so, you see,
If I'm not as polite as I can be,
Katharine's not the name for me.

"Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike".....Toronto Truth

In an empty room we three
Play the games we always like,
And count to see who it shall be;
"Ana, mana, mona, mike."
Round and round the rhyme we go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow:
"Barcelona, bona, strike."

What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack,
As from door to door he goes:
"Hare, ware, frow, frack."

Now we guess and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about,
Welcomed with a farewell shout:
"Hallico, ballico, we-wi-wo, whack — out."

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

CANTON RIVER FOLK

JOHN HARRISON WAGNER.....NEW YORK SUN

In Canton there is an estimated population of 300,000, who are born, live and die upon the river and its numerous creeks and tributaries. They form a community apart, differing in language, customs and religion from the dwellers on the land, and having no other homes than their boats. They dwell in every kind of queer and obsolete-looking craft, from the huge, unwieldy junk, with its fan-shaped sails and towering, top-heavy stern, to the tiny canoe in which the itinerant mendicant begs alms from boat to boat, crawling to rest at night beneath a wretched heap of mats amidships. Most numerous of all are the sampans—large roofed-in craft, square at stem and stern, and propelled by two, four or six oars; the arched roof is formed of bent bamboo rods on which are placed several layers of coarse matting, and when the hanging mats are let down fore and aft the sampan is converted into a warm, cosy and weather-proof house. The interior is a model of neatness and orderly arrangement, every inch of space being utilized. There are drawers and lockers in all kinds of unexpected places, in which are stowed the household utensils, provisions, the family wardrobe, and the thousand quaint and curious odds and ends collected by this thrifty people. In China nothing is wasted; and, whether the boat be at anchor or in motion, one of the younger members of the family is always on the lookout to fish from the stream stray bits of wood and any unconsidered trifles that may have escaped the lynx-like eyes of other watchers. Clean mats are laid upon the deck inside, and here the whole family eat and sleep, while on the roof of the cabin are fishing nets hanging in festoons, baskets, odds and ends of rope, and bamboo poles of all sizes. All the worldly goods of the family are carried on the boat, clothes hang drying on a line stretched from mast to gunwale, a few dejected looking fowls mope in a bamboo cage hanging over the stern, and often a clutch of tiny yellow ducklings wanders around the deck in search of stray grains of rice and scraps of food.

All day long the boat people are busy carrying passengers or merchandise, fishing, or gathering flotsam and jetsam from the broad, swiftly flowing stream that is at once their place of harvest and their home. Most of the hard work is done by the women, who handle the long heavy oars with wondrous skill and strength. They wear wide, dark blue or black trousers, reaching to the knee, and a loose jacket of some brighter hue—light blue being a favorite color. Their arms and their legs to the knee are bare and bronzed by the sun, and their glossy black hair is elaborately dressed, and ornamented with pins of bright green jadestone, while almost every woman wears a pair of earrings of the same material. The young girls wear their hair in a long single plait, which, when intertwined with a strand of bright scarlet thread, denotes them to be marriageable.

Many of the girls are shapely and rather pretty, their slight, trim figures and neatness of waist and

ankle being in marked contrast with the short, squat bodies and heavier limbs of the Japanese women. When rowing the women stand facing the bow, and, as the long sweeping oars swing together in unison, the boat travels at a surprising rate of speed. They carry their infants bound tightly to their backs, with arms and legs wide spread in tortoise fashion, and it is strange to see one of these queer little yellow mites sleeping soundly in this uncomfortable position, while the mother or sister carrying it swings backward and forward, toiling and straining at the heavy oar.

Peculiar provision is made for the safety of the infant son and heir as soon as he is old enough to crawl on all fours. To a belt around his waist a rope is attached, and the other end made fast to a ring in the deck. He thus has just enough tether to allow of his roaming around the deck at will, and if by chance a sudden lurch should throw him overboard, he is promptly hauled in, spanked, and hung up to dry.

The infant daughter is not of sufficient value or importance in the Chinese family to make any such precautionary measure necessary in her case, and should she go overboard she would probably be left to emulate the celebrated O'Grady, and "swim out." As soon as she is old enough to walk she must carry the baby, toil at the oar and be maid of all work for the household. Poor, patient little drudge, she soon learns the bitter lesson that in China a woman's place is a subordinate one, and her natural inheritance slavery and degradation.

The older women, when not working at the oar, are busy plaiting hats or making matting. They never seem to waste a moment in idleness—that privilege being apparently the monopoly of the head of the house, who has, on the whole, a very easy time of it. It is not unusual to see a grandmother, mother and two or three daughters, all laboring at the oars, in the hot sun, while the lord and master curls up gracefully on the mat, sucking his pipe with that air of stolid philosophic beatitude peculiar to the Celestial when he has attained his ideal state of earthly happiness.

Perhaps the most curious of all the queer old-fashioned craft that ply upon the river are the stern wheel passenger boats peculiar to Canton. Some years ago a stern wheel steamboat came up the Pearl River from Hong Kong, and so impressed were the Cantonese with its method of propulsion that they set to work to imitate it. Taking one of their own high-sterned, clumsy junks they fitted a rude stern wheel to her, and all was complete—with the trifling exception of boiler, engines and machinery to supply and transmit the motive power. Coal in Canton is expensive, and coolies are cheap, and so some genius devised a primitive kind of treadmill attachment to the wheel. And now, these comical looking hulks ply up and down the river, propelled by gangs of naked, perspiring coolies, who grunt and groan and tread for very life.

While moving down stream these boats are effective enough; but when they breast the swiftly

flowing current they crawl at a ridiculously slow rate. Time, however, in this strange country is of no value, and the Chinese passenger, when he sets out on a journey, cares little about the hour of his arrival. He can always curl up with his pipe and rest in dull, apathetic stupor—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

One of the horrible Canton leper boats may occasionally be seen moving here and there; a small, flat-decked craft with a pile of filthy mats amidships, on which are stretched two or three poor creatures bereft of wellnigh all semblance of humanity. Their bleared and often sightless eyes, swollen and contorted features, and mutilated, shapeless stumps that once were limbs, make a picture so repulsive and so sad that once seen it can never be forgotten. There is no proper system of segregation in China, and the afflicted creatures are allowed to intermarry and so propagate their loathsome disease. These floating charnel houses are generally propelled by one of the children, while another, holding out a long pole with a bag at the end, solicits alms from boat to boat.

Toward sundown the sampans return to their allotted mooring places, and are drawn up in long lines. They are wedged so closely together that each line forms a solid street, so that the boat dwellers can walk along from roof to roof. Peddlers, in small boats, move along the lines, selling fish, fruit, vegetables and other constituents of the frugal Chinese meal; the cooking utensils are taken from their lockers and the fire is lighted in an iron pot let into the woodwork of the stern. Over the bow of each boat hangs a gayly colored lantern, inscribed with the name of the tutelary god of the river folk. This is now lighted, and a stick of incense is set burning before the little altar where stands the ancestral tablet, hallowed by the presence of the spirits of the departed.

On a pleasant summer evening, when the boats are all at anchor and the frugal meal is being prepared, the long avenues of swaying parti-colored lights, the tiny spiral wreaths of blue-gray smoke, and the queerly costumed figures seated round the little fires, all combine to make a picture of peace and humble contentment that must appeal not to the artist only but to every one who loves and is interested in his fellow man.

AMERICA'S DEEPEST LAKE

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT CRATER LAKE, OREGON...GLOBE DEMOCRAT

Crater Lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America. Only one lake in the world is deeper, namely, Baikal, which exceeds it in depth by about 400 feet. Until recently it was asserted that Crater Lake was bottomless, but soundings have proved that its greatest depth is 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

No fish have ever been known to exist in Crater Lake. Not long ago a request that it be stocked with trout was sent to Washington by the Mazamas, who are a club of mountain climbers, having headquarters at Portland. Mazama is the Indian name for mountain goat. The climbers are anxious to angle in the extinct crater, and the government experts are going to find out whether or not such a thing is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout

into the water, but that would be of no use unless there is food for them there. Trials will be made by an expedition, for the purpose of ascertaining how much food there is and whether or not it is of a kind suitable for speckled beauties to browse upon.

This will be accomplished by towing small nets of gauze along the surface of the water. The water will flow through the gauze, which will catch all the animalculæ that come in its way. The quantity of the latter secured in a given number of minutes or hours will be an accurate measure of the amount of fish food present. They will be bottled and preserved in formaline for subsequent examination by a specialist who will determine the species represented. Chiefly they will be little shrimps and other small crustaceans, and there will be some insects also. It will be necessary to make the towings at different hours of the day, because some crustaceans swim near the surface only in the morning, others at midday, and others yet in the evening. Shady areas as well as sunny ones must be sought for various species.

A most interesting series of experiments will be made for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature of the water at various depths. No temperature observations have ever been taken in fresh water nearly so far down. With this end in view, an equipment of self-registering thermometers and supplementary apparatus will be taken and will be let down by means of sounding lines. There are very few places in the entire lake where the depth is less than 1600 feet, though it shoals off somewhat in the southwest part. One line of soundings registered over 1900 feet for a distance of two miles. These depths are unapproached by any other lake in the western hemisphere.

No wonder, then, that Crater Lake was supposed to be bottomless. However, the truth is that all lakes over 150 feet deep possess a similar reputation. Any body of water that is deeper than the length of the longest feeling line is sure to lack a bottom in the popular belief. A first-rate example of this sort of delusion is afforded by Payette Lake in Idaho. It was formerly imagined to be bottomless, and later its depth was officially stated to be 2600 feet. Recent investigation proves that its greatest depth is 305 feet. There are no data on which to base a guess as to the bottom temperature of Crater Lake, but the supposition is that it will be very little above freezing. The temperature of the ocean depths remains at about forty degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, even in the tropics. Nevertheless, some volcanic heat may yet remain to warm the waters of Crater Lake.

A NEGLECTED AFRICAN ISLAND

ST. HELENA'S CLAIMS TO CONSIDERATION....THE AFRICAN CRITIC

Napoleon effectually prevented St. Helena from ever sinking into obscurity. Nevertheless, for some years past the island has been getting deeper and deeper into financial straits, while the population has been steadily diminishing. St. Helena is only some 1,600 miles distant from Capetown, and yet the island is comparatively unknown to South African colonists, as the outward and homeward steamers to and from Capetown only call there once in three weeks and make a very brief stoppage. And yet this historic island is well worthy of a visit,

not only from its associations with the great Corsican, but also because it possesses, probably, the finest climate in the world. A constant southeasterly trade wind, straight from the pole, blows over the island, and sweeps away those germs of disease which lie latent in less favored spots. As a consequence, the longevity of the inhabitants is probably much greater than in any other portion of the globe. In spite of all this, and proximity of the island to the Cape, hardly a solitary African finds his way there from one year's end to the other.

So much in reference to St. Helena as a health resort. Now let me briefly refer to a matter that is of more vital importance. The strategical advantages of the island have been fully recognized by both naval and military experts, and the Royal Commission which was presided over by the late Lord Carnarvon recommended that it should be strongly fortified and constituted an important naval and coaling station for the vessels of the squadron within the Cape command. These recommendations have, however, not been carried into effect. Certainly something was done to improve the fortifications ten or twelve years ago, but the guns are now of an obsolete type, and the diminutive garrison maintained in the island is utterly inadequate to defend it. Moreover, though St. Helena is supposed to be a naval coaling station, the Admiralty maintains no coal supply there, the coal for the ships on the Cape and west coast of Africa stations being kept at Ascension, which does not possess even a solitary gun, but is a cinder heap upon which many thousands are annually wasted.

The defenseless condition of St. Helena is a matter that intimately concerns the South African colonies, and should engage their attention. The island is utterly unable to help itself. The opening of the Suez Canal ruined its prosperity; and ever since it has been drifting nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. The greater portion of its adult male population has migrated to the Cape, and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. There are only half a dozen officials, and the governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of chief (and only) justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of its possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, and especially an island which, lying in the direct route to the Cape, must ever be of some importance.

THE STREAM'S SECRET

WATER IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.....NEW REVIEW

Deep in the pleasant green heart of the pleasant Isle of Wight a little brook flows under a small footbridge in a narrow sequestered lane. Its first spring is scarce a mile thence, at the foot of yonder downs that bound the still green vale dotted with elms and farmsteads, through which my stream flows very straight and still and dark, scarcely stirring the water-plants that border it, and scarcely wide enough to separate the cattle that browse on either side of it. Standing on the bridge, one sees it stealing along all its length; so small, yet so strong, so inevitable; so apparently abiding and steadfast, yet so full of movement and life. Gently and softly as an infant's breath it comes, yet so persistently; no power on earth can turn its onward course; it may be dammed, diverted, tapped, em-

banked, carried here, carried there, but not turned back; it is the quiet pulse of that valley's life and as constant as the flow through a live creature's heart. It flows forever by an immutable decree; it is young and fresh and childlike, and yet so very, very old; not indeed quite as old as the hills, just a little younger than those sweet gray-green downs crested with pines that shed its waters from their flanks. It scarcely ever overflows, though rumors occasionally hint that the lane is under water. One hears them with incredulity, waits a day or two, and finds the little voice in the wilderness saying the same thing to the silence and wearing the same face as before, though the lane has gathered mud. Half a furlong distant, at the roots of some elms, is a spring, whence rises a small sister brook, which, spreading across this same lane in the careless, casual manner that is one of the charms of my little brook, is spanned by another footbridge, and thence, darting behind the hedge, runs laughing along among thick-matted cress and iris, till it is caught at right angles and blended with the first brook. Just at their blending in the meadow, the united streams spread across this wide bit of lane, unchecked by the stout rail-fence that keeps the cattle in, and, narrowing under the footbridge, flows on beneath a thick pleaching of golden willow boughs to the river and sea, the latter only six miles away.

And here begins its richest song, here on the stones beneath the bridge, beneath the shadow of willow boughs, a soft golden warble, infinitely soothing and restful to tired brains and weary hearts. What does it say in its low, liquid voice, always changing yet ever the same, sliding from tone to tone, eluding the ear and passing into silence, but quickly recapturing its ancient note and beginning all over again and again, till the senses are hypnotized with pleasant sound and the charm of Lethe steeps the brain in peace? It is always warbling, summer and winter, night and day, and always telling the same mysterious tale; you cannot turn away from it, because of the promise in those elusive notes, ever beginning and threatening to reveal the secret it always keeps. The dawn hears it, looking down upon its dimpled face, mystery looking upon mystery, each unsolved; the mysterious dawn, cold and silver-gray, above the dark, warm shoulder of gray-castled hill, the violet dawn, staining the blue zenith, blushing to rose and crimson shot with gold, and laying soft bars of bloom above the east; the first long sunbeam tipping the western downs and gilding their pines, hears the brook's joyous, petulant warble through the silence of winter, above the melodies of spring. Birds sing and pause, and sing again, in many a varied capricious strain, but the brook warbles on, telling the same half-told tale again and again. That is part of its charm. Wake at any hour of night, and be sure the clear golden voice is singing beneath moon, or stars, or the dark vault of night, even though great rains may be rushing along the valley, or strong winds roaring and bending the woods before them, white snowstorms whirling or silver rime-flakes softly settling upon every blade of sedge and every stem of willow and hedgerow. The golden voice warbles on, untroubled by change, always charged with mysterious meaning, laden with the Sphinx-riddle none can solve.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

THE PASSING OF A SOUL

FRANK I. CLARKE.....THE NEW BOHEMIAN

The night was still and sultry; a heavy rain fell steadily, pattering on the shingles in a splashing, dreary monotone. Within the lean-to kitchen sat three men, silent, with wrinkled brows and hopeless, staring eyes, that seemed blind to all about them, listening intently, eagerly, for the sound of a coming footfall.

From the inner room came the steady ticking of a clock, maddening in its monotonous iteration; the regular swish and creak of a rocking chair; the feeble moaning of an infant, and, at intervals, the smothered, heart-broken sobs of a mother bereft of hope.

At last! A sound without—the sound of approaching hoofs, clattering and splattering through the mud of the submerged roadway. The three rose to their feet like one man. The door was thrown open.

"This way, doctor."

A stout, dripping figure came stooping through the low doorway.

"How is the little one?" Without waiting an answer, he threw off his waterproof and hat and passed into the house.

The men followed and stood, a forlorn group, within the door, while the doctor took the tiny sufferer tenderly from the mother and regarded it long and carefully. He restored the infant to the waiting arms with a few soft words of comfort, gave directions for some immediate treatment, and retired with the men to the kitchen.

"Well, doctor?"

He shook his head gravely. "I can do nothing more," he whispered, "the end is very near."

The child's father sat at the table, his chin resting upon his clenched hands, an image of helpless despair. The others made some poor efforts towards conversation, but shortly relapsed into silence. Again no sounds were heard save the sullen falling of the rain, the tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick of the clock that seemed louder than before, and the mother's anguished sobs—the child had ceased to moan.

Then from out of the darkness and the rain came a sound so dreary, so dismal, and so startling that the watchers shuddered as it smote upon their ears and, gathering volume, filled them with vague, blood-curdling horror. One of the men sprang to the door with an oath and stepped outside. One! two! three! sharp, quick reports of a revolver. The howl changed to an agonized yelp and died away in a choking gurgle.

From the inner room came a sudden cry of alarm.

"Oh! My God! George! Doctor!"

The men crowded in. The mother bent over the little one that now lay gasping spasmodically in her lap, the small, pinched features twitching with pain. Then, as they stood helplessly gazing, there was a fluttering of the eyelids, a long-drawn sigh, a tremor through all the pain-racked little form, a stretching of the feeble limbs; the features relaxed, as if in sleep, and then took on a smile so sweet, so full of perfect

content, and so profoundly wise withal, that those who marked it realized that this atom of humanity had in that moment gained a knowledge surpassing in its scope their weaker, mortal understanding—the child was dead.

DURYIA KHAN

W. A. FRAZER.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

Clear through the heart Duryia Khan had driven the long, razor-edged Afghan knife—through and through, until the needle-like point had pierced the white skin on the farther side.

Just as Bowen Sahib was passing through the doorway of the teshil (court house) had the tall, gaunt Afghan, with an evil look in his fierce, hawk-like eyes, stepped quickly forward, and, drawing the jade-handled blade from the folds of his white garment, driven it with a vengeful sweep of his powerful arm, hilt deep in poor Bowen's body.

Scarcely had the words of the teshil-dar, giving judgment in favor of Bowen as against Duryia Khan, died out before that horrible cry of mortal dread rang out in the stillness of the court-room.

With a bound Duryia Khan was in the saddle, and before the horrified spectators could collect their senses his blood-like Beluchi mare was carrying him across the plains to the foothills in a swinging gallop.

He got clean away from them, too; killed his man right in the open court, and sent back word to Grant, the young inspector in charge of the police at Sibi, to come and take him if he wanted him.

I was at Sukker when this occurred. It was in 1885, the year of the cholera, and the Russian scare, and divers other things calculated to make her majesty's officers think that Sheitan himself was in league with her enemies.

Sukker is on the Indus, just where the Sahibs have thrown across the big iron cantilever bridge.

Quietly enough the mighty river was gliding down between its gray mud banks and under the derrick-like cantilevers and sweeping caressingly along at the very feet of the white-baked town, the morning I received orders to go and bring Duryia Khan in. Times there were when the river gods raged and tugged at the iron feet of the bridge, planted so firmly there; when the waters swirled, and rushed, and seethed through the cramping gorge, like the rush of Niagara through the Devil's Caldron. But that was when the snows melted on the everlasting Himalayas away on the farther side of the Pamirs.

Also had the Sahibs made the "rail-gharry," with its steel-shod roadbed stretching away across the Sibi put (desert), straight as the red-winged flamingo flies, from Sukker to the Bolan—that cleft, or pass, through the Bolan mountains.

Flat as the Sahara, and as barren, is the Sibi put, stretching its untilled waste from Sukker to the foothills, nearly 200 miles away.

And the "hawa-chakar" (wind-wheel), the thermantidote of Kush-Kush grass, revolving in the windows of the carriage in its trough of cooling water, that the Sahibs have made to temper the hot

blast that sweeps forever and ever across the sun-scorched put. And the windows of blue glass, closed tight, and the bottles of soda, and the burref (ice) these are of the Sahibs—all else is of the country, the Beluchis, and the devil. The swelled veins in the neck, and the throbbing temples, and the drowsy heaviness of brain—these are of the land also, and of apoplexy.

And thus it was as we ground through the sand and the darkness to Jacobabad and Sibi.

Duryia Khan was supposed to have come to Jacobabad. There was a time when all things came to Jacobabad, but that was before the "rail-gharry."

It was the Samarcand of the more eastern Asia. Caravans of camels brought furs and dates and pomegranates and other things for barter, and took back the products of the east to central Asia.

A beautiful oasis of tree-arched drives and flower-lit gardens of green is Jacobabad. Soft and springy, like greensward, the roads, thatched with elephant grass to keep the dust down.

Even this of the Sahibs—of one Sahib, old Jacob—he of Jacob's horse. Long had Jacob and his merry men rode and fought, but now the troop and their gallant captain are not—only the trees and the shaded town, and the white tombstone 'neath which old Jacob rests, are left.

But Duryia Khan had not come to Jacobabad; and so I pushed on to Sibi, generally known throughout the breadth of the land as "the white man's grave."

A boyish face peered at me as I alighted from the hot, stifling carriage at Sibi, and a slim hand was thrust into mine with a "Glad to see you, old man." It was Grant.

"Hell has broken loose here," he added as we walked along the platform; "up in the Pass they are dying off like sheep. The government have 60,000 of them hemmed in there, the coolies working on the railway, and daren't let them out. If they were to escape and carry the black death down into India such a horror as the world has never seen would take place.

"A cordon of soldiers line either side of the Bolan river, and allow no one to approach the water—all water needed is handed out by the soldiers. The baboo clerks ran away in a body after sending the most ludicrous letter you ever read in all your life to the governor, Sir Robert, explaining that their families needed them badly. Sir Robert swore like a trooper, and had them all brought back again, and now they are dying from sheer funk—their livers turning to water,' as they say themselves. Harvey is gone and Campbell—snuffed out in a day; and several other of the fellows, whom I didn't know, for they have all the army surgeons in this part of the world up here now."

Then his voice grew hushed, and he almost whispered, "And we've got it here, too."

We had to pick our way carefully, going from the station. A small army of natives lay sleeping on the bare ground, "waiting for the down train," explained Grant, "an hour late. Some of them will miss it, though, even then," he added, in a dreamy sort of way.

A terrible sandstorm was springing up, and we had to fight our way through it to his bungalow.

At daybreak we went down to the station to see

about my traps. "There is no sign of the Sheik," explained Grant, as we walked along. "I am having all the trains watched for him."

Eighteen little rounded mounds, about six feet long, marked the place where the army of sleepers had lain the night before. "Eighteen have missed the train," said Grant, as he counted the sand covered forms.

"They must sleep soundly," I remarked, for I was astonished.

"Yes, they sleep soundly. They are dead—cholera!"

Then he called a sergeant and gave orders for their removal.

As the forms were being uncovered Grant suddenly gave an exclamation and darted forward; then he pointed to the stalwart figure of a giant Afghan lying lifeless on the sand.

It was Duryia Khan, murderer.

THE SALE OF THE SELIM SHAWL

HONORE DE BALZAC.....COMEDIES PLAYED GRATIS*

"You would hardly believe how much eloquence is required in this devil of a business," said, not long ago, the head Guadissart of an establishment to his two friends, Du Ronceret and Bixiou, who had gone to the shop to buy a shawl, the choice of which they left to him. "You are both discreet, and I don't mind speaking to you of the tricks played off by our patron, who is certainly the cleverest man at the business I've ever seen. I don't mean as manufacturer, for Monsieur Fritot is first there, but as seller. He invented the Selim shawl, that is, a shawl impossible to sell, which we sell continually. We keep in a cedar box, very plain, but lined with satin, a shawl worth five or six hundred francs, a shawl sent by the Sultan Selim to the Emperor Napoleon. This shawl is our Imperial guard; it is brought on the field when the cause is nearly lost; il se vend et ne meurt pas."

At this instant an Englishwoman got out of a hired carriage and entered the shop, presenting a fine ideal of that phlegmatic coldness which characterizes England and all her so-called living products.

"An Englishwoman," whispered the head-clerk in Bixiou's ear, "is our battle of Waterloo. We have women who slip through our fingers like eels, but we catch them again at the door; we have lorettes who 'blague' us; with them we laugh, for we hold them by credit; we have undecipherable foreign women, to whom we carry shawls at their lodgings, and with whom we come to an understanding through flattery; but the Englishwoman! it is like handling the bronze of Louis XIV.'s statue. Those women regard it as an occupation, a duty, a pleasure, to bargain. They put us through all our paces, I can tell you."

The Byronic shopman had advanced.

"Does madame desire an India shawl, or one of French manufacture; high-priced, or—"

"I will see."

"What sum does madame devote to the purchase?"

"I will see."

*From *Gobseck and Other Sketches*, by Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Roberts Bros., publishers.

Turning round to take the shawls and show them, the clerk cast a significant glance ("What a bore!") at his colleagues, accompanied by an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"These are our finest qualities in India shawls, — red, blue, and the yellow-orange tint; they are all ten thousand francs. Here are some at five thousand, and we have others at three thousand."

The Englishwoman, with an expression of stolid indifference, turned her eye-glass on all around her before she looked at the shawls, and gave no sign of approval or disapproval.

"Have you others?" she asked.

"Yes, madame. But perhaps madame has not quite decided that she wants a shawl?"

"Haw! yes, quite decided."

The shopman then fetched three shawls of inferior value, but he spread them forth solemnly, as things of which to say, "Attention to these magnificences."

"Here are some that are more expensive," he said. "They have not yet been offered for sale; they came by couriers and were bought direct from the merchants of Lahore."

"I see," she said. "They suit me much best."

The clerk remained perfectly grave in spite of his inward irritation, which now began to attack Du Ronceret and Bixiou. The Englishwoman, cold as a water-cress, seemed to enjoy her own phlegm.

"What price?" she said, pointing to a sky-blue shawl covered with birds sitting on pagodas.

"Seven thousand francs."

She took the shawl and wrapped it round her, looked at herself in the glass and said, as she gave it back, "No, I don't like it."

A long quarter of an hour passed in equally fruitless essayals.

"We have nothing more, madame," said the shopman, looking at his master.

"Madame is difficult to suit, like all persons of taste," said the head of the establishment, coming forward with that shop-keeping grace which agreeably mingles wheedling with assumption.

The Englishwoman took up her eyeglass and looked the merchant over from head to foot, unable, of course, to comprehend that the man was eligible to the Chamber and dined at the Tuileries.

"I have but one other shawl, and that I seldom show," he continued; "no one has ever liked it; it is very odd; only this morning I was thinking of giving it to my wife. We have had it since 1805; it came from the Empress Josephine."

"Show it to me."

"Go and fetch it," said the master to a clerk; "it is in my house."

"I shall be glad to see it," said the Englishwoman.

This answer was to a certain extent a triumph, for the peevish dame was evidently about to leave the shop. She now made believe to look only at the shawls, whereas she was really looking slyly at the shopman and the two gentlemen, sheltering her eyes by the frame of her glasses.

"It cost originally twenty thousand francs in Turkey, madame."

"Haw!"

"It was one of seven shawls sent by the Sultan Selim before his catastrophe to the Emperor Napoleon. The Empress Josephine—a creole, as my lady knows, and therefore capricious—changed

it for another of those brought by the Turkish ambassador, which my predecessor had in the meantime purchased. I have never been able to recover the value of it, for in France our ladies are not rich enough; it is not as it is in England. The price of this shawl is seven thousand francs, but its value is more than double if you take into account the compound interest—"

"Compounded of what?" said the Englishwoman.

"Here it is, madame."

And the shopkeeper, with precautions which the exhibitors of the Grüne-gewölbe of Dresden would have admired, opened with a tiny key a square box of cedar wood, the shape and simplicity of which appeared to impress the Englishwoman. From this box, which was lined with black satin, he lifted a shawl, worth perhaps fifteen hundred francs, of a golden yellow with black designs, the startling colors being surpassed only by the fantastic Oriental figures.

"Splendid!" said the Englishwoman. "It is really fine. That is my ideal of a shawl; it is very magnificent—"

"The Emperor liked that shawl very much; he used it himself—"

"Himself!" she repeated.

She took the shawl, draped it about her, and examined herself. The proprietor then took the shawl, carried it to the light, handled it, shook it, made it glisten; in short, he played upon it as Liszt plays on the piano.

"It is very fine, beautiful, sweet!" said the Englishwoman, with a cool and tranquil air.

Du Ronceret, Bixiou, and the clerks exchanged looks of satisfaction which signified, "The shawl is sold."

"Well, madame?" said the shopkeeper interrogatively, seeing the Englishwoman absorbed in a sort of contemplation which was far too prolonged.

"Decidedly," she said at last, "I prefer a carriage."

One and the same start passed through the silent, listening clerks, as if some electric fluid had touched them.

"I have a very fine one, madame," replied the master of the shop, tranquilly. "I received it from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it to me in payment of her bill. If madame would like to see it she would, I am sure, be delighted with it. It has been used only a few times; there's not another like it in Paris."

The stupefaction of the clerks was equaled only by their profound admiration.

"I will see it," she replied.

"If madame will wear the shawl," said the shopkeeper, "she will see the effect in the carriage."

He went to get his hat and gloves.

"How will it end?" exclaimed the head-clerk as he watched his patron handing the Englishwoman into her hired carriage.

The matter now took on to Du Ronceret and Bixiou the attraction of the end of a novel, besides the especial interest attaching to all struggles, even petty ones, between France and England.

Twenty minutes later the master of the establishment returned.

"Go to the Hotel Lawson," he said to a clerk; "here's a card; Mrs. Noswell. Take the bill I will give you; you have six thousand francs to receive."

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

The lightest known wood is that of the *Anona Palustris*, of Brazil, which is much lighter than cork. The heaviest is the Iron Bark, of Australia, which weighs nearly 100 lbs. to the cubic foot.

The United Kingdom has more women workers than any other state in the world in proportion to the population, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers—an occupation which may be reasonably claimed as an industry.

The deepest running stream in the world is said to be the Niagara River, just under the suspension bridge.

The allowance of lawyers to population in this country is rather more liberal than that of preachers. There are 89,422 men and 208 women engaged in the legal profession, and, supposing each to have an average of ten suits on hand, the litigation going on at one time in the United States would foot up 896,300 cases.

Halcyon days was a name anciently given to seven days before and the same number after the winter solstice, when the halcyon, induced by the beauty of the weather, laid her eggs in nests built in the rocks close by the brink of the sea. The halcyon or alcedo, is in ornithology a kingfisher, a genus of the class aves, order picæ.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over a billion dollars, or more than twice the value of the entire output of all the mines.

Pearl shells need to grow three or four years, but as the possible pearl does not depend on the age or size of the shell, the small ones are usually as ruthlessly opened as though no law on the subject existed.

The largest police office in the world is New Scotland Yard, in which 3,000 officers can be accommodated.

"To give the cold shoulder" is said to have originated in a custom once common in France, and, during the Norman days, in England also. When a guest had outstayed his welcome, instead of the haunch of mutton or venison usually served at dinner, a cold shoulder of mutton was placed before him, as a hint that he had better go.

Vesuvius, the famous Italian volcano, is 3,932 feet high.

The leaf of the cocoanut tree is nearly thirty feet long. A single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon affords shade for fifteen or twenty persons.

The largest churches in Europe will contain the following numbers: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

"For one's wits to go wool-gathering" is an allusion to a pitiful industry sometimes seen in older countries. In parts of France, Germany and Spain,

very old people are sometimes employed in gathering wool from bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the fleece as the animals pass too close to the branches.

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, fifteen inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.

The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high, and weighs 17 tons.

The quantity of bananas shipped from West India and adjacent ports to the United States now amounts to 13,000,000 or 14,000,000 bunches annually, valued at considerably over \$20,000,000.

When one is lying down the heart makes about 10 strokes less a minute than when one is upright.

Chinese writers claim that the cultivation of wheat was introduced into the Celestial Empire by the Emperor Shinnung twenty-seven hundred years before Christ.

On an average each Englishman writes 40 letters a year, each Scotchman 30, and each Irishman 16. The average Italian only posts 6, and the American 21.

The silk industry of China employs, it is estimated, from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 people.

It is calculated that the earth weighs about 6,049,836,000,000,000 tons.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

The British aristocracy includes 14,000 persons.

Lenenhock and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in Lancashire. It is sixteen miles long, and underground from end to end.

The court of Pope Leo XIII. comprises 1,000 persons. There are 20 valets, 120 house prelates, 170 privy chamberlains, 6 chamberlains, 300 extra honorary chamberlains, 130 supernumerary chamberlains, 30 officers of the noble guard and 60 guardsmen, 14 officers of the Swiss guard and police guard, 7 honorary chaplains, 20 private secretaries, 10 stewards and masters of the horse, and 60 doorkeepers.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the River Tinto, in Spain. It hardens and petrifies the sand of its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEGRO

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.....ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Nothing else so soon brings about right relations between the two races in the South as the industrial progress of the negro. Friction between the races will pass away in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world. This is another reason why at Tuskegee we push the industrial training. We find that as every year we put into a southern community colored men who can start a brick-yard, a sawmill, a tin-shop, or a printing office,—men who produce something that makes the white man partly dependent upon the negro, instead of all the dependence being on the other side,—a change takes place in the relations of the races.

Let us go on for a few more years knitting our business and industrial relations into those of the white man, till a black man gets a mortgage on a white man's house that he can foreclose at will. The white man on whose house the mortgage rests will not try to prevent that negro from voting when he goes to the polls. It is through the dairy farm, the truck garden, the trades, and commercial life, largely, that the negro is to find his way to the enjoyment of all his rights. Whether he will or not, a white man respects a negro who owns a two-story brick house.

What is the permanent value of the Tuskegee system of training to the South in a broader sense? In connection with this, it is well to bear in mind that slavery taught the white man that labor with the hands was something fit for the negro only, and something for the white man to come into contact with just as little as possible. It is true that there was a large class of poor white people who labored with the hands, but they did it because they were not able to secure negroes to work for them; and these poor whites were constantly trying to imitate the slave-holding class in escaping labor, and they too regarded it as anything but elevating. The negro in turn looked down upon the poor whites with a certain contempt because they had to work. The negro, it is to be borne in mind, worked under constant protest, because he felt that his labor was being unjustly required, and he spent almost as much effort in planning how to escape work as in learning how to work. Labor with him was a badge of degradation. The white man was held up before him as the highest type of civilization, but the negro noted that this highest type of civilization himself did no labor; hence he argued that the less work he did, the more nearly he would be like a white man. Then, in addition to these influences, the slave system discouraged labor-saving machinery. To use labor-saving machinery intelligence was required, and intelligence and slavery were not on friendly terms; hence the negro always associated labor with toil, drudgery, something to be escaped. When the negro first became free, his idea of education was that it was something that would soon put him in the same position as regards work that his recent master had occupied. Out of these conditions grew

the southern habit of putting off till to-morrow and the day after the duty that should be done promptly to-day. The leaky house was not repaired while the sun shone, for then the rain did not come through. While the rain was falling, no one cared to expose himself to stop the leak. The plough, on the same principle, was left where the last furrow was run, to rot and rust in the field during the winter. There was no need to repair the wooden chimney that was exposed to the fire because water could be thrown on it when it was on fire. There was no need to trouble about the payment of a debt to-day, for it could just as well be paid next week or next year. Besides these conditions, the whole South, at the close of the war, was without proper food, clothing, and shelter,—was in need of habits of thrift and economy and of something laid up for a rainy day.

To me it seemed perfectly plain that here was a condition of things that could not be met by the ordinary process of education. At Tuskegee we became convinced that the thing to do was to make a careful, systematic study of the condition and needs of the South, especially the Black Belt, and to bend our efforts in the direction of meeting these needs, whether we were following a well-beaten track, or were hewing out a new path to meet conditions probably without a parallel in the world. After fourteen years of experience and observation, what is the result? Gradually but surely, we find that all through the South the disposition to look upon labor as a disgrace is on the wane, and the parents who themselves sought to escape work are so anxious to give their children training in intelligent labor that every institution which gives training in the handicrafts is crowded, and many (among them Tuskegee) refuse admission to hundreds of applicants.

The social lines that were once sharply drawn between those who labored with the hand and those who did not are disappearing. Those who formerly sought to escape labor, now when they see that brains and skill rob labor of the toil and drudgery once associated with it, instead of trying to avoid it are willing to pay to be taught how to engage in it. The South is beginning to see labor raised up, dignified and beautified, and in this sees its salvation. In proportion as the love of labor grows, the large idle class which has long been one of the curses of the South disappears. As its members become absorbed in occupations, they have less time to attend to everybody else's business, and more time for their own.

The South is still an undeveloped and unsettled country, and for the next half century and more the greater part of the energy of the masses will be needed to develop its material opportunities. Any force that brings the rank and file of the people to a greater love of industry is therefore especially valuable. This result industrial education is surely bringing about. It stimulates production and increases trade,—trade between the races,—and in this new and engrossing relation both forget the past. The white man respects the vote of the colored man who does \$10,000 worth of business, and

the more business the colored man has, the more careful he is how he votes.

Immediately after the war, there was a large class of southern people who feared that the opening of the free schools to the freedmen and the poor whites—the education of the head alone—would result merely in increasing the class who sought to escape labor, and that the South would soon be overrun by the idle and vicious. But as the results of industrial combined with academic training begin to show themselves in hundreds of communities that have been lifted up through the medium of the Tuskegee system, these former prejudices against education are being removed. Many of those who a few years ago opposed general education are now among its warmest advocates.

This industrial training, emphasizing as it does the idea of economic production, is gradually bringing the South to the point where it is feeding itself. Before the war, and long after it, the South made what little profit was received from the cotton crop, and sent its earnings out of the South to purchase food supplies,—meat, bread, canned vegetables, and the like; but the improved methods of agriculture are fast changing this habit. With the newer methods of labor, which teach promptness and system, and emphasize the worth of the beautiful,—the moral value of the well-painted house, and the fence with every paling and nail in its place,—we are bringing to bear upon the South an influence that is making it a new country in industry, education and religion.

THE UTILITY OF FICTION

FROM THE SOCIOLOGIST'S STANDPOINT.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Herbert Spencer finds that story telling started as an expedient of the biographer, who wished to embroider his facts with sufficient exaggeration to make them vivid and entertaining. "Unless a biographer is accurate," he says, "which even modern biographers rarely are and which ancient biographers certainly were not, it inevitably happens that there is more or less fancy mingled with his fact." This tendency which in early times developed anecdotes of chiefs into mythological stories of them as gods, he goes on to say, operated universally, and necessarily produced in narratives of men's lives inventions that greatly distorted them.

He cites the disputes among the Greeks respecting the birthplaces of poets and philosophers as evidence of the recklessness of men's statements, and the general perversion of the actual by the imaginary. So, too, coming down to Christian times, he names the miracles described in the lives of the saints as abundant proof of such vitiations. The narrator who gave the most picturesque version of an adventure or achievement was preferred, of course; and this encouragement gradually relaxed the regard for truth, and the final result was the evolution of an established class of story-tellers, from whom we derive the novel of our time.

The fact is worth considering in this relation that the literature of those early days was composed not so much to be read as to be heard. The author sought his audiences at the festivals, where he recited his writings to eager and credulous listeners, who were fond of novelty and excitement and who heard with most delight what was most marvelous.

He had to make himself interesting, or the people would not give him attention; and there were no pestiferous critics to challenge his veracity and point out his inventions. He did not dare to be dull, and so his imagination was quickened to supply what the facts lacked in the way of vivacity and picturesqueness.

We know that Herodotus did a great deal of this kind of coloring, not with the intent to deceive, but for the purpose of enlisting the sympathy and holding the attention of the public. He did not scruple to manufacture the details of situations about which it was impossible to have any definite knowledge, and to invest leading figures with proper dramatic significance by romantic means. Indeed, as Macaulay says, his fictions are so much like his facts, and his facts so much like his fictions, that the task of discrimination is practically hopeless.

As it was with Herodotus, so was it more or less with the historians who immediately succeeded him—and so has it been in some degree with the majority of modern producers of that sort of literature. "Read me anything but history," said one of the most eminent of men, "for I know that isn't true." He meant, of course, that it was not to be relied upon in a literal sense, but must be taken with due allowance not only for unavoidable mistakes, but also for the part played by the imagination in giving interest to the story by introducing what might have been, but may not actually have happened. The kind of history that is technically exact, and that rigidly excludes everything for which conclusive authority cannot be furnished, makes very dry, tiresome and unsatisfactory reading.

We cannot, however, always be sure, particularly as to the ancient writers, that what seems fictitious to us is really of that nature. We arrogate to ourselves the privilege of saying that this or that event recorded by one of these old historians cannot be true, because it conflicts with present views of what is naturally probable. Take the matter of miracles, for example. We say that miracles do not happen nowadays, and, therefore, they could not have happened in any former age; but when this logic is closely examined it is seen to be only an ordinary ipse dixit. "There is no contradiction involved," says Lecky, "in the belief that spiritual beings, of power and wisdom immeasurably transcending our own, exist, or that, existing, they might, by the normal exercise of their powers, perform feats as far surpassing the understanding of the most gifted of mankind as the electric telegraph and the prediction of an eclipse surpass the faculties of a savage."

Neither is it true, as is commonly asserted, that incredulity is justifiable in this matter by the want of such evidence as suffices to establish a fact in other matters. "Very few of the minor facts of history," observes Lecky, "are authenticated by as much evidence as the Stigmata of St. Francis, or the miracle of the holy thorn, or those which were said to have been wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris."

We reject the miracles of classical and mediæval times, just as we do the alleged fables of the early poets and historians, on the ground that the testimony is insufficient to substantiate them, and because they are contrary to our theory of cause and effect and our comprehension of existing conditions and influences. But nearly all of the writers from

whom we derive our knowledge of those periods, and on whose word we credit a crowd of historical events were convinced that said miracles were true. It is a fact, furthermore, that the former general belief in miracles was never really reasoned down, but simply faded away. "No one can prove that there are no such things as ghosts," Lecky declares; and yet the man who says he has seen one is derided. We laugh at the belief in fairies, which prevailed for centuries; and yet, says Lecky, "that such beings should exist, and should be able to do many things beyond human power, are propositions which do not present the slightest difficulty."

There is a good deal of force in Napoleon's remark, "What is history but a fiction agreed upon?" The historical romance is often better than the severely accurate history for purposes of general instruction and inspiration. "At Lincoln Cathedral," says Macaulay, "there is a beautiful painted window which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy." He has taken their gleanings, that is, to say, and made them splendid with the effect of his imagination. Certainly we get from him a more patent and satisfactory conception of the times of the crusaders, of the border wars, and of early Scotch history, than we do from the contemporary chroniclers with their grim tenacity about literal facts.

One of the most extreme, and at the same time one of the most admirable examples in this relation is Hugo's description of the battle of Waterloo. So far as the details are concerned, it is known to be chiefly a tissue of inventions; but these imaginary circumstances do not in any essential respect violate the rules of probability. That the rush and whirl of dramatic episodes which he presents, and of which there is nothing said in the official reports, might have happened it is easy to believe. He does not relate a single incident that is at variance with the general conditions and the controlling spirit of the occasion. "It is given to no narrator, however conscientious," he says, "to fix absolutely the form of this horrible cloud called a battle," and any man who has seen one will say the same.

The art of Hugo in this case dates back to Homer. It signifies the potent faculty of so representing men and events as to place them before the reader with a vividness that makes them seem to be present realities.

And thus is it, also, with the fictitious characters of Shakespeare. They are more real to us than any of the actual figures in the history of the times to which they are related. We accept them as verities because they are certified to us by the hand of genius, and invested with a vitality that renders them immortal. History may disdain them, but they survive, nevertheless, and their influence is a source of constant and pronounced advantage to the world. We could better spare ten times their number of authentic historical personages.

It will hardly do, therefore, to adopt Mr. Spencer's implied condemnation of fiction as a literary

force. The perversions for which it is responsible in history and biography count for little in comparison with the benefits that have been derived from it in the form of information not otherwise accessible. It has operated to evolve from the substance of things definitely known a variety of other things that must naturally have existed under given conditions and tendencies. The probable has its legitimate place in literature of all kinds, the same as those chronological and statistical truths which are insisted upon with narrow and fatiguing pertinacity by certain writers, as if they constituted the whole story of humanity and civilization.

When the records fail, as they often do, to tell us all we are desirous to know, and must know if we are to gain a full understanding of a subject, there is no alternative but that of studied and skillful invention. Imagination must come to the rescue, and fill in the lacking facts. By such means only can the picture or lesson be completed and made adequately serviceable. The obvious probabilities must be utilized to expand and supplement the literal facts which fall short of giving us the whole truth. In that way alone can the light of the torch of instruction be extended to satisfactory limits; and for that reason, fiction deserves respect and honor as a gift of practical usefulness.

WOMEN AND PROBLEMS OF POVERTY

CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED.....AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY

Educated women, more than any other element of the community, have the power to better the condition of all wage-earners. They have ample command of time; they have influence; and some of them have intelligent sympathy with workers that does not degenerate into sentimentality. But it would be necessary first to discard the inhuman notion which good women often entertain—and which is fostered by their conservatism and the traditions of their life—that there is a fixed social gulf between leisure and toil. The privileged would have to meet their laboring sisters, whether in factories, shops, or domestic service, on the only just and helpful basis, true womanly regard for woman. After all, accident rather than inherent right to the world's best gifts lavishes on one daughter of Eve culture and broad opportunity, while goading another through poverty to incessant drudgery. Some of the richest men to-day may from fire, flood or fraud be paupers to-morrow and their children may be reduced to the workbench. I have seen just such delicately nurtured women stooping over machines in many big factories, their fortune gone, and themselves, like most graduates of female schools, without a single developed talent or practical resource for gaining a livelihood in higher pursuits. Had the grandfathers of our aristocracy of mere wealth remained in the old world throttled by class distinctions, the sons of these men might have been only small shopkeepers or humble artisans whose daughters would now look at labor problems from a six-loom weaver's standpoint, would groan from these problems in a tenement, or starve with them in a garret. Hard travail crushing out all but the material element of their existence, would such women be conscious of those higher needs the lack of which is flung as a reproach in the face of the poor?

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

PRICES OF ANCIENT STATUES

VAST SUMS PAID TO SCULPTORS.....ART INTERCHANGE

The prices sculptors receive for their work to-day are sometimes thought to be high in comparison with what is received by painters. But when the highest prices paid to the sculptors are compared with those paid for famous statues in ancient times they seem mere trifles. The famous Colossus of Rhodes, a bronze statue which rose to the height of about one hundred and five feet, cost 300 talents, which, taking the Attic talent, equals \$225,000, or by the other talent, which is more probable, \$510,000. Then there was the famous Colossus of the Sun, a bronze figure of Apollo, forty-five feet high, which cost 500 talents, equal to \$375,000.

But the value of both of these colossal works sinks into insignificance when compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury, made by Enochoras for the city of Averni, in Gaul. The cost of this colossal work was \$1,675,000, and occupied the sculptor for ten years. The great statue of Athena, which Phidias made for the Parthenon at Athens, was also an expensive work, but the exact amount paid by the state is not known. It was richly adorned with ivory and gold, costing vast sums. The ancient writers are equally silent as to the aggregate paid to Phidias for the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, but they do tell us something as to details. The unalloyed gold on the movable drapery on the Athena, we are told by Thucydides, was over forty talents in weight, which would equal in value \$580,000 in coin, while a single lock on the head of Jupiter represented a value of about \$25,000. Even when gold was not employed handsome prices were paid to the artists for their work. For the famous statue, the Diadumenos, a bronze figure of life size, representing a youth tying a fillet around his head, Polyclethus received about \$125,000.

THE "PRETTY PAGE" OF THE DRAMA

FEMININE STAGE DISGUISE.....N. O. TIMES DEMOCRAT

The antique theatrical expedient of making the heroine of a drama disguise herself in male attire might reasonably be explained by the fact that there were no female performers then upon the stage. Yet we read that in the sixteenth century it was no uncommon thing for a love-sick lady, thus masquerading, to accompany her lover to the wars; so it appears that the drama availed itself of one of the "situations" of real life.

One of the earliest girl-pages of fiction was Zelmane, in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Pyrocles, in the same romance, assumed the garb of an Amazon,—a less pleasing expedient; for, while the "swashing and martial outside" of Rosalind seems only a piece of pretty playfulness, there is a suggestion of effeminacy in the assumption of a feminine garb by a man which makes the "female impersonator" disgusting. Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, by Peele, is said to be "probably the earliest play in which a lady appears in the guise of a page." As a means of escaping persecution, Neronis puts on "painful page's show." She takes service with a shepherd; but, becoming disgusted with such a way of exist-

ence, she is about to "leave this loathsome life" when providence, in the shape of Sir Clyomon, intervenes and saves her from self-murder. In *Philaster*, or *Love Lies Bleeding*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Euphrasia, who assumes the costume of a page, and calls herself Bellario, is a poetic and touching conception of womanhood. *Philaster* thus describes the "pretty, sad-talking boy" to Arethusia, his lady-love:

"I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph as much again in tears.
A garland lay by him, made by himself,
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me."

Philaster considers Euphrasia, otherwise Bellario, "the trustiest, lovingest and gentlest boy that ever master kept"; but when he sends her to serve Arethusia, the lady and the page are maligned by evil tongues. Yet Euphrasia only answers with gentle words *Philaster's* bitter accusations of ingratitude. His unjust anger does not sting her to retort—she blesses the hand that strikes her:

"Through these tears
Shed at my hapless parting, I can see
A world of treachery practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell forevermore!
If you should hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace."

In another play by Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, the page Veramour is supposed by one of the male characters to be a woman, and the lad encourages this romantic idea; afterwards confessing that he has "taken example by two or three plays,"—which proves that the drama had then as inflammatory an effect upon the imaginations of naughty boys, as "penny dreadfuls" have now. In *Love's Cure*, by Heywood, there is a Martial Maid who, like Mrs. Burnett's *Lady of Quality*, is brought up in a thoroughly masculine manner. Maria, the heroine of Massinger's *The Bashful Lover*, dresses as a page, and thus manages to win back the affections of a former suitor; and another fair masquerader is gentle Eteoclea, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, by Ford. As a way of proving that there is No Wit Like a Woman's, Middleton made his *Mistress Low-water* play the part of a dashing gallant, and outwit the rich Widow Goldenfleece and her four suitors. The principal character of another play by Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, was drawn from real life. Mary Frith, otherwise Moll Cut-purse, was an actual personage; she was a hoyden from childhood, playing rough games with boys, and giving and taking blows as if she belonged to their rude sex. When grown, she clothed herself as a man and became a bully and footpad,—

"One is she
That roars at midnight in deep tavern bowls,
And beats the watch, and constables controls."

Although Middleton did not picture her in a very pleasing light, his view still seems to be an idealized one when compared with the woodcut on the old

edition of the play, which represents the hard-favored Moll in a swaggering attitude, smoking a pipe. Two venturesome ladies, who dress as pages and voyage across seas, are the heroines of plays by Heywood: *The Four Prentises of London*, and *A Challenge for Beautie*. Lyly, in his *Gallathea*, shows what complications may arise from such masquerading. Phillida and Gallathea fall in love with each other, each thinking the other a man. Gallathea declares she is afraid to betray herself by making "a curtesie instead of a legge," while the other does not trust "my face as well as I doe my habit." Gallathea queries: "Why did Nature to him, a boy, give a face so fair, or to me, a virgin, a fate so hard?"—and Phillida is equally vehement in her lamentations. At last the gods end this dead-lock by transforming one of the sighing lovers into a man. Other feminine pages of the drama are Lucibel in *The Wedding*, by Shirley; Leanne, in Farquhar's *Love and a Battle*, and Lee's heroic Rosalinda who dies in battle. There are some points of similarity between Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* and Love's *Pilgrimage*, by Fletcher and Sherley, since in each play two ladies, suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, put on doublet and hose and have many strange adventures. The stupid and jealous husband in Wycherley's *Country Wife* dresses up his pretty better half as his brother, to protect her from the attentions of wicked gallants; and in Sir Harry Wildair the same disguise is practiced.

In the modern theatre those hybrid beings of the comic opera chorus, who appear in low-necked bodices and trunks and tights, can scarcely be considered the legitimate descendants of the "pretty page." The woman in male attire is found chiefly, to-day, on the variety stage. In a recent play satirizing the "new woman" three of the feminine characters wore semi-masculine garb; and in a "society drama" the heroine donned regimentals; thus affording the audience a fine opportunity to judge how ill adapted the average female figure is to the clothing worn by modern man.

ART AND FREEDOM

UNDER DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT....ARCH. AND CONT. REPORTER

When princes and priests have had the control of art it has been either perverted, as by the Medicis and Bourbons, to selfish and sensual ends, profaned as by contemporaneous popes, or destroyed as by the Puritan iconoclasts of England. Hence we may infer that art is not safe in the hands of exclusively either princely or priestly influence. Its only true foundation is in the hearts of the people. With the few, bad taste or corruption leaven all they touch; they have the effect of concentrated poisons. Among the many they are lost or neutralized by liberty of choice, freedom of criticism and the influence of pure, unvitiated love of the natural and wholesome. There is a continually reacting, regenerating spirit proceeding from cultivated intellect and native refinement of feeling, which, having an unlimited scope of action, is ever on the alert to elevate and purify public taste. It is a mistake also to believe that aristocratic rule is more favorable to expenditure for the promotion of art than democratic government. In its first effect it perhaps is, from the fact that the dominant few centre in themselves the power, taste and wealth of the abject

many. The more democratic the government the more does it reflect the opinions of the people. In France we see art—partaking, it is true, too much of the character of amusement—liberally provided for the nation, because a government which did not recognize the wants of the populace could not exist an hour. In Russia and all absolute countries we find that the masses have no voice in art. Even in its early home, Italy, the people, since civil freedom expired, have no influence whatever upon its expression. They are required to be content with whatever their rulers see fit to give them. Any freedom of choice is repressed as a political heresy. Hence art under all such sways is but an instrument for confirming power or exhibiting its vanity and pride. The appreciation of the people is confined to the will of their rulers, and rare indeed is the exception in which art is permitted its full, unbiased expression. Among popular governments such a condition cannot exist. The mind being free impresses art to essay its universal range. There is nothing that is human or natural, but in some degree or other finds affinity in the popular taste. Consequently art is taken to their homes and seeks shelter by their firesides. From the palace it descends to the humble hearth, and thus becomes an ingredient of common life, influencing taste and advancing national refinement. The same causes which welcome it into individual hearts give also the means of its pecuniary promotion, so that it will be found that far greater sums in the aggregate are expended for art in England and the United States by free citizens than elsewhere by despotic governments, though from the fact of the concentration of its objects by the latter, they may make a greater display than the former. From position also absolute rulers are more liable to fraud and imposition. Being but individuals, with but limited opportunities for forming a correct taste in comparison with free citizens of equal cultivation in other respects, but without the trammels of state and its corrupting influences, they are quite as often conspicuous for their failures as for their success, when they aspire to direct art. The old Roman patricians bought artists as they would cattle, and compelled them to labor in accordance with their tastes or whims. Modern patricians buy artists through their necessities, and put upon their neck the galling yoke of fashion. The noble few, whom circumstances or want cannot bend, trusting to what is true in the people to eventually respond to what is true in themselves, abide by the only sure anchor of success. Sooner or later an appreciating public hail them as their art-prophets, martyred though they may have been by neglect and censure during their early lives.

NATIONAL AIRS AND WHO WROTE THEM

CARL A. DANIELL.....SELF CULTURE

The question of America's national hymn still remains to be settled. We have, perhaps, more patriotic music, a greater number of the simple but inspiring songs of the people, than any other nation, but whether our national song has yet been born is still a perplexing question. To be truly national, the song must be strong, moving, possible to enter the church, the army, the popular throng, accessible to the world. Of this character the best specimens are the British hymn, *God Save the Queen*, with its

stately movement, the dignified Chant Française, and the touching hymn of Austria. But if America has properly a national hymn, then we must decide between the Star Spangled Banner and Hail Columbia. Of these spirited songs the latter seems most entitled to the distinction, because it is, in both words and music, American, having been written and composed in Philadelphia, the verses by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, and the melody by Professor Phyla, who was musical director at the old John Street Theatre, New York. Judge Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1770. He was a lawyer by profession. He wrote Hail Columbia in 1798, at the request of a young actor, who wanted a patriotic song adapted to the tune of The President's March, to sing at a benefit performance. Judge Hopkinson died in his native city, June 15, 1842. The music of Hail Columbia was at first called General Washington's March, and later changed to the President's March.

There is an American Hymn, however, which was first performed at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, in 1869. It was written by G. Mathias Keller in response to an offer of a prize of \$500 for the best national hymn, and gained the reward in a contest to which there were many contributors. Of the other patriotic songs of America the Star Spangled Banner is most commonly sung. The music is of British origin. Of the later songs inspired—as most patriotic songs are—by a nation's suffering, the best are those written by the late Geo. F. Root during the first year of the War of the Rebellion. The Battle Cry of Freedom, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Just Before the Battle, and others, are of the kind that live and grow into the nation's history, because they are realistic and characteristic pictures of the lives of the people.

The national songs of other countries are as follows:

England: God Save the Queen, both words and music of which were written by a native of Great Britain—Mr. Henry Carey. In 1740 the author first sang the song at a public gathering to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon. Mr. Carey died in 1743. The air has become marvelously popular and has been adopted as the national air also of Bavaria, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Saxony, Hanover, and Weimar, in their respective languages. It is also dear to the American heart when wedded to the hymn America, My Country 'Tis of Thee.

France: The Marseillaise Hymn was written at Strasburg, in April, 1792, by Joseph Rouget de Lisle, two years after the fall of the Bastille. De Lisle was a skillful violinist and singer. He was born May 10, 1760, and died June 27, 1836. The Marseillaise is the best specimen of a purely revolutionary song in existence.

Germany: The Watch on the Rhine, composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854, although but little known until the late French and German war. Wilhelm was born at Schmalkalden, Sept. 5, 1815, and died there Aug. 26, 1875. He received an annual pension of \$750 in 1871, for having composed the song.

Austria: Joseph Haydn wrote the music of Austria's National Hymn, and the poet Haschka was commissioned to write the words. It was first sung in 1797. It is said that Haydn was inspired to the

work by hearing God Save the King sung in public when on a visit to England.

Spain: The Spanish National Hymn was composed by Manuel Fenollosa. It is a comparatively recent song, and is not so widely sung even in Spain as some of the American melodies, which, according to report from the correspondents with the Spanish forces in Cuba, are very popular; also with the insurgents.

Italy has adopted the popular air by Donizetti, Italia, Italia Beloved, though there is also an Italian National Hymn, whose author is unknown.

Greece: Sons of Greece, Arise, is the Greek national song. It is an ancient melody which has survived by tradition.

Holland: The Boer National Anthem has recently fired the hearts of the patriotic Hollanders. Its author seems to be unknown. Whether, like so many of the national songs, it, too, is the offspring of struggle and of a period of national perplexity, it is certainly full of inspiration and fraught with peculiar interest at the present time.

All peoples are moved by song, and even the Oriental countries, where no musical notation exists, have their national airs. With the Arabs the love of song is very strong, and many eminent musicians have endeavored to make themselves familiar with the insurmountable difficulties of Arabian music. But the practitioners of music in the far East express astonishment at the idea of music being transferred to paper, and their strange melodies have defied all attempts at representation by the intervals of our scale. Hebrew song has its source in the music of Egypt. Turkey, although a great empire, has no national song, the nearest approach to it being the Sultan's Hymn, half-prayer, half-chant, which always bears a prominent part in the burial of the Sultan.

Japan has recently adopted as her national air an American melody, which exerted greater influence than any other during our last war—the Battle Cry of Freedom.

Before closing the subject, reference must be made to the Russian national hymn—one of the grandest ever written. It was composed by Alexis Theodore Lvoff, who was born May 25, 1799, and died Dec. 28, 1870. This Russian hymn made Lvoff one of the famous men of his country. The hymn was written at the suggestion of Emperor Nicholas of Prussia and Austria, who had grown tired of hearing the Air Anglais on all public occasions. Lvoff wrote the song in a few moments and on the following day sang it to the Emperor. The sovereign caused the hymn to be repeated many times and finally exclaimed in French: "Mais c'est superbe!" He then directed that his Minister of War be informed that the hymn would be adopted by the army. The hymn was first heard in public in Moscow in 1833.

There are several collections of national hymns published. The late Geo. F. Root also composed a patriotic cantata, entitled the Song Tournament, in which the hymns of various nations are strung upon a thread of dialogue, making an entertaining performance for clubs and societies.

A very interesting monograph on Our National Song was issued several years ago by Mr. Frank Munsell, of Albany, New York.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

TELEPHONING BY SUNBEAMS

CARL SNYDER.....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

Professor Graham Bell has been devoting his attention the past summer to the commercial development of a wonderful invention of his, which involves nothing less than telephoning by means of a ray of light. A few weeks ago I had an extended interview with the inventor regarding the marvelous instrument, the substance of which is here given.

Perhaps not a single reader of this article is aware of the fact that nearly twenty years ago Professor Bell made the discovery of a method by which he might hear a shadow fall. He found in following up the researches of Dr. Werner Siemens that the rare metal called selenium possesses the peculiar quality of varying its electrical conductivity under the action of light. That is to say, its resistance to the passage of a current of electricity differs widely when it is exposed to the light or hid in the dark.

It was from this discovery that the inventor devised an instrument as simple as its powers were astonishing. He found that by connecting a cell made of this metal, selenium, with the ear, by means of an ordinary telephone, and then directing upon this cell an interrupted beam of light, it produced sound. It was at first supposed that this rare metal was the only one which possessed this quality of being sonorous, that is to say of giving out sounds under the action of light, but in a series of beautiful experiments Professor Bell found that all substances possess it more or less in the same way when made up in the form of thin disks or diaphragms. In a word, the great inventor laid bare for the first time a new principle of matter.

It was out of these researches that the wonderful instrument upon which Professor Bell is now again at work sprang. He gave it originally the name of the photophone. Put in the broadest way, it aimed to substitute for the ordinary telegraph or telephone wire a ray of light. Doubtless there is many a man who would question the sanity of any one who would claim to be able to talk for a long distance over a sunbeam. And yet this is exactly what Professor Bell has succeeded in doing. The mechanism which he devised does not differ widely from the telephone in its general principles, save in the fact indicated, that it substitutes a ray of light for the usual copper wire.

There is, first of all, a transmitter, which is made up of a thin diaphragm of mica or of some other substance, silvered at its back so as to make of it a reflecting mirror. The diaphragm is connected with an ordinary speaking tube, into which the operator talks just as he would talk into the transmitter of a telephone.

Against this thin disk or diaphragm is projected a ray of light, preferably sunlight. The light is caught by a mirror and directed through a concentrated lens whose focus is the transmitting diaphragm. The latter in turn reflects the ray through a second lens, which again makes the components of the ray of light parallel, so that it may travel any distance without dispersion.

At the other station, where the receiving operator

is located, there is a parabolic reflector, at the end of which is fixed a selenium cell. The latter in turn is connected telephonically, with the ear. Now, when the ray of light is reflected from the transmitting diaphragm and the operator speaks into the tube joined with the latter what he says may be clearly and distinctly heard at the other end of the "line"; that is, at the other end of the traveling ray of light. And that, practically speaking, is all there is to this wonderful affair.

The theory upon which this instrument is built is that the ray of light may be impressed with sound vibrations in exactly the same way that an electrically charged wire is impressed with the sound vibrations from the telephone. When you talk into the latter, what takes place is simply this: The electrical circuit being brought into connection with the carbon diaphragm, against which your voice strikes, the wire or current is set in vibration, or, rather, the sound vibrations or waves are impressed upon the electrical vibrations or waves, just as if you were to start a series of ripples in a pond and then add to these a second series of a different character, which would follow in the same direction, but not the same line of vibration or wave motion. This, of course, is putting the matter crudely, but it represents the notion of the scientific idea which I have got into my own mind, and which I hope is sufficiently clear to the reader.

It follows from the process here described that if speaking against the carbon transmitter will set up such an agitation in an electrically charged wire, a mechanism which shall just reverse the action of the transmitter will reproduce a similar set of vibrations upon a diaphragm at the other end of the line and thus reproduce your speech.

As the reader is doubtless aware, all the trend of modern physical science is toward establishing the close relationship of the different forms of molecular motion, which for the purpose of distinction, are variously called light, heat, electricity and sound. So close, indeed, is this relationship that the late Professor Tyndall, the very highest authority on the subject, wished to abolish some of the phrases, notably that of "light," as simply confusing. And the farther science has gone the more it has come to see that the only difference between these varying modes of motion, the only difference between light and heat and electricity and sound, is the difference of form and rapidity. It has found that it is not very difficult to convert the one into the other. The conversion of heat or electricity into light is so familiar and commonplace a process that we do not wonder at it at all. But when Professor Bell went a step farther and demonstrated the possibility of converting light into sound, or at least of causing a wave of light to produce a wave of sound, which is practically tantamount to the same thing, he entered into a new field and welded a new link in the chain of relationship and interdependence. You will see that it was a step farther than thus to his practical miracle of telephoning by light.

But to say that this is "telephoning by means of a sunbeam," is really a very crude and inaccurate

description of what actually takes place. This was what Professor Bell discovered by accident one day in the course of his experiments. It chanced that he thrust in the path of the ray a disk of india rubber, and he found that communication was not interrupted in the least. If you or I had been there we should have been both surprised and mystified. But the accident told Professor Bell that he had made a yet further step in his researches, and that he had opened a new gate to further knowledge of the subject. He had discovered that the process of telephoning was not conducted by the visible rays of the sunbeam at all, but by the invisible rays, of which we know only by inference.

If you split a sunbeam by means of a prism on each side of the spectrum there will be found to be certain rays which are not visible but which still have the property, some of them of developing heat and others of affecting a galvanometer. Some of these are called actinic rays, and then again there is another class of which the world has heard a great deal of late, the so-called X rays, which Professor Roentgen made use of in seeing the bones of the human body.

The peculiar quality of these invisible rays is that they will pass through substances which the visible rays of light will not pass through, and this is just what happened when Professor Bell thrust this piece of india rubber into the sunbeam's path, in his experiment. The phenomenon showed that it was these invisible rays which really took up the sound vibrations and carried them along. And so from this Professor Bell was led to change the name of his device from a photophone to a radiophone. By this new phrase the inventor was able to give a clearer and more accurately descriptive name to his invention.

But Professor Bell's researches were only begun. As I have already indicated, the invention of the radiophone was due to his discovery of the peculiar properties possessed by selenium. The latter is an exceedingly rare metal, so closely resembling tellurium that the man who found it first gave it a name which would indicate its relationship; as tellurium comes from tellus, the earth, he took its name from selene, the moon. It is as expensive as it is rare, and in his laboratory last spring Professor Bell showed me a little glass jar which contains probably the largest amount of selenium in the world. Furthermore, aside from its expense it was a troublesome metal to deal with, and many a long night did Professor Bell spend—all his work is done at night—over ways and means for its practical use.

It happened one day when Professor Bell wished to make some experiments that the selenium was all gone, and just by the way of hazard a number of other substances were tried, to see if they would act in anything like the same way. It was just from this chance experiment that it was found that there are a great many substances that will do almost as well. One of these was ordinary black wool. And just to show you how large a part mere chance plays even in matters of pure science, Professor Bell goes on to tell how one day he was out of black wool, as well as selenium. There was white wool, however, and nothing daunted, the inventor proceeded to daub this with ordinary lamp black. And

this worked better than ever. It was only a little farther step to experiment with lamp black itself and finally with just plain soot. And the last it was found was the best of all.

So, one chance experiment after another, it finally fell out that Professor Bell devised a talking machine, literally, out of a sunbeam and a small phial of soot. At first all the experiments were conducted in the laboratory between one room and another. One day Professor Bell's co-worker, Sumner Tainter, climbed up with a radiophone transmitter into the cupola of a schoolhouse a considerable distance away. Professor Bell was at the receiver by one of the laboratory windows, wondering, just like Darius Green, "whether the fool thing would work." Into the transmitter Mr. Tainter cried:

"Professor Bell! Professor Bell! If you hear what I say come to the window and wave your hat!"

Professor Bell did not wait for his hat. With all the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, he jumped to the window and waved his arms as frantically as he knew how. It did work!

Latterly, experiments were conducted of talking through a distance of a mile and a half. And here the progress of the invention stopped. There were other things to engage the attention of the inventor's busy and restless brain, and not until the announcement of the wonderful things which Professor Roentgen was able to do with his X rays did the instrument receive further attention.

Now, however, with the rapid progress which investigators have made in this direction, Professor Bell has again taken up the work, with a view to making the radiophone a practical and commercial invention. It would never do, of course, to have an instrument which has to depend entirely upon sunlight for its workability, and for a long time it looked as though the radiophone would be of no use to anyone save men of science.

But it is possible that with the advance of electric lighting and means of generating the X rays a simple and practicable way will be found to produce a light that will rival the sunbeam, at least for this purpose.

The conditions are that it shall be sufficiently powerful and at the same time steady. If it does not possess the latter quality, in trying to talk over a ray of light you would experience the same sort of confusion as when you tried to telephone over a wire that is vibrating at the same time from some other cause.

I asked Professor Bell what would be the limit as to distance through which the radiophone might operate, and if by this means it would be possible to talk any farther than you may now signal with a heliograph. He replied that he saw no reason why, if the right sort of a light were found, it would not be possible to establish a series of reflecting mirrors at convenient distances apart and reflect the ray in any desired direction. Provided the lenses employed are perfectly accurate the light would not lose its power, nor would the sound vibrations be disturbed by any number of such deflections.

Theoretically, it is entirely conceivable that if a series of mirrors were set up at regular intervals, sufficient to overcome the curvature of the earth, it would be possible to talk clear across the conti-

ment, or, for that matter, were the way clear, all around the world, with this single original beam of light. The only condition would be that there should be nothing in the way of an obstruction to cross the beam in its travels.

As to the practical use of the radiophone, it is easy to see that with its simple construction it could be cheaply built and might be employed for long distances, where the cost of copper wire would be prohibitive. It is likewise easy to see its utility in times of war, when it would be impossible to string a wire, or when a wire might be cut by the enemy. By this means free communication could be established between two armies considerably distant from each other or from a lookout to the headquarters of the commanding general.

KNOTS TIED BY MACHINERY

COUNTING AND TYING POSTAL CARDS.....THE ARGOSY

Two of the most interesting automata now working within the limits of the United States are those used by the government for counting and tying postal cards into small bundles. These machines were made in Connecticut, and the two are capable of counting 500,000 cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long "fingers" which come up from below, and another finger dips in a vat of mucilage and applies itself to the wrapping paper in exactly the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards and then a "thumb" presses over the spot where the mucilage is, and the package is thrown upon a carry belt ready for delivery.

ARTIFICIAL SILK PRODUCTION

S. E. TILLMAN.....THE COSMOPOLITAN

It is very generally known that a large proportion of the world's paper supply is made from straw and wood, but the production of silk from wood is a comparatively recent accomplishment, and has not yet been widely noticed. France is one of the greatest silk-producing countries of Europe, and in the manufacture of silken fabrics she stands foremost among the nations of the world. The discovery of the process for making silk from wood is due to a Frenchman, and in France, in 1893, it was first proven that the process could be made a commercial success.

At present the artificial silk all comes from France, being made at Besançon, where there are established large works. The new fabric has steadily grown in favor, and an English company, after a thorough examination of the French factories, has decided to establish works in Lancashire, near Manchester, for the manufacture of the silken yarn from wood pulp. This yarn is to be sold to weavers, who will transform it into cloth by existing machinery.

The artificial silk exceeds in lustre the natural, which is said to be the only difference in the appearance. It is claimed that it takes the dye more readily than the natural silk, and affords more permanent colors—a property not to have been expected.

As in the manufacture of paper the wood is first transformed into pulp, the exact mode of this transformation has not been published. The fibrous texture of the wood is completely obliterated in the

pulping process, and the pulp, after thorough cleansing, has the appearance and consistency of a thick gum. This plastic mass is placed in cylinders, which connect with pipes running near the spinning machines. The pipes are studded with metal taps terminating in glass tubes, with very small apertures. Pneumatic pressure in the cylinders forces the pulp along the pipes and out at the glass tips, where it appears in tiny, mucilaginous globules. One of these globules when touched by the finger of the operative adheres to it, and can be drawn into a very delicate filament. This filament is passed through the spinning guide and on to the bobbin. When it is desired to spin a large thread several filaments, from as many tips, are passed through the same guide and on to the same bobbin. When the bobbins are set to rotating, filaments remarkably uniform in size are drawn from the tips, as long as they are kept supplied with pulp.

The tips are called "glass silkworms," and the factory at Besançon keeps twelve thousand of these worms continually ejecting their silken threads upon the revolving bobbins, turning wood into silken yarns.

The artificial silk has not the same chemical composition as the natural, but its physical properties are so nearly the same that it is claimed that it will answer all the demands of the cocoon silk. It is anticipated that the introduction of the industry into England will mark an important epoch in textile manufactures.

A NEW SOURCE OF LIGHT

TESLA'S LATEST INVENTION.....NEW YORK SUN

Nikola Tesla has made another discovery that will interest the entire scientific world. The latest invention of the great electrician is a device that demonstrates the scientific possibility of creating brilliant illumination by means of vacuum tubes which are not in mechanical contact with the electric source. The device is constructed to make 100,000,000 vibrations a second. No such results as those obtained by Mr. Tesla have ever been obtained before. The invention will prove of great value for the production of Roentgen rays, making ozone and argon, and for electro-therapeutic treatment. The light produced by Mr. Tesla's new method is of greater brilliancy than arc illumination.

This fact was demonstrated by photography.

By his new method Mr. Tesla interrupts a current of electricity 60,000,000 or 80,000,000 times a second. The result is a brilliant white light, although the vacuum tubes are disconnected and away from the exciting coils. Mr. Tesla, while making his experiments, sat in a chair between the tubes and the coil and was photographed by the light.

Heretofore the method of interrupting electric currents for the purpose of producing vibrations has been mostly by the commutator or vibrating armature of the Ruhmkorff induction coil. By this method the vibrations had to be confined to a narrow limit compared with the waves made by the new method. They rarely exceeded a few hundred a second, although improved by a rotating interrupter that broke and connected the current, and until Mr. Tesla made his discovery 100,000,000 vibrations a second was believed to be beyond human invention.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

DEER-HAWKING IN INDIA

SPORT IN THE ORIENT.....BADMINTON MAGAZINE

At the head of the party rides the Bashi Bazuk, two hawks on his hand, or carried by an assistant on foot, who leads the two long-haired Persian greyhounds in a leash. Just behind them follow a brace of handsome English greyhounds, looking like thoroughbred race-horses beside cart-horses. The country to all appearance is a flat plain stretching away northward some twelve or fifteen miles to the range of mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, one of the passes of which, the Malakund, has lately become famous as the scene of General Low's first battle on his march to Chitral. After riding some few miles, looking over the top of one of these low hills, the Bashi Bazuk signals that deer are in sight. They are very wary, and although some eight hundred yards off are moving about in a restless state of alarm; so it is decided to fly the two hawks and send with them the English greyhounds, while the party keeps perfectly still until the birds have singled out their deer.

There is always an element of uncertainty as to which deer will be selected; this time, as luck will have it, out of the small group of five the hawks choose the only buck. From where we stand we watch the bird taking a bee-line for the deer, flying low enough for the greyhounds to see them easily. The deer are not at all disturbed about the hawks, they are only anxious about the horsemen; while the hounds, favored by the unevenness of the ground, run unseen with their heads in the air, watching the hawks until they run into sight of the deer about two hundred yards off. Then the race begins in earnest, and we follow at our best speed. The buck had not gone a quarter of a mile when one of the hawks swooped down on him from a considerable height, striking him on the side and rolling him over like a shot hare. As the hounds were too far off to take advantage of this opportunity, the buck was up and off in an instant. The hawks seemed to realize the futility of striking until the dogs were nearer, for they changed their tactics; one perched on the deer's back, and was carried along with his wings stretched out, after the deer had tried in vain to shake the bird off with a succession of bounds; the other buffeted the chikara about the head until he was completely bewildered, and ran first one way and then another, finally rushing almost into the mouths of the greyhounds, who pulled him down just as we got up. The Bashi Bazuk gave the coup de grace and fed his hawks; they were hooded up, and the deer was strapped on to a saddle.

THE ANCIENT GAME OF TIP CAT

MANY LANDS IN WHICH IT IS PLAYED....PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

Have you ever seen the boys playing "tip-cat" or "puss" on the street? Most likely you have, and perhaps some time while wending your way through some quiet thoroughfare, attending strictly to your own business, both in thought and action, you have been made to realize that you were not alone in the world by suddenly coming in contact with some

hard substance which felt as though it was a cobblestone thrown from a catapult.

You turn and look in the direction from which the shot was fired and behold a group of little fellows enjoying your discomfort and in their midst one stands with a small club in his hand and a look of mingled fright and amusement on his face. The missile that hit you wasn't a cobblestone, nor was it driven by a catapult; it was the "puss," and the little fellow with the club drove it unintentionally in your direction in an effort to get as far away as he could and thereby make as big a score as possible.

Of course you denounce the game first and then the lads who invented it, and the difference in your sizes alone prevents an immediate assault.

The truth is, however, that the little offenders did not invent this game, nor did their ancestors, for it was an antiquity when Columbus sailed on his voyage to the Western world, and even before Egypt's kings were building pyramids their youthful subjects were whittling "pussies" to all intents and purposes exactly like those made by the boys of this country to-day. There are few new games in the world, very few. Nearly all of them are modifications of some game that has existed in times almost prehistoric, and games that have not undergone some change or other to suit the ever-changing conditions are likewise very rare. But "tip cat" has not varied through all the centuries which it has lived, and so universally and thoroughly is it distributed over the earth that its origin and first home are not even conjectured. It is as universal as language itself, and of its transit from one country to another there is likewise nothing known to students of gameology. The first written account of "tip cat" was a description by Dr. Thomas Hyde in a curious little volume on Oriental games, printed in Latin just 102 years ago, and which remains down to the present day the chief authority on games in the East. In it he describes the game as then played, much after the manner of the present, the implements and method of scoring being practically the same. Of the origin he knew nothing, but the fact that it was known the world over was familiar to him, and he traced the game to China, Japan, Hindoostan, Burmah, Persia, Turkey, Syria, Germany, Italy, Russia, England, and to the sedentary Indians of Southwest America. In these countries it is equally well known and played and with the same rules. Strange to say, it is not to be found in the better-known parts of Corea. This does not prove, however, that Coreans are strangers to the game, for it often happens that a game suffers a long spell of abandonment only to crop up at some unexpected time and become very popular without any apparent cause. The mystery which surrounds its origin thickens with research, and though Professor Stewart Culin of the University of Pennsylvania, who is a leading authority on games, has offered explanations for other games which have been accepted universally, he frankly says he knows nothing about the beginning of "tip cat."

The first known evidence of the existence of the game was provided by Mr. Flinders-Petrie. In his

excavations at Kahun, in the Fayoom, Egypt, he discovered a number of tip cats, one of which is now in the University Museum and is easily 4,500 years old. It is in size and form just like those of to-day, and appears to be of red cedar, probably hardened by the absorption of lime salts.

A curious fact in connection with the name of the game is that in many countries where it is played it is called after some jumping animal, as in Russia, "Koszly," or "goat-game"; in Persia it is "Guk-Chub," or "wooden frog." In its journey around the world it has gone under many queer, unpronounceable names, and the American boys may be glad that they get off with plain "puss."

In China the boys call it "To-tsz," or "little peach"; in Burmah "Kyitha"; in Japan, "In Ten"; the Syrians say "Hab," and the Arabs of the towns call it "Lighei"; the Turks have named it "Tehaligh," and in Mesopotamia it is known as "Yazj."

Tip cat has excited great interest among lovers of folk lore, and Professor Culin has succeeded in collecting a very interesting group of toys. In the matter of sticks used in driving the "puss" there is but one known variation, that being the one used by the Zuni Indians, who have attached to the end of the stick a small bag of buckskin, loaded with sand or some similar substance, to give it weight, presumably to make the blow more effective, although it adds materially to the difficulties of the game.

FIGHTING AN ALBATROSS

GALLANT ACTION AT SEA.....THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Most extraordinary are the details of the gallant action for which an Albert medal of the first class was conferred on Thomas Averett Whistler, first mate of the ship Ennerdale of Liverpool.

Early in the morning of Dec. 17, 1885, when the Ennerdale was rounding Cape Horn, an apprentice named Duncan McCallum, was sent aloft to loose the skysail. The Ennerdale, I should mention, was one of Messrs. J. D. Newton's Dale Line of ships.

Presently, as the captain was descending from the poop, he saw a heavy body strike the main rigging a little above the bulwark, and rebound into the sea. That "heavy body" was McCallum, and the ship being almost under full sail at the time, he was carried rapidly astern.

Immediately after this tragic occurrence, H. S. Pochin, an able seaman, leaped overboard after the apprentice, but the latter sank before Pochin could reach him. All things considered, the rescuer's position was now pretty serious, and fearing lest he should be seized with cramp before a boat could come to his assistance, he hailed the ship, asking for a lifebuoy to be thrown to him; at the same moment the master, Captain Gunson, called all hands to man a boat. The first mate, Mr. Whistler, who had been asleep in his berth, ran on deck and heard Pochin's hail. Calling to the boatswain to heave him a lifebuoy, he at once sprang overboard, secured the lifebuoy which was thrown to him, and succeeded in reaching Pochin. This poor man was already on the point of sinking, but with the help of the lifebuoy Whistler was able to keep him up.

Meanwhile, considerable delay had occurred in

the dispatch of the boat—for one thing, her lashings had been secured very firmly for the passage round Cape Horn, and when she was launched so many crowded into her that she capsized, which says much for the popularity of Whistler. The boat was soon righted, however, and dispatched in charge of the third mate and two seamen. All this time the two men in the water were rapidly becoming exhausted, and they had made up their minds to abandon the lifebuoy and strike out side by side for the ship, when they were confronted by a new, weird danger.

An immense albatross swept down majestically on Pochin and Whistler, and, after hovering round quite close to their heads, alighted on the water just beyond arm's length. There the great bird remained, staring them in the face, and evidently only waiting until they had become a little more exhausted. In a few minutes, however, the boat reached the spot, and its crew drew their perishing shipmates out of the water. Directly they were lifted into the boat both men became insensible, and Whistler was delirious for some time afterward. Amazing as it may seem, the two men had remained in the piercingly cold water for upward of forty minutes. The expectant albatross was greatly disappointed at the turn events had taken, and had to be driven off with a boathook. It was a remarkable fact that the attack of the bird contributed not a little to the saving of the lives of both Whistler and Pochin. This was because their vigorous efforts to beat off the savage bird materially helped to keep their blood in circulation, thereby averting the fatal cramp. Many instances of attack upon shipwrecked sailors by these birds are known. The beak of an albatross mounted as a letter-clip, ornaments the writing table of an Englishman of note—the unique souvenir of a memorable "sea fight" in which he once engaged with one of these common enemies of man in distress at sea.

ADVENTURE WITH A PACK OF WOLVES

A NIGHT IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.....FOREST AND STREAM

It was pitch-dark save only where the faint glow of the camp-fire—burned to the embers—penetrated the gloom for a few feet and seemed to intensify the wall of utter blackness which hedged it round. The balsam limbs extending their feathery extremities into the small circle of light seemed supported by invisible means as they swayed and vibrated in the quivering heat that rose from the hot firebrands. A rising wind swept the summits of the lofty pines, sounding sweet and soft and far as a child's lullaby. Our teams of mules and Canadian horses stood perfectly silent a rod away, where they had been secured for the night.

We were dozing, Ernest and I, soothed by the almost insensible harmonious vibrations. Ernest was curled up like a hibernating deer (and indeed that is the name the Indians gave him, or "Moqua" in their language), his head pillowed on his immense driving-boots; and he seemed to be about to fall into a sound sleep, when suddenly he sat bolt upright, stared wildly at the fire, and before I had time to inquire the cause of his sudden move had leaped to the pile of wood we had prepared for the morning, and commenced heaping it, with feverish haste, on the nearly extinguished fire.

"What's the matter, Ernest? I say, have you the nightmare or are you crazy? It isn't time to build morning fire yet."

"I know dat," he replied, in his French-Canadian jargon, "same tam me hear wolf in de swamp; come up here pretty quick."

"Heard a wolf in the swamp?" I repeat incredulously. "Get out. I've been awake the whole evening and everything has been still as death."

"Same tam Ah'll heard it wolf," he persisted, and in no way relaxed his efforts until the light wood was piled high and the under billets had burst into flame; then without losing a moment he sprang to the horses and began unfastening the halter straps, calling to me meanwhile to get "dem mule close up de fire." His earnestness had the effect on me he desired, and in a few moments we had the animals tethered to an overhanging limb between our fire and the wagon, which we had pulled just outside the road for the night.

"Naow, keep still, you hear yourself," Ernest said as he sat down and began pulling on his boots. "Dey come leetle more near next tam howl."

We waited in silence a few moments, when sure enough away in the swamp to the east came the long, low wail, rising and falling in cadence almost imperceptible to the ear, so faint, yet suggesting something so fierce and sinister that if once heard it can never be forgotten.

"Do you think they will be ugly?" I say to Ernest.

"No, teenk not. Bes' be ready, teenk only come look, dance leetle, make beeg howl, run off."

"Let 'em come, then. You get the axe and stand where you can best guard the outside mule, and I will do the same for the outside horse."

"No. No need do dat. Just keep still, not move when wolf come up, dat best way."

"But what about the horses? won't they try to break away?"

"No, you see they get near the fire, keep still too."

"Well, get the ax anyway; there they go."

Again, and this time we could hear the yip! yip! yip! which preceded the chorus sounding much nearer, and the horses and mules sure enough at the sound of it crowded nearer the fire, straining slightly at their fastenings, but making no violent demonstrations whatever.

I involuntarily reached for my Winchester and held it across my knees. Ernest hurriedly piled fresh wood high on the fire and with a final warning word to keep still sat like a statue. Again the yip, yip, yip and chorus and then continuous howling, increasing in volume as they drew nearer; then the concert opened in earnest, and in a few moments we were saluted from all sides. I gripped my gun tightly, but made no move. Billy, the outside horse, had backed up against a ground pine in his efforts to get near the fire, and now with pandemonium sounding on all sides stood without making a sound. I saw the little pine tremble like a leaf. Suddenly all was still. Down the road, after a moment of silence, there sounded a single howl, and with a yip, yip, the whole band seemed off in that direction.

The clouds which had caused such Egyptian darkness gradually rolled away. The stars became visible through the interlacing branches. The

night wind seemed to slumber. The snapping fire intensified the stillness. The horses and mules sank one by one to repose. I looked across the again dying fire at Ernest. His rude pillow was again adjusted, the camp spread pulled up to his chin, and as I looked the silence was broken by a good old-fashioned snore. The grip on my gun relaxed. Almost unconsciously I straighten out on the blanket and pull part of it over me. Unconscious of danger, we sleep the sleep of the just.

The sun shines. The frost on the pine tops glistens as though they had been dusted over with diamonds. Billy whickers for his oats, as Ernest after much stamping gets his feet into his stiffened boots and starts for the wagon, saying, as he stops to pat the shaggy head, "He laugh and feel good because wolf no get him last night."

I went out in the road and saw plenty of wolf tracks. I paced from the fire to the tracks; it was fifteen paces.

CURIOUS STORIES OF WHIST

FAVORITE GAME OF CELEBRITIES.....LONDON TIT-BITS

Lord Sligo was at a card table when the news was brought to him that his magnificent residence was on fire. He stopped only a moment to ascertain whether or not his presence could be of material service on the scene of the conflagration. Finding that it would not, he calmly took up the hand which had been dealt him while he was talking with the messenger, and resumed play.

A case where a single game of whist was responsible for a good deal was that in which G. H. Drummond, of the famous Charing Cross banking house of London, lost £25,000 at a single sitting to Beau Brummel. When his loss became known to Drummond's partners they decided that a gambler was an undesirable associate in a business requiring for prosperity the confidence of the public in its managers. They therefore forced him to retire.

What is known as a Yarborough hand in whist is one in which there is no card above a nine spot. The name given to this hand is derived from a certain Lord Yarborough, who used to offer the attractive but very safe wager of £1,000 to £1 that a hand of this sort would not be dealt. He may have worked out the chances or he may not, but the fact is, such a hand occurs only once in 1,827 rounds. It is said that Yarborough won his wager many thousand times.

At the Union Club of Boulogne some years ago the dealer dealt the twenty-six red cards to himself and partner, and all the black cards to their opponents. When we come to realize that the odds against such a round of hands are eight billion to one, we must admit this was a very remarkable deal.

Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, owed to a single game of whist the greatest sorrow of his life. One evening, while he was engaged in his favorite game, an express arrived with despatches from Galicia. He placed the papers on the mantelpiece, and went on playing all that night and far into the morning. When the party broke up he was horrified to learn that upon his immediate reply to the despatches depended the fate of two thousand innocent persons. Had Metternich loved whist less passionately, history had never recorded the infamous Galician massacre.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND *

BY FRIDTJOF NANSEN

[Professor Nansen, who has just safely returned from his daring attempt to reach the North Pole by deliberately thrusting his ship into the frozen Arctic currents, first acquired reputation as a brave and clear-headed explorer by crossing the "ice-cap" of Greenland in the year 1888. After leaving the ship *Jason* which had brought them from Norway, the party struggled for twelve days in the ice-belt before setting foot on the East Coast of Greenland, and during this time were in constant danger of being carried to sea on the rotten floes. On August 15th the six men, including two Laplanders, harnessed themselves to the sledges and began a journey which so far as is known had never before been undertaken, although Edward Whymper and Robert Peary had in former years explored the "inland-ice" for short distances. Finding that provisions were running short Nansen abandoned his original intention of following a line nearly due west to Christianshaab, and, striking southwest, on October third reached the Danish settlement of Godthaab, where the party wintered. Perhaps the most interesting matter in Nansen's journal is his account of Eskimo life and habits and of the deadly effect of civilization on the Arctic Highlander of whom he made a careful study during his enforced sojourn in Godthaab. We give a brief extract from the journal describing the use of sails on the sledges while crossing the "inland ice" and of the mishaps that resulted. It should be explained that the "ski" spoken of are the Norwegian equivalent of snow-shoes and are made of curved strips of wood about four inches wide by more than as many feet in length.]

The very pronounced fall of the ground on September 17 certainly was a comfort to us all, and when the thermometer that evening just failed to reach zero we found the temperature quite mild, and felt that we had entered the abodes of summer again. It was now only nine miles or so to land after our reckoning.

It was this very day two months that we had left the *Jason*. This happened to be one of our butter-mornings, the very gladdest morning of our existence at the time, and breakfast in bed with a good cup of tea brought the whole party into an excellent humor. It was the first time, too, for a long while that the walls of our tent had not been decorated with fringes of hoarfrost. As we were at breakfast we were no little astonished to hear, as we thought, the twittering of a bird outside, but the sound soon stopped and we were not at all certain of its reality. But as we were starting again after our one o'clock dinner that day we suddenly became aware of twitterings in the air, and, as we stopped, sure enough we saw a snow-bunting come flying after us. It wandered round us two or three times and plainly showed signs of a wish to sit upon one of our sledges. But the necessary audacity was not forthcoming, and it finally settled on the snow in front for a few moments, before it flew away for good with another encouraging little twitter.

Welcome, indeed, this little bird was. It gave us a friendly greeting from the land we were sure must now be near. The believers in good angels and their doings must inevitably have seen such in the forms of these two snow-buntings, the one which bid us farewell on the eastern side, and that which

offered us a welcome to the western coast. We blessed it for its cheering song, and with warmer hearts and renewed strength we confidently went on our way, in spite of the uncomfortable knowledge that the ground was not falling by any means so rapidly as it should have done. In this way, however, things were much better next day, September 18; the cold consistently decreased, and life grew brighter and brighter. In the evening, too, the wind sprang up from the southeast, and I hoped we should really get a fair sailing breeze at last. We had waited for it long enough, and sighed for it too, in spite of Balto's assurances that this sailing on the snow would never come to anything.

In the course of the night the wind freshened, and in the morning there was a full breeze blowing. Though, as usual, there was no great keenness to undertake the rigging and lashing together of the sledges in the cold wind, we determined, of course, to set about the business at once. Kristiansen joined Sverdrup and me with his sledge, and we rigged the two with the tent-floor, while the other three put their two sledges together.

All this work, especially the lashing, was anything but delightful, but the cruelest part of it all was that while we were in the middle of it the wind showed signs of dropping. It did not carry out its threat, however, and at last both vessels were ready to start. I was immensely excited to see how our boat would turn out, and whether the one sail was enough to move both the sledges. It was duly hoisted and made fast, and there followed a violent wrenching of the whole machine, but during operations it had got somewhat buried in the snow and proved immovable. There was enough wrenching and straining of the mast and tackle to pull the whole to pieces, so we harnessed ourselves in front with all speed. We tugged with a will and got our boat off, but no sooner had she begun to move than the wind brought her right on to us, and over we all went into the snow. We were soon up again for another try, but with the same result; no sooner are we on our legs than we are carried off them again by the shock from behind.

This process having been gone through with a certain number of times, we saw plainly that all was not right. So we arranged that one of us should stand in front on his "ski" and steer by means of a staff fixed between the two sledges, like the pole of a carriage, leaving himself to be pushed along by his vessel and only keeping it at a respectful distance from his heels. The other two members of the crew were to come behind on their "ski," either holding to the sledges or following as they could.

We now finally got under way, and Sverdrup, who was to take the first turn at steering, had no sooner got the pole under his arm than our vessel rushed furiously off before the wind. I attached myself behind at the side, riding on my "ski" and holding on by the back of one of the sledges as well as I could. Kristiansen thought this looked much too risky work, and came dragging along on his "ski" alone.

*Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Our ship flew over the waves and drifts of snow with a speed that almost took one's breath away. The sledges struggled and groaned, and were strained in every joint as they were whirled over the rough surface, and often indeed they simply jumped from the crest of one wave on to another. I had quite enough to do to hang on behind and keep myself upright on the "ski." Then the ground began to fall at a sharper angle than any we had had yet. The pace grew hotter and hotter, and the sledges scarcely seemed to touch the snow. Right in front of me was sticking out the end of a "ski," which was lashed fast across the two sledges for the purpose of keeping them together. I could not do anything to get this "ski"-end out of the way, and it caused me a great deal of trouble, as it stuck out across the points of my own "ski" and was always coming into collision with them. It was worst of all when we ran along the edge of a drift, for my "ski" would then get completely jammed and I lost all control over them. For a long time I went on thus in a continual struggle with this hopeless "ski"-end, while Sverdrup stood in front gaily steering and thinking we were both sitting comfortably on behind. Our ship rushed on faster and faster; the snow flew round us and behind us in a cloud, which gradually hid the others from our view.

Then an ice-axe which lay on the top of our cargo began to get loose and promised to fall off. So I worked myself carefully forward and was just engaged in making the axe fast when we rode on to a nasty drift. This brought the projecting "ski"-end just across my legs, and there I lay at once gazing after the ship and its sail, which were flying on down the slope, and already showing dimly through the drifting snow. It made one quite uncomfortable to see how quickly they diminished in size. I felt very foolish to be lying there, but at last I recovered myself and set off bravely in the wake of the vessel, which was by this time all but out of sight. To my great delight I found that, thanks to the wind, I could get on at a very decent pace alone.

I had not gone far before I found the ice-axe, in trying to secure which I had come to grief. A little way farther on I caught sight of another dark object, this time something square, lying in the snow. This was a box which contained some of our precious meat-chocolate, and which of course was not to be abandoned in this way. After this I strode gaily on for a long time in the sledge-track with the chocolate-box under one arm and the ice-axe and my staff under the other. Then I came upon several more dark objects lying straight in my path. These proved to be a fur jacket belonging to me and no less than three pemmican boxes. I had now much more than I could carry, so the only thing to be done was to sit down and wait for succor from the others who were following behind. All that could now be seen of our proud ship and its sail was a little square patch far away across the snow-field. She was going ahead in the same direction as before, but as I watched I suddenly saw her brought up to the wind, the tin boxes of her cargo glitter in the sun, and her sail fall. Just then Kristiansen came up with me, followed not long after by the other vessel. To them we handed over some of our loose boxes, but just as we were stowing them away Balto discovered that they had lost no less

than three pemmican tins. These were much too valuable to be left behind, so the crew had to go back and look for them.

Meanwhile Kristiansen and I started off again, each with a tin box under his arm, and soon overtook Sverdrup. We now sat down to wait for the others, which was not an agreeable job in this bitter wind.

Sverdrup told us that he had sailed merrily off from the very start, had found the whole thing go admirably, and thought all the time that we two were sitting comfortably on behind. He could not see behind him for the sail, but after a long while he began to wonder why there was not more noise among the passengers in the stern. So he made an approach to a conversation, but got no answer. A little further on he tried again and louder, but with the same result. Then he called louder still, and lastly began to shout at the top of his voice, but still there was no response. This state of things needed further investigation; so he brought his boat up to the wind, went round behind the sail to see what was the matter, and was not a little concerned to find that both his passengers had disappeared. He tried to look back along his course through the drifting snow, and he thought he could see a black spot far away behind. This must have been my insignificant figure sitting upon the lost tin boxes. Then he lowered his sail, which was not an easy matter in the wind that was blowing, and contented himself to wait for us.

We had to sit a long time before the others caught us up again. We could just see the vessel through the snow, but her sail was evidently not up, and of her crew there was not a sign. At last we caught sight of three small specks far away up the slope and the glitter of the sun on the tins they were carrying. Presently the sail was hoisted and it was not long before they joined us.

We now lashed the sledges better together and made the cargo thoroughly fast in order to escape a repetition of this performance. Then we rigged up some ropes behind, to which the crew could hold or tie themselves, and thus be towed comfortably along. In this way we got on splendidly, and never in my life have I had a more glorious run on "ski."

A while later Sverdrup declared that he had had enough of steering, and I therefore took his place. We had now one good slope after another and a strong wind behind us. We traveled as we should on the best of "ski"-hills at home, and this for hour after hour. The steering is exciting work. One has to keep one's tongue straight in one's mouth, as we say at home, and, whatever one does, take care not to fall. If one did, the whole conveyance would be upon one, and once under the runners and driven along by the impetus, one would fare badly indeed and be lucky to get off without a complete smash-up. This was not to be thought of, so it was necessary to keep one's wits about one, to hold the "ski" well together, grip the pole tight, watch the ground incessantly, so as to steer clear of the worst drifts, and for the rest take things as they came, while one's "ski" flew on from the crest of one snow-wave to another.

Our meals were not pleasant intervals that day, and we therefore got through them as quickly as we could. We stopped and crept under shelter of the

sails, which were only half lowered on purpose. The snow drifted over us as we sat there, but the wind at least was not so piercing as in the open. We scarcely halted for the usual chocolate distributions and took our refreshment as we went along.

In the middle of the afternoon—this notable day by the way was September 19—just as we were sailing our best and fastest, we heard a cry of joy from the party behind, Balto's voice being prominent as he shouted "Land ahead!"

And so there was; through the mist of snow, which was just now a little dense, we could see away to the west a long, dark mountain ridge and to the south of it a smaller peak. Rejoicings were loud and general, for the goal towards which we had so long struggled was at last in sight.

Balto's own account of the occurrence runs as follows: "While we were sailing that afternoon I caught sight of a black spot a long way off to the west. I stared and stared at it till I saw that it really was bare ground. Then I called to Dietrichson, 'I can see land!' Dietrichson at once shouted to the others that Balto could see land away to the west. And then we rejoiced to see this sight, which we had so often longed to see, and new courage came into our hearts, and hope that we should now happily and without disaster cross over this ice-mountain, which is the greatest of all ice-mountains. If we had spent many more days upon the ice, I fear that some of us would have fared badly. As soon as Nansen heard this he stopped and gave us two pieces of meat-chocolate each. It was always our custom, when we reached a spot which we had long wished to reach, to treat ourselves to the best food we had. So when we came to land after drifting in the ice, when we reached Umivik, when we had climbed to the highest point of Greenland, when we now first saw land on the west side, and lastly when we first set foot upon bare ground again, we were treated to our very best—which was jam, American biscuits, and butter."

Though this first land we saw lay a little to the north of the line we had hitherto been following, I steered for it nevertheless, because the ice in this direction seemed to fall away more rapidly. However the point was soon hidden in the snow again, and we went on with the wind straight behind us for the rest of the afternoon without getting any further sight of land. The wind grew stronger and stronger, we flew down slope after slope, and everything went famously.

A while later the gradient and the wind slackened off for a time, but as evening began the breeze freshened and the slope grew steeper, and we rushed along through the dense driving snow more furiously than ever. It was already growing dusk, when I suddenly saw in the general obscurity something dark lying right in our path. I took it for some ordinary irregularity in the snow and unconcernedly steered straight ahead. The next moment, when I was within no more than a few yards, I found it to be something very different, and in an instant swung round sharp and brought the vessel up to the wind. It was high time, too, for we were on the very edge of a chasm broad enough to swallow comfortably sledges, steersman, and passengers. Another second and we should have disappeared for good and all. We now shouted with

all our might to the others, who were coming gaily on behind, and they managed to luff in time.

As to the rest of the day's sail my dairy says: "This was the first crevasse, but was not likely to be the only one, and we must now go warily. It was suggested that it was hardly advisable to sail any farther that evening, but I thought it too early to stop yet, as we must take advantage of the wind. So I left the sledges and went on in front to reconnoitre while Sverdrup undertook the steering of our boat, and the sails of both of them were taken in a bit. The wind was strong enough even to blow me along, and I could run long stretches without moving a muscle, and so covered the ground fast.

"When the snow looked treacherous I had to go cautiously and use my staff to see whether I had solid ground under foot, and, if not, to signal to the others to wait till I had found a safer route. In spite of all precautions, Sverdrup and Kristiansen all but came to grief once, as the snow fell in behind them just as they had passed over an unsuspected crevasse. Meantime the wind was steadily increasing, and the sails had to be taken in more and more to prevent the sledges overrunning me. As we were all getting hungry biscuits were served out, but no halt was made to eat them.

"It was rapidly getting dark, but the full moon was now rising, and she gave us light enough to see and avoid the worst crevasses. It was a curious sight for me to see the two vessels coming rushing along behind me, with their square viking-like sails showing dark against the white snowfield and the big round disc of the moon behind.

"Faster and faster I go flying on, while the ice gets more and more difficult. There is worse still ahead, I can see, and in another moment I am into it. The ground is here seamed with crevasses, but they are full of snow and not dangerous. Every now and then I feel my staff go through into space, but the cracks are narrow and the sledges glide easily over. Presently I cross a broader one and see just in front of me a huge black abyss. I creep cautiously to its edge on the slippery ice, which here is covered by scarcely any snow, and look down into the deep, dark chasm. Beyond it I can see crevasse after crevasse, running parallel with one another and showing dark blue in the moonlight. I now tell the others to stop, as this is no ground to traverse in the dark, and we must halt for the night.

"In the west we could now see land against the evening sky, which still shows a faint trace of day. They were the same mountains we had first seen, but they now tower high above the horizon.

"It was difficult business to get the tent up in this strong wind and on the hard, slippery ice, which gave no hold for our guy-ropes, and we had to cut deep holes before we could make our staffs do duty as pegs. At last, after having fared worse than usual with the cold, we got the tent up and were able to crawl into a partial shelter. No one was inclined to do any cooking that evening, as even inside the tent the wind was much too aggressive, and the little feast which was to do honor to the day, and which we had much looked forward to, was put off till next morning. So we were content to divide our last piece of Gruyère cheese, and then, well pleased with ourselves and our day's work, creep into our sleeping-bags."

TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS *

Pat Telephones an Order—As Mr. W. was stepping from his carriage in Newark, to take the train for New York, his coachman said, "The oats are getting low, sir." "Very well, you telephone Brown & Smith to send up some." Pat went to the telephone when the following conversation took place:

"Is this Brown & Smith?"

"Yes."

"Well, you send up six bags of oats, and hurry up with 'um."

"All right, who are they for?"

"Arrah now, don't you get gay—for the horses to be sure," and Pat rung off.

A Literal Interpretation—In a mission school, the teacher of a class of boys, just gathered from the streets, was trying to teach the catechism: "Who made you?" "God." "What else did God make?" etc., etc. Having reached the end of the line he began again at the head, with "Who made you?" but could not obtain any reply. Finally an urchin in the middle called out: "Please, sir, the one that God made has gone out."

Twain in Egypt—A few years ago Mark Twain, while in Egypt, engaged two Arab guides and set out for the pyramids one morning. He was familiar enough with Arabic, he thought, to understand and be understood with perfect ease.

But to his consternation he found that he could not comprehend a word either of the guides uttered. Here was a dilemma. It was necessary to some researches he desired to make that he be able to converse with the Arabs. The matter was inexplicable, because he had never before had any difficulty with the tongue.

After reaching the pyramids Twain met a friend to whom he explained the situation.

"Why, the solution of the mystery is easy," said his friend.

"Please enlighten me, then."

"Why, your guides have no teeth. They speak gum-Arabic."

How Professor Blackie Met His Classes—The late distinguished Professor Blackie of Edinburgh University, unlike the majority of his countrymen, possessed a great fund of humor. This is made evident in the following story:

On leaving his class room one day he left a notice over his desk which read: "Prof. Blackie will return to meet his classes at 1 o'clock." One of the boys bent on having fun deftly erased the "c," making "lasses" instead of "classes." At one o'clock the boys filed in all ready to laugh at their joke on the professor. But they didn't laugh. Prof. Blackie had erased the "I" also.

Lincoln Draws a Parallel—During the late civil war an officer who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln called at the White House, and in the course of a private interview complained bitterly of certain criticisms passed on his conduct in a campaign by the secretary of war, and while

repeating such criticism gave way to great passion. Lincoln patiently heard him to the end, then said:

"You seem very angry. Did you ever hear what made Finnegan mad? I'll tell you. Finnegan came home from the club one night sober, but in such a temper that he knocked over a lot of furniture. Mrs. Finnegan was aroused and, sitting up in bed, said:

"What's the matter, Finnegan?"

"I'm mad; mad as a hornet."

"What made you so?"

"Flaherty down yonder; he called me a liar."

"But man, why didn't you make him prove it?"

"That's why I'm so mad; he did!"

The Kitten Converts—A man having two kittens to sell, brought them to an Episcopal bishop, who refused them in the presence of a Baptist minister. "But your honor," said the man, "they are good Episcopal kittens!" Even this argument failed to dispose of the kittens.

The next week the man brought them to the Baptist minister saying they were good Baptist kittens.

"How can that be, my man," said the minister, "when last week you said they were Episcopal kittens?"

"Oh, that was before their eyes were opened!" the man replied quickly.

Money No Object—Henry Templeton was a prosperous cotton planter in middle Georgia, and like many men with nervous energy he had an irascible temper.

Jeff Reese, a colored citizen, had been his foreman for several years, but finding Mr. Templeton's tantrums hard to bear, he decided to make a change.

Judge Little met Jeff in the road at Christmas time moving his goods and chattels to a neighboring plantation, and accosted him:

"Hello, Jeff! You seem to be moving?"

"Yes, sah. Ise gwine ter Marse John Heard's."

John Heard was a notoriously good natured, easy going, good-for-nothing fellow, who never paid his debts.

"Why, surely, Jeff, you are not leaving Henry Templeton to go to John Heard?"

"Yes, sah, Marse Frank."

"Does he offer you bigger wages?"

"No, sah. It ain't so much de bigness ob de wages es de kahmness ob de man, what Ise arter."

W. S. Gilbert and the Dude—Gilbert of Bab Ballad and Pinafore fame is said to have had an amusing experience on the occasion of a London "function" which he attended.

On taking his departure he was accosted in the hall by a monocled dude who pretended to mistake him for a servant, as follows:

"I say,—er—call me a four-wheeler, you know."

"Sir," immediately rejoined the wit, "you are a four-wheeler!"

"What do you mean, sir, do you want to insult me?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Gilbert. "You asked me to call you a four-wheeler, and I did so. I couldn't call you hansom, you know."

* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

TORU DUTT: HER LIFE AND WORK *

BY EDMUND GOSSE

If Toru Dutt were alive, she would still (in 1882) be younger than any recognized European writer, and yet her fame, which is already considerable, has been entirely posthumous. Within the brief space of four years which now divides us from the date of her decease, her genius has been revealed to the world under many phases, and has been recognized in France and England. Her name, at least, is no longer unfamiliar in the ear of any well-read man or woman. But at the hour of her death she had published but one book, and that book had found but two reviewers in Europe. One of these, M. André Theuriet, the well known poet and novelist, gave the *Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* adequate praise in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; but the other, the writer of the present notice, has a melancholy satisfaction in having been a little earlier still in sounding the only note of welcome which reached the dying poetess from England.

It was while Professor W. Minto was editor of the *Examiner*, that one day in August, 1876, in the very heart of the dead season for books, I happened to be in the office of that newspaper, and was upbraiding the whole body of publishers for issuing no books worth reviewing. At that moment the postman brought in a thin and sallow packet with a wonderful Indian postmark on it, and containing a most unattractive orange pamphlet of verse, printed at Bhowanipore, and entitled *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*, by Toru Dutt. This shabby little book of some two hundred pages, without preface or introduction, seemed specially destined by its particular providence to find its way hastily into the waste paper basket. I remember that Mr. Minto thrust it into my unwilling hands, and said "There! see whether you can't make something of that." A hopeless volume it seemed, with its queer type, published at Bhowanipore, printed at the *Saptahiksambad Press*! But when at last I took it out of my pocket, what was my surprise and almost rapture to open at such verse as this:

"Still barred thy doors; the far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free;
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?

"All look for thee. Love, Light and Song—
Light in the sky deep red above,
Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
And in my heart, true Love.

"Apart we miss our nature's goal;
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?

"No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?"

When poetry is as good as this it does not much matter where it is printed.

Toru Dutt was the youngest of the three children

* From *Critical Kit-Kats*, by Edmund Gosse. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

of a high caste Hindu couple in Bengal. Her father, who survived them all, the Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, was himself distinguished among his countrymen for the width of his views and the vigor of his intelligence. His only son, Abju, died in 1865, at the age of fourteen, and left his two younger sisters to console their parents. Aru, the elder daughter, born in 1854, was eighteen months senior to Toru, the subject of this memoir, who was born in Calcutta on the 4th of March, 1856. With the exception of one year's visit to Bombay, the childhood of these girls was spent in Calcutta, at their father's garden-house. In a poem I printed for the first time, Toru refers to the scene of her earliest memories, the circling wilderness of foliage, the shining tank with the round leaves of the lilies, the murmuring dusk under the vast branches of the central casuarina-tree. Here, in a mystical retirement more irksome to a European in fancy than to an Oriental in reality, the brain of this wonderful child was molded. She was pure Hindu, full of the typical qualities of her race and blood, and preserving to the last her appreciation of the poetic side of her ancient religion, though faith itself in Vishnu and Siva had been cast aside with childish things and been replaced by a purer faith. Her mother fed her imagination with the old songs and legends of their people, stories which it was the last labor of her life to weave into English verse; but it would seem that the marvelous faculties of Toru's mind still slumbered, when, in her thirteenth year, her father decided to take his daughters to Europe to learn English and French. To the end of her days Toru was a better French than English scholar. She loved France best, she knew its literature best, she wrote its language with more perfect elegance. The Dutt family arrived in Europe at the close of 1869, and the girls went to school, for the first and last time, at a French pension. They did not remain there very many months; their father took them to Italy and England with him, and finally they attended for a short time, but with great zeal and application, the lectures for women at Cambridge. In November, 1873, they went back again to Bengal, and the four remaining years of Toru's life were spent in the old garden-house at Calcutta, in a feverish dream of intellectual effort and imaginative production. When we consider what she achieved in these forty-five months of seclusion, it is impossible to wonder that the frail and hectic body succumbed under so excessive a strain.

She brought with her from Europe a store of knowledge that would have sufficed to make an English or French girl seem learned, but which in her case was simply miraculous. Immediately on her return she began to study Sanskrit with the same intense application which she gave to all her work, and mastering the language with extraordinary swiftness, she plunged into its mysterious literature. But she was born to write, and despairing of an audience in her own language, she began to adopt ours as a medium for her thought. Her first essay, published when she was eighteen, was a monograph in the *Bengal Magazine*, on Leconte

de Lisle, a writer with whom she had a sympathy which is very easy to comprehend. The austere poet of *La Mort de Valmiki* was, obviously, a figure to whom the poet of *Sindhu* must needs be attracted on approaching European literature. This study, which was illustrated by translations into English verse, was followed by another on Joséphin Soulay, in whom she saw more than her maturer judgment might have justified.

There is something very interesting and now, alas! still more pathetic in these sturdy and workmanlike essays in unaided criticism. Still more solitary her work became, in July, 1874, when her only sister died, at the age of twenty. She seems to have been no less amiable than her sister, and if gifted with less originality and a less forcible ambition, to have been finely accomplished. Both sisters were well-trained musicians, with full contralto voices, and Aru had a faculty for design which was promised well. The romance of Mlle. D'Arvers was originally projected for Aru to illustrate, but no page of this book did Aru ever see.

In 1876, as we have seen, appeared that obscure first volume at Bhowanipore. The *Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* is certainly the most imperfect of Toru's writings, but it is not the least interesting. It is a wonderful mixture of strength and weakness, of genius overriding great obstacles and of talent succumbing to ignorance and inexperience. That it should have been performed at all is so extraordinary that we forget to be surprised at its inequality. The English verse is sometimes exquisite; at other times the rules of our prosody are absolutely ignored, and it is obvious that the Hindu poetess was chanting to herself a music that is discord in an English ear. The notes are no less curious, and to a stranger no less bewildering. Nothing could be more naïve than the writer's ignorance at some points, or more startling than her learning at others.

On the whole, that attainment of the book was simply astounding. It consisted of a selection of translations from nearly one hundred French poets, chosen by the poetess herself on a principle of her own which gradually dawned upon the careful reader.

We have already seen that the *Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* attracted the very minimum of attention in England. In France it was talked about a little more. M. Garcin de Tassy, the famous Orientalist, who scarcely survived Toru by twelve months, spoke of it to Mlle. Clarisse Bader, author of a somewhat remarkable book on the position of women in ancient Indian society. Almost simultaneously this volume fell into the hands of Toru, and she was moved to translate it into English, for the use of Hindus less instructed than herself. In January, 1877, she accordingly wrote to Mlle. Bader requesting her authorization, and received a prompt and kind reply. On the 18th of March Toru wrote again to this, her solitary correspondent in the world of European literature, and her letter, which has been preserved, shows that she had already descended into the valley of the shadow of death:

"Ma constitution n'est pas forte; j'ai contracté une toux opiniâtre, il y a plus de deux ans, qui ne me quitte point. Cependant j'espère mettre la main à l'œuvre bientôt. Je ne peux dire, mademoiselle, combien votre affection—car vous les aimez, votre

livre et votre lettre en témoignent assez—pour mes compatriotes et mon pays me touche; et je suis fière de pouvoir le dire que les héroïnes de nos grandes épopées sont dignes de tout honneur et de tout amour. Y a-t-il d'héroïne plus touchante, plus aimable que Sita? Je ne le crois pas. Quand j'entends ma mère chanter, le soir, les vieux chants de notre pays, je pleure presque toujours. La plainte de Sita, quand, bannie pour la seconde fois, elle erre dans la vaste forêt, seule, le désespoir et l'effroi dans l'âme, est si pathétique qu'il n'y a personne, je crois, qui puisse l'entendre sans verser des larmes. Je vous envoie sous ce pli deux petites traductions du Sanscrit, cette belle langue antique. Malheureusement j'ai été obligée de faire cesser mes traductions de Sanscrit, il y a six mois. Ma santé ne me permet pas de les continuer."

These simple and pathetic words, in which the dying poetess pours out her heart to the one friend she had, and that one gained too late, seem as touching and as beautiful as any strain of Marceline Valmore's immortal verse. In English poetry I do not remember anything that exactly parallels their resigned melancholy. Before the month of March was over, Toru had taken to her bed. Unable to write, she continued to read, strewing her sick room with the latest European books, and entering with interest into the questions raised by the *Société Asiatique* of Paris in its printed *Transactions*. On the 30th of July she wrote her last letter to Mlle. Clarisse Bader, and a month later, on the 30th of August, 1877, at the age of twenty-one years, six months and twenty-six days, she breathed her last in her father's house in Maniktollah Street, Calcutta.

In the first distraction of grief it seemed as though her unequalled promise had been entirely blighted, and as though she would be remembered only by her single book. But as her father examined her papers, one completed work after another revealed itself. First a selection from the sonnets of the Comte de Grammont, translated into English, turned up, and was printed in a Calcutta magazine. Much more important, however, than any of these was a complete romance, written in French, being the identical story for which her sister Aru had proposed to make the illustrations. In the meantime Toru was no sooner dead than she began to be famous. In May, 1878, there appeared a second edition of the *Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*, with a touching sketch of her death, by her father; and in 1879 was published, under the editorial care of Mlle. Clarisse Bader, the romance of *Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers*, forming a handsome volume of 259 pages. This book, begun as it appears before the family returned from Europe, and finished nobody knows when, is an attempt to describe scenes from modern French society, but it is less interesting as an experiment of the fancy, than as a revelation of the mind of a young Hindu woman of genius. The story is simple, clearly told, and interesting; the studies of character have nothing French about them, but they are full of vigor and originality. The description of the hero is most characteristically Indian. In it we seem to recognize some Surya or Soma of Hindu mythology, and the final touch, meaningless as applied to a European, reminds us that in India whiteness of skin has always been a sign of aristocratic birth, from the days when

it originally distinguished the conquering Aryas from the genous race of the Dasyous.

As a literary composition Mlle. D'Arvers deserves considerable commendation. It deals with the ungovernable passion of two brothers for one placid and beautiful girl, a passion which leads to fratricide and madness. That it is a very melancholy and tragical story is obvious from this brief suggestion of its contents, but it is remarkable for coherence and self-restraint no less than for vigor of treatment. Toru Dutt never sinks to melodrama in the course of her extraordinary tale, and the wonder is that she is not more often fantastic and unreal.

But I believe that the original English poems, which I presented to the public for the first time in 1882, will be ultimately found to constitute Toru's chief legacy to posterity. These ballads form the last and most matured of her writings, and were left so far fragmentary at her death that the fourth and fifth in her projected series of nine were not to be discovered in any form among her papers. It is probable that she had not even commenced them. Her father, therefore, to give a certain continuity to the series, filled up these blanks with two stories from the Vishnupurana which originally appeared respectively in the *Calcutta Review* and in the *Bengal Magazine*. These are interesting, but a little rude in form, and they have not the same peculiar value as the rhymed octo-syllabic ballads. In these last we see Toru no longer attempting vainly, though heroically, to compete with European literature on its own ground, but turning to the legends of her own race and country for inspiration. No modern Oriental has given us so strange an insight into the conscience of the Asiatic as is presented in the stories of Prehlad, and of Savitri, or so quaint a piece of religious fancy as the ballad of Jogadhya Uma. The poetess seems in these verses to be chanting to herself those songs of her mother's race to which she always turned with tears of pleasure. They breathe a Vedic solemnity and simplicity of temper, and are singularly devoid of that littleness and frivolity which seem, if I may judge by a slight experience, to be the bane of modern Indian literature.

As to the merely technical character of the poems, it may be suggested that in spite of much in them that is rough and inchoate, they show that Toru was advancing in her mastery of English verse. Such a stanza as this, selected out of many no less skillful, could hardly be recognized as the work of one by whom the language was a late acquirement:

"What glorious trees! the sombre saul,
On which the eye delights to rest,
The Betel-nut, a pillar tall,
With feathery branches for a crest,
The light-leaved tamarind spreading wide,
The pale, faint-scented bitter neem,
The seemul gorgeous as a bride,
With flowers that have the ruby's gleam."

In other passages, of course, the text reads like a translation from some stirring ballad, and we feel that it gives but a faint and discordant echo of the music welling in Toru's brain. For it must frankly be confessed that in the brief May-day of her existence she had not time to master our language as Blanco White did, or as Chamisso mastered Ger-

man. To the end of her days, fluent and graceful as she was, she was not entirely conversant with English, especially with the colloquial character of modern speech. Often a very fine thought is spoiled for hypercritical ears by the queer turn of expression which she has innocently given to it. These faults are found to a much smaller degree in her miscellaneous poems. Her sonnets, printed in 1882, seem to me to be of great beauty, and her longer piece entitled *Our Casuarina Tree*, needs no apology for its rich and mellifluous numbers:

"Like a huge python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose."

"When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes—and most in winter—on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that boar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring like snow enmassed."

"Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose;
Dearer than life to me, alas! were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale,
Under whose awful branches lingered pale
'Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
And Time the shadow'; and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh! fain rehearse,
May love defend thee from Oblivion's curse."

It is difficult to exaggerate when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honors which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who before the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth. And her courage and fortitude were worthy of her intelligence. Among last words of celebrated people, that which her father has recorded, "It is only the physical pain that makes me cry," is not the least remarkable, or the least significant of strong character. It was to a native of our island, and to one ten years senior to Toru, to whom it was said, in words more appropriate, surely, to her than to Oldham,

"Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness, and maturing time
But mellow what we write to the dull sweets of Rime."

That mellow sweetness was all that Toru lacked to perfect her as an English poet, and of no other Oriental who has ever lived can the same be said. When the history of the literature of our country comes to be written, there is sure to be a page in it dedicated to this fragile exotic blossom of song.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

A Hoose o' Oor Ain..... Wm. Lyle..... Home Journal

O' a' the gifts a guid Providence sends,—
 The flowers, the sunshine, the rain,—
 Naething comes nearer the heart o' a man,
 Hooe'er sae simple an' homely its plan,
 Than a wee bit hoose o' his ain.

There needs nae battlements roon' its plain wa's,
 Nae turrets to mak' his heart vain;
 He'll no' miss a big ha' wi' pictures rare
 An' gran' velvet carpets on ilka stair,
 Wha prizes a hoose o' his ain.

True happiness cares na to seek the great;
 It looks na far silks in its train;
 He's mair than a king, his eye is aye licht,
 Wha thinks o' nae ill frae mornin' till nicht,
 But smiles in a hoose o' his ain.

The wife an' the bairnies sing a' day lang;
 They never tak' time to complain;
 Nae lan'lord tirls at the door for his rent;
 What mair wad ye hae to mak' ye content
 Than a wee bit hoose o' yer ain?

Though scant be oor fare, we maunna forget
 Warl's wealth canna save us frae pain;
 An' beggar or king can claim nothing mair
 Frae earth at last than mortality's share,—
 A wee narrow hoose o' his ain.

Irish Song..... London Spectator

When Carroll asked Kate for her heart and a hand
 That crotrowled just a hundred good acres of land,
 Her lovely brown eyes
 Went wild with surprise,
 And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy demand;
 "Young Carroll Maginn,
 Put the beard to your chin
 And the change in your purse, if a wife you would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow,
 And off to the Diggins lampooned from the plough;
 Till the beard finely grown,
 And the pockets full-blown,
 Says he: "Maybe Kate might be kind to me now!"
 So home my lad came,
 Colonel Carty by name,
 To try a fresh fling at his cruel ould flame.

But when Colonel Carty in splendor steps in,
 For all his grand airs and great beard to his chin,
 "Och! lave me alone!"
 Cried Kate with a groan.
 "For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll Maginn."
 "Hush sobbing this minute,
 'Tis Carroll that's in it!
 I've caged you at last, thin, my wild little linnet."

The 'Eathen..... Rudyard Kipling..... McClure's Magazine

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
 'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
 'E keeps 'is side arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about;
 An' then comes up the Regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

*All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
 All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
 All along of abby-nay,* kul,† and hazar-ho;‡
 Mind yer keep your rifle an' your kit jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
 They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is matrass square;
 'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
 An' then up comes 'is Company, an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard,
 'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard,
 'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by an' by.
 An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e talks o' suicide;
 'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't found 'is pride;
 But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
 Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

*Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
 Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
 Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho;
 Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'is kit jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suif;
 You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;
 'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings,
 An' 'e shows an' 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

The cruel tyrant Sergeants, they watch 'im 'arf a year;
 They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer;
 They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,
 And the cruel tyrant Sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet;
 'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;
 They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can;
 But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper, an' 'e learns to know 'is man.

* Not now. † To-morrow. ‡ Wait a bit.

An', last, a Color Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade;
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
An' so 'e talks to Officers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again;
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk;
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin', 'e'll see their socks are right;
An' when it comes to action, 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight;
'E knows their ways of thinkin' an' just what's in their mind;
'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corp'ral that leads a squad astray;
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust;
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
So like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommonly stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step, an' keepin' touch.
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op;
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em, they'd be all about the shop.

An' now it's "Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "Oo comes on?"
An' now it's "Get the doolies"; an' now the Captain's gone;
An' now it's bloody murder; but all the while they 'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrack-drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!*

*Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess;
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!*

When De Co'n Pone's Hot....Paul Lawrence Dunbar....Poems

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go
Jes' a rattlin' down creation
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When the worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a pickaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
Twell it seems about to slop.
An' you feel jes' lak a rasah
Dat is trainin' fo' to trot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary like an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed,
An' perhaps a little mad,
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt,
When de oven do' is opened
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why de 'lectric light o' heaven
Seems to settle on de spot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When the cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon's good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a sputter'n'
So's to show you whah dey's at,
Take away yo' sody biscuit,
Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it's 'proachin' very nigh;
An' you want to jump an' hollah
Do' you know you'd bettah not—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,
An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone.
But dem wuds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech the softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, whose dialect verses entitled *When De Co'n Pone's Hot*, appear on another page of *Current Literature*, is preparing a new edition of his poems, for which Mr. William Dean Howells has written an introduction. Dodd, Mead & Company are to be the publishers.

Gertrude Atherton has written a stirring tale for boys. The scene is laid in California in the early days of the century.

Death has entered the "little window" at Thrums, and a newly turfed grave in the cemetery at Kirriemuir marks the resting place of the leal-hearted heroine and kindly custodian of his youth, immortalized in Barrie's delightful story. Jess was for years an invalid, whose only outlook upon the world was the little window of the house on the brae, and a card attached to the wreath of flowers placed upon her grave bears the words: "To the memory of my oldest friend. J. M. Barrie." The Scribners announce "a very beautiful edition of Barrie's works" called the Thistle edition.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is again at her home in Randolph after a summer in the White Mountains where she has been at work finishing her new novel, *Jerome, a Poor Man*.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould writes at a high desk, in a standing position, with a quill pen, which flies over the paper. To this Spartan habit Mr. Baring-Gould attributes the fact that his long years of literary labor have not produced in his strong, wiry form the slightest stoop. You would say, indeed, that this tireless brain worker of sixty must have something Gladstonian in his physique could you see him wielding the axe in the well-timbered grounds which surround his picturesque home, Dartmoor, which is the manor house and parsonage too of the little English village of Low Trenchard.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has two working desks, one in her own house at South Berwick, and one in the house of Mrs. Fields at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where so many of her summer and autumn days are spent.

There is soon to come out in this country a biography of Nansen the explorer. The writers are two of his countrymen, who are his intimate friends, and William Archer will make the translation.

Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes was recently the guest of Lord Chief Justice Russell at a dinner party in London. In commenting on the fact the *London Law Journal* said: "The son of the genial Autocrat is among the best equipped lawyers on either side of the Atlantic. His book on *The Common Law*, which he wrote several years ago, is one of the most erudite legal works ever published."

Eleanor Stuart, author of *Stonepastures*, is the daughter of a member of the New York bar. She was born in New Jersey, June 24, 1873, and was educated by governesses at home, and also at a private school in Philadelphia, where she showed a pre-

dilection for literature and for music. Later she published a few short stories. Among her relatives were well known writers, whose suggestions and criticisms she acknowledges with gratitude. Her first book was the strong and original study of life in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, *Stonepastures*. The author, whose nom de plume only is given in this sketch, is understood to be devoting herself to other literary work, as well as to her music and social engagements.

Beginning with the double autumn number of *Poet-Lore*, it and the *Magazine of Poetry* have consolidated.

Miss Jane Barlow is described by one who has seen her in her home, near Dublin, as "tall and slight, with a shy, girlish look, and a manner most charmingly unaffected. She has auburn hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and at times her face lights up with a merry look, and she gives you one of those flashes of humor which recall the sayings of the happy-go-lucky peasants of Lisconnel."

A Berlin dispatch to the *London Standard* says that Anton Rubinstein left a voluminous work, containing not only his opinions on musical subjects, but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life. It consists of aphorisms and brief accounts of his experiences.

R. K. Munkittrick has written a quatrain that reminds one of that famous couplet of "J. K. S.": "Where the Rudyard's cease from Kipling and the Haggards Ride no more." Referring to the unhappy author he says: "He is happy as he capers on the ever-golden shore, where the Houghtons cease from Mifflin and the Harpers harp no more."

In the *Journal of the De Goncourts*, Pierre Loti is described as "a little thin man, with deep-set eyes, sensuous nose, and a die-away voice like that of an invalid. He is very taciturn and horribly timid; you have literally to drag words out of him. He described quite as an everyday thing, how a sailor falling into the sea in stormy weather the chaplain pronounced absolution from the bridge on the unfortunate wretch thus left to perish. When Daudet asked Viaud (Loti) if he belonged to a naval family, he answered in the simplest manner possible: 'Yes; one of my uncles was eaten on the raft of the Medusa.'"

Herman Melville, whose once popular books, *Typee* and *Omoo*, tales of the South seas, are being republished, and are reviewed in *The Library Table*, page 472, of this number, was a sailor when he was quite young. After his sea life was done he settled down in Massachusetts, married the daughter of a chief justice, of Boston, and began his literary life most prosperously.

Mr. Abraham Cahan, author of *Yekl*, was born in Wilna, Lithuania, in 1860. He was the son of a teacher of Hebrew, and grandson of a rabbi, became a school teacher, and had to leave the country to escape arrest as a member of a revolutionary party. He reached New York in 1882, and while studying

English worked in a factory. Then for ten years he taught English to his countrymen in a night school. He is now editor of a Yiddish publication.

It appears that the very clever sketch called *My Financial Career*, which was published in *Romance* as from *The Bookkeeper*, originally appeared in *Life*, to which journal it should have been credited. It is one of the wittiest sketches of the day and may be found by anyone who desires to read it in the Easter number of *Life* for 1895.

Mr. Clement Shorter, best known as the editor of many papers, was recently married in London to Miss Dora Sigerson. The wedding brought together a number of noted literary people.

The late Lord Lilford, in his recently published work on the birds of Northamptonshire, England, tells this story of a singular incident which occurred in one of his frequent visits to Spain: "I first learned," he says, "the news of President Abraham Lincoln's murder from a scrap of a Spanish newspaper found in the nest of a kite by my climber, Agapo, near Aranjuez."

Mrs. Ward tells a good story in McClure's of Whittier. He was driving a restless horse, and with him in the buggy was Lucy Larcom, talking a continuous stream of brilliant ideas, deeply interesting to the poet. The horse, however, grew more and more unmanageable, perfectly uninfluenced by the high-minded company behind it, and after Whittier had struggled with him awhile he exclaimed: "Lucy, if thee do not stop talking till I get this horse in hand, thee will be in heaven before thee wants to."

The scene of William Black's novel *Briseis*, is now said to be Deeside, and the region around the Queen's Highland home. This part of Scotland has not often been used in novels, as most of the recent writers keep on the southern side of the Grampian hills.

No memorial to Sir Walter Scott exists in Westminster Abbey. A committee has now been formed for the erection of a proper memorial in the Abbey. At the first meeting, which took place in Mr. John Murray's house, in a room where Scott and Byron had held converse, Dean Bradley stated that there is but little available space left for the purpose, and it is likely that the Scott memorial will be placed in the overcrowded corner near the main entrance. The memorial will probably be in the form of Chantrey's bust, which was considered by Scott himself, by Lockhart, and by others who knew the great novelist, as the best portrait of him in existence.

Zola's *Rome* has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius.

It is pleasant to find an older writer praising a young one so heartily as Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard has praised Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, the young Californian author. Mr. Stoddard says his story of Chinese child life in San Francisco, *The Cat and the Cherub*, is the best short piece of fiction produced in the United States in a decade.

The *Young Ladies' Magazine*, of Buffalo, has been absorbed by the *Home Magazine*, ofinghamton, and Miss M. A. Barney, editor of the former publication, has joined the *Home Magazine*

staff. Mr. James Breck Perkins, author of *France Under Richelieu* and *Mazarin*, and *France Under the Regency*, has been engaged to contribute to the magazine a monthly review of events.

A second edition of Sir Walter Besant's *The Master Craftsman* is now on the press, and will be in readiness at the time of the publication of his new work, *The City of Refuge*.

Gilbert Parker, the author of *The Seats of the Mighty*, was born in 1861 in Canada, where his father, an artillery officer, had settled some years before. He grew up in the Dominion, and for a time held a lectureship at Trinity College.

Joseph I. C. Clarke, who has been commissioned by Henry Irving to write a play on a Revolutionary subject, has been a journalist in New York for twenty-five years. He has written two or three books of poems, which have attracted much favorable critical comment, although their sale was limited.

Rudyard Kipling was recently offered a handsome price for his Vermont residence, but refused to sell. He intimated that he would occupy it permanently after next year.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has for many months been gathering material for his romance, *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, which is to be the leading serial of *The Century* during the coming year. The novel is a story of the Revolutionary War and of Philadelphia society during the period from 1753 to 1783.

Through an error of the London Minstrel from which we copied it, the poem, *Love's Rosary*, which appeared on page 306 of the October number of *Current Literature*, was wrongly attributed to Edgar Saltus. Mr. Saltus in calling our attention to the error, writes: "I am not the author. I wish I were." Robert Cameron Rogers is the rightful author of the poem, which is to be found in his volume of verse, entitled *The Wind in the Clearing*.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous German historian, who will be eighty next year, is of the opinion that the pursuit of literature, particularly the study of history, contributes to longevity. He thinks that Leopold von Ranke, who died in his ninety-first year, attained the average age of the historian.

An effort is being made to establish a new scholarship in Columbia University as a memorial to the late H. C. Bunner. To this end, Messrs. Lawrence Hutton and Paine and Prof. Brander Matthews call upon Mr. Bunner's friends to pledge a fund of \$1,000. The income will be awarded annually to the student who shall write the best essay on some theme connected with American literature.

Jules Lemaitre, who is in some respects the greatest of the two or three great French dramatic critics, has resigned his position on the *Journal des Débats*. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has secured his services.

A writer in the *Saturday Review* describes Andrew Lang as "this master of apt, entertaining allusion, knowledge, extensive reading, chopped fine, perhaps, but certainly not digested, a kind of lawyer's knowledge of literary precedent. And nothing further, save only more knowledge and still more knowledge."

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The Riches of Chaucer. By Charles Cowden Clarke. To many readers of English verse that of Chaucer presents so great difficulties that far too few know what beautiful thought and imagery it contains and how marvelously life-like are his delineations of character. Whether it be of Knight or Scrivener, Miller or Priest, we know at almost a word and with convincing force that such and so were those that peopled England in the days of Geoffrey Chaucer. But the quaint expressions and now obsolete forms of many words, the varying orthography — often adopted by the great poet to meet the exigencies of rhythm or metre, in short what seems to us now an odd jumble of many tongues, and which in the fourteenth century was the language of England, has raised a barrier which few of these days surmount in order to view the fair country beyond. Mr. Clarke has therefore done great service in bringing even a part of Chaucer's beauties within the ken of the great mass of readers, and although we, ourselves, should have preferred that his original plan of editing a complete edition of the poet's works had been carried out, we must feel thankful that even so much has been accomplished and that the publishers have been sufficiently encouraged to issue this second edition. It cannot be said that all of Mr. Clarke's excisions and omissions will commend themselves to those familiar with Chaucer's poems in their entirety, but this is a long-standing cause of difference between editors and the reading public, and, on the whole, Mr. Clarke has acquitted himself well of an extremely onerous and delicate task. (The Macmillan Company, cloth, \$2.00.)

Typee. By Herman Melville. Even though half a century has elapsed since Herman Melville gave to the world *Typee* — his first and best work — it is a constant surprise to those who remember the delight with which, in earlier days, they read this spirited and charming story that with younger readers it should not rank as the first among books of romantic adventure and travel. Where, except in Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, shall we find such graphic pictures of fore-castle life, with its rapid alternations of jollity, misery and grim despair? where shall we look for such visions of a tropical paradise as Melville's facile pen called up for us after his voluntary exile to the Marquesas islands? Nowadays we read Clark Russell, who after all is largely indebted to his predecessors for much that is good in his mechanically-ground-out stories, while the brilliant and really original works of Michael Scott, Capt. Chamier, Marryatt and Melville are either out of print or remain on the shelves unread. Occasionally, however, some publisher with more taste and daring than his contemporaries blows the dust from one or other of these worthies and brings out a new edition, and when doing so should meet with every possible encouragement and commendation. The American Publishers Corporation are now engaged in this good work and are issuing Melville's stories in a 50-cent edition, nicely printed and illustrated. Among these have already appeared *Typee*, *Omoo*, *Moby Dick* and *The White Jacket*, — these being the best known of the writer's tales, and those on which his reputation was mainly founded. (The American Publishers Corporation, 50 cents.)

What They Say in New England. A Book of Signs, Sayings and Superstitions collected by Clifton Johnson, author of *The New England Country*. Mr. Johnson has here gathered and given us in the language in which he received them the odd sayings, rhymes, and superstitions which are or have been current in New England. The volume was begun with the idea of collecting for private entertainment the remnants of folk-lore which are in constant use in many New England households. Not only was the number found

to be remarkable, but according to the compiler, the amount of belief still held in them is astonishing. While the majority of these sayings have a foreign ancestry they have been changed materially in many instances by being given a peculiarly local twist. For convenience, the matter is classified under numerous headings, such as money, luck, warts, tea grounds, snakes, love and sentiment, weather, etc., each of which is introduced by an appropriate design. The book is unique in style as well as in character, and will be found of singular interest to all and of special value to all lovers of folk-lore. (Lee & Shepard, cloth, \$1.25.)

Stories of American Life and Adventure. By Edward Eggleston. The aim of this volume, which is intended to be used as a school reader, is to supply matter simple in style and sufficiently interesting to hold the scholar's attention, to cultivate interest in narratives of fact, and to make the reader acquainted with American life and manners in other times. The stories and sketches relate mainly to earlier times and conditions very different from those of our own day, and covering in a general way the whole of our vast country. (American Book Co., cloth.)

A Harmony of the Life of St. Paul. By Rev. Frank J. Goodwin. This book is designed as a handbook for students. It is called a harmony because the author has endeavored to blend the history of Paul's life as given in the Acts of the Apostles, with selections from the Pauline Epistles. Luke's history of the Apostle's life is taken as a basis, and is printed entire, and to it are added such passages from Paul's letters, written at different times, and with various purposes, as are parallel or supplementary to the Acts. The text used is the Authorized Version, but the most radical changes in the Revised Version are indicated in the notes and indexes. Special attention has been given to Paul's companions and the chronology of the apostle's life. (American Tract Society, cloth, \$1.75.)

A Child of Tuscany. By Marguerita Bouvet. It is a charming story, this history of little Raffaello, the child of one of the most noble families in all Italy. When he was a babe, hardly able to walk, he was lost in the Gardens of Boboli. He was found by Faustina, a peasant woman, who took him to her cot where she lived with Minnetto, a beautiful Tuscan cat. This was all at Galuzzo, a little village of Italy. The story describes the growth of the boy, his life and little adventures, his selling flowers in the streets of Florence, and his acquaintance with Camillo, a coachman, who restores little Raffaello to family and prosperity. It is a delightful little story from first to last, natural, simple and beautiful. It is not merely for young folks. Like *Little Lord Fauntleroy* it will be pleasing to many other readers who have not lost appreciation of the charms of purity and simplicity. (A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth.)

Guns and Cavalry. Their Performance in the Past and their Prospect in the Future. By Major E. S. May, R. A. With plans and illustrations. This book in the Pall Mall Magazine Library gives an account of the united action of cavalry and artillery, as illustrated by examples from military history, and principles which underlay their training together in the past, and the tactics which should be adopted to insure their due coöperation in the future. The lessons of war are studied and examined with a view to what they may teach us in the present day. The work is illustrated with diagrams of various battles and actions, portraits of distinguished cavalry and artillery leaders, and several battle pictures. "That some words on the action of guns and cavalry may not, however, just now be superfluous," says the author in his preface, "when the problem of their application

is far more complicated than it was before scientific ingenuity had invaded successfully the realm of the gun-constructor, is shown by the interest the subject has within the last year or two aroused; and, moreover, there is a special interest which always hangs about the tactics of these arms." (Roberts Brothers, cloth, \$1.25.)

Trooper Ross and Signal Butte. Captain Charles King has shown himself a fit chronicler of soldier life in camp and field. He has love for his subject, a quick eye for effects and for striking episodes, and a happy, manly way of telling his story. These two tales for boys are especially live and interesting. Trooper Ross was a plucked West Pointer, who, despite his failure to pass his examinations, determines to be a soldier, and so enlists, and proves the nerve and stamina necessary to be a soldier and one of high character. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illustrated.)

Contes et Legendes. By H. A. Guerber. This collection of Fairy Tales and Legends, in two handy volumes for convenient use, is intended as an introduction to general French literature. The stories are narrated as graphically as possible to arouse an interest in the plot and to stimulate curiosity, thereby inducing the pupil to read to the end. In the first part the stories are told in the simplest manner possible, the same words and idioms being often repeated to secure fluency and the memorizing of all the words in common use. In the second part the new words are not repeated so frequently, because any pupil having gone through the first part, has already secured a fair vocabulary and has learned to remember the new words with comparative ease. These stories have been used with pupils of all ages and at different stages of progress with most gratifying results, either with or without the accompaniment of a grammar. The most successful methods for using the stories in teaching the language and introducing pupils to the great literature, of which the French people are deservedly so proud, is indicated in each of the books by the author, and can be easily employed by any teacher of the language. (American Book Co., each part 60 cents.)

The Release, or Caroline's French Kindred. By Charlotte Yonge. The stirring period of the "days of terror" in France is the time of this story. It is divided into two parts, between which there is but little coherence. Caroline's Defiance, the first half of the book, gives her early life in a French Convent, where she is noted for her patriotism as an English girl. She has the temerity to defy the French fleet and has to leave France because of her so doing. Her married life is touched upon in the second part entitled *The Release*, which is concerned with the love affairs of a nun who is released from her vows by the Pope so that she may marry the man of her choice. Many exciting episodes are described in the book. (The Macmillan Company, cloth, \$1.50.)

Songs of the Soul. By Joaquin Miller. There are but seven poems in this volume; the three longest are *Sappho and Phaon*, *Sunset and Dawn in San Diego*, and *A Song of the Soundless River*. The effect of the work on an appreciative reader is well described by Lucius Harwood Foote in *The Wave*. "His poetry is an inspiration, not an art. It may lack the charm of moderation, but it has the splendor of exuberance. His is the gift of untrammelled speech, which Swinburne has, which all the barbaric bards from Homer to Ossian have had. He utters the oracle as he feels and sees it, and does not wait to weigh and to fathom, to adjust and readjust. His very mannerisms serve only to accentuate the virility of his thought and the wealth of his expression. His verse may run riot, but it is the riot of sound and of color. In *Sappho and Phaon* he has invaded the realm of the preternatural, and has thus given us a new creation. Concede that it is a vagary; so is the *Ancient Mariner*, and for that matter, so are *Paradise Lost*, and the *Divine Comedy*. It may be a meager plot on which to hang a pur-

pose; but it is a moving chaos of splendid visions, the war of the elements, the terror of the tempest, replete with action, intense and resistless. Beneath the poet's magic touch land and sea are ablaze with insufferable light, or wrapped in impenetrable darkness." (Whittaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.)

Leisure Lines. By Helen Chaffee. Illustrated by Noble Ives. A handsomely bound volume of poems which embodies the humorous, the sentimental, and the pathetic, each in its particular sense being strongly rendered. Aside from this, the author has truthfully depicted not a few distinct varieties of dialect. Her style of versification, though simple and sometimes homely, is always free from flaws. Her subjects are throughout entertaining; a person must be dull indeed who can fail to be delighted with them. Miss Chaffee shows great aptitude, in many of her verses, in the manner in which she brings about surprising effects in her climaxes, which are oftentimes skillfully rounded up in a last line touch. One has only to read Guido Rem's *Confession* to be convinced as to her skill in versification. Where will one find pathos more touching than is expressed in *Mine Leedle Von*? Altogether, the book contains much to delight one, and will bear many readings. (The Editor Publishing Company, Franklin, Ohio, cloth.)

A Faithful Traitor. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands, author of *My Pretty Jane* and *The Spell of Ursula*. This latest story of this popular novelist introduces us to quite a new circle of English aristocrats, who oscillate between London and the provinces, and do those things which all English swells are wont to do through the changing seasons. But around this social nucleus is formed a love story full of sad and bright places, which possesses in a marked degree the power that has hitherto characterized Miss Rowlands at her best. Elizabeth Druro is the heroine, Sir Anthony Peile the hero. Elizabeth is the companion and supposed heir of her rich grandmother, Mrs. Latimer. This queer old lady dies, and leaves all her money to Richard Saville, who is the guardian of Sir Anthony. Both he and his ward are in love with Elizabeth, and when Sir Anthony seems on the point of winning her, his "dear old Dick" turns traitor and reveals that the youth has a wife in America. Based upon this difficult situation, the story proceeds to a climax which we shall not anticipate. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, \$1.00.)

Effie Hetherington. By Robert Buchanan. The love of Richard Douglas, a stern, misanthropic Scotch laird, did not blossom till after he was thirty, then it came like a tornado, sweeping everything before it. It was the tremendous love of the old romances, so fierce that nothing could stay it. It was wasted on Effie, who was in love in a quarter where her affections should never have been bestowed. As in all of Mr. Buchanan's work there are sensational situations and melodramatic colorings, yet the story is interesting. One rebels at so much love going to waste as Douglas squandered on Effie, even though he was only a sour, gnarly laird. It was like pouring precious water on the ungrateful sand of the desert. (Roberts Brothers, cloth, \$1.50.)

The Bible Text-Book gives references to the principal texts relating to the persons, places and subjects occurring in the Holy Scriptures arranged with a variety of useful supplementary data, comprising chronological indexes, tables of weights and measures, synopsis of the harmony of the Gospels, a list of all prophecies concerning Christ, and proper names of the Bible with their meaning and pronunciation. The work is extremely valuable to clergymen, teachers and Bible students, and is remarkably cheap in price for a work of more than 250 pages. (American Tract Society, 16mo, cloth, 25 cents.)

The Mammoth Hunters, an Alaskan Story. By Willis Boyd Allen. Illustrated by Joseph H. Hatfield. It is an entertaining set of tales of adventure that Mr. Allen is writing

under the title of Camp and Tramp Series, and one of the best of the series is this story of adventure in Alaska, which Mr. Allen calls *The Mammoth Hunters*. Three bright New York boys, who have traveled before, go to Alaska on a bone-hunting expedition—that is, on a search for ivory among the remains of the great prehistoric monster, known as the mammoth, traces of which exist in Alaska. How they fared and what they found, Mr. Allen has told with all the accompaniments of a breathless and exciting, but a healthy and instructive story of adventure. The tale of their doings is stirring from the start, and is certain to attract, to hold and to enlighten all lovers of incident, accident and successful effort. (Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

A Marriage by Capture. By Robert Buchanan. It is in County Mayo, Ireland, that Catherine Blake, the wealthy and beautiful owner of Castle Craig, lives. She in unmistakable terms declares her preference for the old method of "marriage by capture," and gives fair warning that the man who wants her must steal her. Shortly after this she suddenly disappears, and her cousin Patrick Blake, a ne'er-do-weel in love with her, is accused of abducting her. Of course, as in all fiction the man who it seems certain is guilty is always innocent, so it is in the case of Mr. Blake. Catherine reappears in her home as mysteriously as she disappeared and will give no account of where she has been. The story is bright, clever and interesting, though it is wildly improbable. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

The Crooked Stick. By Rolf Boldrewood. This story deals chiefly with the love affairs of Pollie Devereaux, who like the character in the fable "went through the wood and through the wood," passing by many a good straight branch always wanting something better, but finding a crooked stick at last. The crooked stick was Bertram Devereaux, worldly-weary, hopelessly blasé, tired even of being tired. He is loved by a married woman, who hopes to make him No. 2 as soon as she can win for herself the title of widow, either actual or brevet. She doesn't behave in as ladylike a way as she might when she finds his love cooling. She writes a letter "explaining all" to Pollie. But, alas, the story ends with Pollie's "errant woman's heart finding rest, relief and safety on the manly breast of Harold Atherstone." This is a good story, for Boldrewood always writes well, but it isn't his best. (The Macmillan Company, cloth.)

Defence of the Organon of Rational Medicine. By Friedrich Hahnemann. Translated by R. E. Dudgeon, M. D. This book, like many other important works, had to creep into the world under a subterfuge. It was really written by the founder of homœopathy, though credited to his son, and now for the first time printed in English. The attacks upon the new system made by Professor Hecker of Dresden, and carried on for a period of nearly fifteen years had become so rancorous and calumnious that Dr. Hahnemann determined to answer all objections as he felt his great discovery showed signs of being swamped by the accumulations of jealousy and adverse criticism. He scorned to enter the lists against his enemies personally and so he did it vicariously, shielded by the name of his son. The work seems to answer all objections made to his teaching and deals heavy blows at the orthodox school. (Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia, cloth.)

In Sight of the Goddess. By Harriet Riddle Davis. This little book is the clever autobiography of Stephen Barradale, the last member of an old Washington family who accepts the position of private secretary to a member of the Cabinet. In reality his duties are to be social lackey to the wife, to keep my lady's visiting-book, to order her state functions, to teach her what to do and what not to do, to guide the little craft of her social ambition and aspiration over the rocks and shoals of society's waters. It is a peculiar position this, a kind of private Ward McAllister in a closet on social affairs. He falls in love

with the daughter of the house; this of course being one of the things that does not come within the line of duty of a private secretary. In alternating chapters we have the autobiography of the young lady in question. It is a bright picture of Washington life and society and will be found entertaining and readable. (J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

In the Heart of the Hills. By Sherwin Cody. A new teller of the life of the plain country folk is Mr. Cody, who has given a most interesting story set in the hills of New Hampshire. Alec Howe, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, is destined by his father for business cares and duties. His determination to enter the field of law displeases his father and young Alec is discarded. He accepts a position on a farm as a first step toward the attainment of his desires. Here he falls in love with Maud Bennett, a farmer's daughter, and it is their friendship and loving "in the heart of the hills" that makes the best of the story. The reader follows the fortunes of Alec with interest and rejoices with him in his final success. Mr. Cody is an American now in London, and his book has been published there by Dent & Co. It is a pleasure to note the flattering mention given to his work by the English press. (The Macmillan Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

The First Fleet Family. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffrey. To say that this book is a faithful history of the founding of one of Great Britain's important Colonies is to recall to mind Plymouth Rock and Pilgrim Fathers, but here that story of early settlement is curiously reversed. The First Fleet sailed to find in New South Wales a prison instead of freedom, and in its physical surroundings the contrast is only deepened, for in place of "a stern and rock-bound coast" it met "great greenness and the choicest gifts of climate." But such parallels are quickly forgotten in the interest of the story. It is told by one Sergeant Dew who as a boy allowed himself to be mixed up with a smuggling affair, but on testimony given by the leader of the band is allowed to escape by enlisting in the unpopular Botany Bay expedition. Simply but vividly he tells of the voyage of the transports and guard convoy; of attempted mutiny on shipboard, of the government of that half-sullen, half-restless colony during the first year's stress of insufficient supplies. It was exciting enough to him, for among the prisoners were the smugglers whose sentence had so nearly been his own; their leader was his old friend and with him was the woman they both had loved. She had been caught helping the smuggler to break jail and was transported with him. With him, too, she and nine others attempt the almost impossible enterprise of escaping in an open boat. There is plenty of incident for those who wish chiefly a story of adventure; and those who want more may be satisfied that it is a true history fully corroborated by the "Historical Records," published by the government of New South Wales. (The Macmillan Company, cloth, \$1.50.)

Second Year in French. By L. C. Syms. This book, with the author's *First Year in French*, completes a course designed to train students not only to read, but to speak and write the language correctly. Both books have been written with this end in view. In the *Second Year in French*, the general plan has been so arranged as to give an almost equal space and time to reading, conversation, translation, and grammar. The most striking features of the book are the reading lessons and conversation exercises written or arranged by the author to illustrate exactly the grammatical object of each lesson. Through these easy lessons, children are trained to speak the language as they learn it, and acquire almost unconsciously a knowledge of the essential and most practical rules of French grammar. Though departing from old beaten paths, text-books of this kind will be heartily welcomed by both teachers and pupils. (American Book Company, 12mo, cloth, \$1.)

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS*: THE WHEEL

Hoax—I hear that Snaggs has sold his bicycle and bought a horse.

Joax—Yes; a foolish change.

Hoax—Why so?

Joax—From wheel to whoa.

"My!" said the visitor, who called in 1902; "what a big boy Tommy is getting to be!"

"Yes, indeed," said his fond mother, "he is riding his third wheel."

The new woman is no longer fatigued. She now becomes bicycle tired.

Mr. Styles—What did you say you wanted, my man?

Walker—I'm looking for some kind of steady work, sir.

Mr. Styles—Well, just wait; my wife's learning to ride a bicycle. She'll be out in a minute.

She—Oh, Jack! Do you know, Mr. Gibon punctuated his tire yesterday?

He—You mean punctured, my dear.

She—Well, anyway, he came to a full stop.

"That's a curious typographical error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed The Viking Age."

"Well, why not?" asked Partridge. "What ought it to be?"

"Why, biking, oughtn't it?"

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.

Jupiter—What is the charge against the prisoner, Officer Orion?

"Yer Honor, the earth accuses the sun of scorching—he's an old offender."

Hazlet—Hello, Wheeler. You've become quite prodigal of exercise since you got that wheel.

Wheeler—Yes. I'm out for the fatted calf.

Proficient bicyclist—Well, old chap, how are you getting on?

Commencing bicyclist—Thank you, not badly; but I find I can get off better.

"Why, Mr. Portly, you are all done up. What's the matter?"

"Bicycle."

"But you don't ride a wheel—"

"No, but the other fellow does."

Scorcher—Thirty dollars, eh? That's nothing. I had a bicycle suit that cost \$1,000.

Tandem—Who took your measure?

Scorcher—A jury.

"St. Peter, what ailed that crowd that came up to the gates and went away just now?"

"Oh, they were wheel cranks and wouldn't come in because we didn't have asphalt pavements."

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.

Dealer—I'll sell you that wheel for \$50. It weighs twenty-two pounds.

Rube Scudder (from Cearfoss Crossroads)—Why, my boy Ab bought one for twenty-five t'other day that weighed ninety pounds. You can't soak me, by gum!

Professor—Now, Sprockets, give me some account of Atlas.

Sprockets—He was a mythological god with a bicycle stoop, and the originator of the ball bearing.

"I don't want the wheel. It's too heavy."

"Say, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."

The Professor—This little incident forcibly reminds me of the fable of Ixion and his wheel, of which—

Bodkins, '97—"Scuse me, sir, but what kind of a wheel did the gentleman ride?"

"I really think that the 'bike' was the cause of MacNab marrying Miss Smithers."

"That's odd."

"Not at all. You see, they were thrown so much in each other's society."

Mr. Hiland—The bicycle is being very widely adopted by the military authorities of the different nations.

Mrs. Hiland—I suppose that in actual warfare the soldiers on wheels will kill the enemy by running over them.

First Wheelman (a beginner)—Strange how a fellow will run into things when he first begins to ride.

Second Wheelman—Yes; I ran into debt to get my wheel.

When Mrs. Tom Scorch asked her husband what kind of meat he would have for dinner, that enthusiastic wheelman replied: "Guess we'd better have a little bicycle meet." And they did.

He—What is the name of your wheel?

She—Do you mean the name the maker gives it, or the names papa called it when he fell over it in the hall, night before last?

"It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle is displacing the horse!"

"It is, indeed. Yesterday I found a piece of rubber tire in my sausage."

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Hath not beheld, at least, a ten mile run.

"I'm tired, give me air!" gasped the bicycle as it fell on its side.

Hedges—Sapp is continually falling off his wheel. Rose—What can you expect from a fellow who isn't well balanced?

Helen—What makes you think that Eve rode a bicycle in the Garden of Eden?

Larkins—Merely inference. The Bible says she was the first woman to fall.

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- A Dictionary of Music and Musicians: ed. by Sir Geo. Grove: The Macmillan Co., 5 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$25 00
 Chrysanthemums: Paul de Longpre: F. A. Stokes Co., cloth..... 2 00
 History of the American Theatre, 1749-1797: George C. Seilhamer: Francis P. Harper, 3 vols., 4vo..... 15 00
 Music Study in Germany: Amy Fay: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 25
 The Story of British Music: Frederick James Crowest: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo..... 3 50
 Violets: Henrietta D. La Praik: F. A. Stokes Co., cloth..... 2 00

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin: Am. Book Co., board..... 35
 Christopher Columbus: Washington Irving: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 50
 Pope Leo XIII.: Justin McCarthy: F. Warne & Co., cloth..... 1 25
 Shakespeare, the Boy: W. J. Rolfe: Harper, cloth... 1 25
 William Henry Seward: Thornton Kirkland Lothrop: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 25

Educational Topics.

- The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child: Gabriel Compayré: Appleton.....
 Second Year in French: L. C. Syms: Am. Book Co., cloth..... 1 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Legends of the Middle Ages: H. A. Guerber: Am. Book Co., ill., cloth..... 1 50
 Patrius: A Book of Essays: Louise Imogen Guiney: Copeland & Day.....
 Popular Scientific Lectures: Ernst Mach: trans. by Thos. J. McCormack: Open Court Pub. Co., paper, Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1893-94: Gov. Printing Office, cloth..... 35
 The Art of Rising in the World: Henry Hardwicke: Useful Knowledge Pub. Co., cloth..... 1 00
 The Listener in the Country: Joseph Edgar Chamberlain: Copeland & Day, cloth..... 75
 The Listener in the Town: Joseph Edgar Chamberlain: Copeland & Day, cloth..... 75
 The Students' Diary: comp. by C. W. Wendte: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 50
 What is Electricity? John Trowbridge: D. Appleton & Co., ill., cloth.....
 With My Neighbors: Margaret E. M. Sangster: Harper & Brothers, cloth..... 1 25

Fiction of the Month.

- A Child of the Jago: Arthur Morrison: Herbert S. Stone, 12mo..... 1 50
 A Conspiracy of the Carbonari: Louise Muhlbach: trans. by Mary J. Safford: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth
 Artie: George Ade: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth..
 Bijou's Courtships: "Gyp": F. Tennyson Neely, cloth
 Christine: Adeline Sergeant: Am. Pub. Corporation, paper..... 50
 Denounced: A Romance: J. Bloundelle Burton: Appleton, paper, 50c., cloth..... 1 00
 Fifty Famous Stories Retold: James Baldwin: Am. Book Co., ill., linen..... 35
 Joshua Wray: Hans S. Beattie: Am. Pub. Corporation, paper..... 50
 Lou: Baron von Roberts: trans. by Jessie Haynes: Am. Pub. Corporation, cloth.....
 Mrs. Hallam's Companion: Mary J. Holmes: G. W. Dillingham, cloth..... 1.50

- Nephelée, F. W. Bourdillon, New Amsterdam Book Co., 8vo..... \$1 00
 Old French Romances: trans. by William Morris: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo..... 1 50
 One Day's Courtship: Robert Barr: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth.....
 Sir George Tressady: Mrs. Humphry Ward: Macmillan & Co., 2 vols., cloth..... 2 00
 Soap Bubbles: Max Nordau: trans. by Mary J. Safford: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth..... 75
 Some Women, and a Man: William J. Locke: F. Tennyson Neely, ill., paper..... 50
 Sons and Fathers: Harry Stillwell Edwards: Rand, McNally & Co.....
 Stories of New Jersey: Frank R. Stockton: Am. Book Co. cloth..... 80
 The Boomerang: Jas. S. Barcus: J. S. Barcus & Co., paper..... 50
 The Fearsome Island: Albert Kinross: Herbert S. Stone & Co. cloth.....
 The Heart of Princess Osra: Anthony Hope: Frederick A. Stokes Co., ill., cloth..... 1 50
 The Herb-Moon: John Oliver Hobbes: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth.....
 The Murder of Delicia: Marie Corelli: J. B. Lippincott Company, 12mo, buckram..... 1 25
 The Old Infant and Similar Stories: Will Carleton: Harper, cloth..... 1 25
 The Price He Paid: E. Werner: Rand, McNally & Co., paper.....
 The Social Crime: Minnie L. Armstrong and Geo. N. Sceets: W. L. Allison Co., paper..... 50
 The Tower of the Old Schloss: Jean Porter Rudd: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
 The Violet: Julia Magruder: Longmans, Green & Co., ill., cloth.....
 The Washer of the Ford: Fiona Macleod: Stone & Kimball: cloth..... 1 25
 The Woman in White: Wilkie Collins: Laird & Lee: paper..... 50
 Three Old Maids in Hawaii: Ellen Blackmar Maxwell: Eaton & Mains, ill., cloth..... 1 50
 Tyne Folk: Joseph Parker: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 75
 Under Sealed Orders: Grant Allen: New Amsterdam Book Co., 12mo, paper, 50c., cloth..... 1 25
 Virgin Soil: Ivan Turgenev: Macmillan & Co., 2 vols., each..... 1 25

Historic and National.

- A Study of Slavery in New Jersey: H. Scofield Cooley: The Johns Hopkins Press, paper..... 50
 Immigration Fallacies: J. Chetwood, Jr.: Arena Pub. Co., paper, 25c., cloth..... 75
 The Story of Greece: H. A. Guerber: Am. Book Co. cloth..... 60

Literary Criticism.

- Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism: Brander Matthews: Harper & Brothers, 12mo....
 Bacon vs. Shakespeare: Edwin Reed: Joseph Knight Co., 8vo, cloth..... 2 50
 Essays on Books and Culture: Hamilton Wright Mabie: Dodd, Mead & Co., 16mo..... 1 25
 Impressions and Experiences: W. D. Howells: Harper & Brothers, 12mo.....
 Modern French Literature: Benjamin W. Wells: Roberts Brothers, 12mo, cloth..... 1 50
 Talks on Writing English: Arlo Bates: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 50
 The Real and Ideal in Literature: Frank Preston Stearns: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 35

- The Relation of Literature to Life: Charles Dudley Warner: Harper & Brothers, 12mo.....
 The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia: William T. Harris: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1 25

Medical and Surgical.

- Mother, Baby, and Nursery: Dr. Genevieve Tucker: Roberts Brothers, 4to, cloth..... 1 50
 Rheumatism: T. J. MacLagan, M. D.: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 2 60
 American Medical Association: Illustrated Medical Journal Co., 16mo, cloth..... 50
 Veterinary Homœopathy in its Application to the Horse: J. S. Hurndall: Boericke & Tafel, cloth.. 2 18

Poetry of the Month.

- A Cycle of Sonnets: ed. by Mabel Loomis Todd, Roberts Brothers, 12mo, cloth..... 1 25
 A Treasury of Minor British Poetry: J. Churton Collins: Edward Arnold, 8vo.....
 Beaux and Belles: Arthur Grissom: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 00
 Custer, and Other Poems: Ella Wheeler Wilcox: W. B. Conkey Co., ill., cloth.....
 Homer's Iliad: trans. by Alexander Pope: Am. Book Co., board..... 20
 Lays of a Wandering Minstrel: Anne Virginia Culbertson: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 00
 More Songs from Vagabondia: Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey: Copeland & Day, 8vo..... 1 00
 Out of a Silver Flute: Philip Verrill Mighels: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth.....
 Poems by Johanna Ambrosius: trans. by Mary J. Safford: Roberts Brothers, 16mo, cloth..... 1 50
 The Garden of Dreams: Madison Cawein: Moulton & Co., Louisville, Ky., cloth..... 1 25
 The Princess: Alfred, Lord Tennyson: Am. Book Co. board..... 20
 The Quilting Bee: John Langdon Heaton: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth..... 1 00
 The Seven Seas: Rudyard Kipling: D. Appleton & Co., New York, 12mo..... 1 50
 The Vision of Christ in the Poets*: ed. by Charles M. Stuart: Eaton & Mains, cloth.....
 The World Awheel: ed. by Volney Streamer: F. A. Stokes Co., ill., cloth..... 2 50

Political, Financial and Legal.

- Free Silver and the People: C. M. Stevans: F. Tennyson Neely, paper..... 25
 Silver vs. Gold: C. M. Stevans: F. Tennyson Neely, paper, 25 c., cloth..... 1 00
 The Nation's Greatest Problem: comp. by F. Tennyson Neely, paper..... 25
 The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States: C. B. Spahr: T. Y. Crowell & Co., cloth.. 1 50
 The Science of Money: Alexander Del Mar: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 2 25
 The War of the Standards: Albion W. Tourgée: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 75

Religious and Philosophic.

- Evolution or Creation: Prof. Luther Tracy Townsend: Fleming H. Revell: cloth..... 1 25
 In League With Israel*: Annie Fellows Johnston: Eaton & Mains, cloth.....
 Lectures on the History of Philosophy: G. W. F. Hegel: Charles Scribner's Sons, 3 vols., 8vo..... 12 00
 Nature and Christ: Joseph Agar Beet, D. D.: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 75
 Studies in Interpretation: William Henry Hudson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
 The Christian Democracy: John McDowell Leavitt: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 1 50

- The Creed and the Prayer: J. Wesley Johnston, D. D.: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... \$1 20
 The Historic Episcopate: R. J. Cooke, D. D.: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 1 00
 The Law of Civilization and Decay: Brook Adams: Macmillan & Co., cloth..... 2 00
 The Perfect Whole: Horatio W. Dresser: Geo. H. Ellis, cloth..... 1 50
 The Philosophy of Belief: Duke of Argyll: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo..... 5 00
 The Social Law of Service*: Richard T. Ely, LL.D.: Eaton & Mains, cloth.....
 The Vision of Christ in the Poets*: ed. by Chas. M. Stuart: Eaton & Mains, cloth.....
 Torchbearers of Christendom*: Robert Remington Doherty: Eaton & Mains, cloth.....

Travel and Adventure.

- An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854: Isaac I. Hayes, M. D.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.. 1 50
 Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere: Louise Chandler Moulton: Roberts Brothers, 12mo, cloth..... 1 50
 Through Egypt to Palestine: Lee S. Smith: Fleming H. Revell Co., ill., cloth..... 1 25

Juvenile Literature.

- A Little Girl of Long Ago: Eliza Orne White: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo..... 1 00
 A Short Cruise: James Otis: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo: 50
 Adolph, and How He Found the "Beautiful Lady": Fannie J. Taylor: Fleming H. Revell, cloth..... 50
 Air Castle Don: B. Freeman Ashley: Laird & Lee, ill., cloth..... 1 00
 Around the Camp Fire: Charles G. D. Roberts: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo..... 1 50
 Beneath the Sea: George Manville Fenn: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 50
 Children of To-day: Elizabeth S. Tucker: F. A. Stokes Co., ill., cloth..... 2 00
 Children's Singing Games: arranged by Eleanor Withey Willard: F. A. Stokes & Co., ill., cloth.... 1 25
 Fairy Tales Far and Near: Retold by Q.: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth.....
 Famous Givers and Their Gifts: Sarah K. Bolton: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo..... 1 50
 Frank Hunter's Peril: Horatio Alger, Jr.: Henry T. Coates & Co., cloth.....
 Happy Children: Mrs. Ella F. Pratt, editor of Babyland: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 4to, cloth..... 1 50
 How the Children Raised the Wind: Edna Lyall: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 50
 Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Daniel Defoe: Am. Book Co., linen..... 50
 Mr. Midshipman Easy: Captain Marryat: Macmillan & Co., ill., cloth..... 1 50
 On the Staff: Oliver Optic: Lee & Shepard, cloth.... 1 50
 Short Stories for Short People: Alicia Aspinwall: E. P. Dutton, ill., cloth..... 1 50
 Sweetheart Travellers: S. R. Crockett: Frederick A. Stokes Co., ill., cloth..... 1 50
 The Boy Tramps: or, Across Canada: J. MacDonald Oxley: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo..... 1 50
 The Mystery of Lost River Canyon: Harry Castlemon: Henry T. Coates & Co., ill., cloth.....
 The Story of Aaron, the Son of Ben Ali: Joel Chandler Harris: Houghton, Mifflin & Co..... 2 00
 The Village of Youth: Bessie Hatton: F. A. Stokes & Co., ill., cloth..... 1 50
 Three Little Daughters of the Revolution: Nora Perry: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo..... 75
 Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories: Mark Twain: Harper & Bros., 8vo, 1 75
 Walter Gigg, The Young Boss: A Book for Boys: E. W. Thompson: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo, cloth.. 1 25
 Your Little Brother James: Caroline H. Pemberton: The Recorder Press, paper.....

* Epworth League Reading Course, 1896-97. 4 vols. (sets not broken) \$3.80.

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR OCTOBER, 1896

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Century of Painting: Will H. Low.....McClure's.
 A Few Famous Juliets: Beatrice Sturges.....Peterson's.
 Great Singers of This Century: Albert L. Parkes: Godey's.
 Music in America: Rupert Hughes.....Godey's.
 The Art Student in Munich: G. W. Bardwell: F. L. P. M.
 The Etruscan Gold Spinners: Mary S. Lockwood..Arena.
 The Last Resort in Art: Ellen Olney Kirk..Lippincott's.
 The Road to the Stage: Arthur Hornblow: F. L. Pop. Mo.
 The Sculpture of Olin Warner: W. C. Brownell: Scribner's.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

A Presidential Candidate of 1852: G. W. Julian...Century.
 American Naval Heroes: John H. Brown.....Peterson's.
 Benjamin Franklin: George C. Lay.....Godey's.
 Daniel Vierge: August F. Jaccaci.....Book Buyer
 Dr. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren": D. M. Ross: McClure's.
 Edmund Burke: Goldwin Smith.....Self Culture.
 Grant's Life in the West: John W. Emerson....Midland.
 Joel Chandler Harris: W. M. Baskerville...Chautauquan.
 Johanna Ambrosius: Frank Sewall.....Bookman.
 Jules Simon: Baron Pierre de Coubertin: Rev. of Reviews.
 Li Hung Chang: Chester Holcombe.....McClure's.
 More About Anna Ella Carroll: Mary C. Francis: Godey's.
 Recollections of a Literary Life: E. S. Phelps..McClure's.
 Sir Henry Bessemer: R. H. Thurston.....Cassier's.

Educational Topics.

Education in England: Sir J. E. Gorst.....N. A. Rev.
 Education of the Deaf and Dumb: H. A. Aikins: Ed. Rev.
 Princeton: Winthrop Moor Daniels..Review of Reviews.
 Russian Girls and Boys at School: I. F. Hapgood..Lip.
 Social Mission of the Pub. School: W. D. Hyde: Ed. Rev.
 'Tis Sixty Years Since at Harvard: E. E. Hale..Atlantic.

Essays and Miscellanies.

About French Children: Th. Bentzon.....Century.
 Cakes and Ale: Agnes Repplier.....Atlantic.
 Fashions in Names: William Ward Crane..Lippincott's.
 Navajo Songs, Washington Matthews..Land of Sunshine.
 On Coming Back: W. D. Howells.....Atlantic.
 On Conversation: J. P. Mahaffy.....Chautauquan.
 Russian Costumes: C. H. A. Bjerregard....Monthly Ill.
 Shakespeare's Old Saws: William C. Elam..Lippincott's.
 Some American Crickets: Samuel H. Scudder..Harper's.
 The Garden of the Mind: Charles D. Warner..Harper's.
 The Poet and the Modern: John Burroughs.....Atlantic.
 The Widow in History: Mae Harris Anson....Peterson's.
 Whist and Its Masters: R. Frederic Foster...Monthly Ill.

Historic and National

A Recovered Chapter in Amer. History: W. Clark: Harper's.
 America's Contributions to Civilization: C. W. Eliot: Chaut.
 Building of Minot's Lighthouse: C. A. Lawrence: N. E. Mag.
 Early French Missions in Nova Scotia: I. A. Owen: Don.
 England's Indian Army: D. C. Macdonald....Lippincott's.
 Five Am. Contributions to Civilization: C. W. Eliot: Atlan.
 Gen. Lee's Last Campaign: Horatio C. King: F. L. P. M.
 Hindrance to Our For. Trade: T. R. Jernigan: N. A. Rev.
 How Oregon Was Saved to the Union: W. W. Phelps: Mid.
 Ireland in the Forties: James McNamee.....Donahoe's.
 Naval Weakness of U. S.: Wm. L. Cathcart....Cassier's.
 Sunday in New Netherland and Old N. Y.....Atlantic.
 The Armenian Question: W. R. Claxton..Am. Mag. Civ.
 The Competition of Japan: George C. Perkins..Overland.
 The Contest in the Maumee Valley: F. L. McVey....Mid.
 The Eclipse of Napoleon's Glory: W. M. Sloane: Century.
 The Fate of the Coliseum: Rodolfo Lanciani.....Atlantic.
 The Grand Chartreuse: Elizabeth Lecky.....Donahoe's.
 The Lincoln-Douglas Debates: Ida M. Tarbell: McClure's.
 The New England Primer: Paul L. Ford.....Bookman.
 The Oberlin-Wellington Rescue: L. R. McCabe..Godey's.
 The Redemptioners: Lewis R. Harley.....N. E. Mag.

U. S. Revenue Cutter Service: J. R. Nicolls: F. L. P. M.

Literary Criticism.

Contentiousness of Modern Novelists: A. Repplier: N. A. R.
 Japanese Elements in the Last Days of Pompeii...Arena.
 Literary Movement in France: E. Rod.....Chautauquan.
 The Gentleman in American Fiction: J. L. Allen: Bookman.

Political, Financial and Legal.

Citizenship: Wm. J. Gaynor.....Am. Mag. of Civics.
 "Crime" in Free Coin. of Silver: John Sherman: Self Cul.
 Democracy and Despotism: A. Moses: Am. Mag. Civics.
 Economic Aspects of Immigration: J. A. Roebling: Civics.
 Evils Involved in the Gold Standard: H. F. Bartine: S. Cul.
 Free Silver vs. Free Gold: Frank Parsons.....Arena.
 Limits of Individual Liberty and State Authority..Civics.
 Rise of the National Democracy: E. G. Dunnell: R. of Rev.
 Silver—A Money Metal: J. T. Morgan.....Arena.
 The Best Currency: Albion W. Tourgée..N. Am. Review.
 The Free Coinage of Silver: J. B. Weaver..Chautauquan.
 The Free Silver Issue: Wm. M. Stewart...F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Government of the Greater New York: F. V. Greene: Scrib.
 Imperiled Dignity of Science and Law: J. Trowbridge: Atl.
 The Politics of the Discontented.....Atlantic.
 The Remonetization of Silver: J. P. Jones.....Arena.
 The Safe Pathway of Experience: T. B. Reed: N. Am. Rev.
 The Ship of State Adrift: Andrew Carnegie..N. Am. Rev.
 The Single Gold Standard: W. G. Sumner..Chautauquan.
 The Strategic Chiefs of the Campaign....Rev. of Reviews.
 Why American Industry Languishes: H. A. Herbert: N. A. R.

Religious and Philosophic.

A Test for Truth: Paul Tyner.....Metaphysical Mag.
 Animal Automatism and Consciousness.....The Monist.
 Christian Communism in the Miss. Valley: B. L. Wick: Mid.
 Christian Missionaries in India: J. H. Mueller....Arena.
 Development Through Reincarnation..Metaphysical Mag.
 Fifty Years of Am. Miss. Asso.: C. J. Ryder..N. E. Mag.
 From Berkeley to Hegel: E. D. Fawcett....The Monist.
 Occultism Among the Taktetians.....Metaphysical Mag.
 Panlogism: Paul Carus.....The Monist.
 Religion of Jesus Christ: G. D. Coleman.....Arena.
 Subconscious Pangeometry: G. B. Halsted..The Monist.
 The Volunteers of America: Franklin Noble....Treasury.

Scientific and Industrial.

A Study of Mental Epidemics: Boris Sidis.....Century.
 An Electric Farm: George E. Walsh.....N. Am. Review.
 City Traction Systems: F. J. Patten.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Commerce not an Accident: Charles E. Naylor..Overland.
 Electricity: ed. by R. R. Bowker.....Harper's.
 Energy Transmitted by Compressed Air.....Harper's.
 Hypnotism: Application in Surgery: C. G. Davis: Hyp. Mag.
 Science of Suggestive Therapeutics.....Hyp. Mag.
 Steam Engine Types: Hector Maccoll.....Cassier's.

Sociologic Questions.

Clean Streets and Their Benefits: L. A. Maynard: Civics.
 Is the Mission of the Lecture Platform Ended?...N. E. M.
 Municipal Reform: Wm. Howe Tolman.....Arena.
 Progress: John J. Valentine.....Overland.
 The New York Working Girl: M. G. Humphreys..Scrib.

Travel and Adventure.

Brighter Britain, or Maoriland: Alice Monk....Midland.
 Cruise of the Armeria, Supply Ship: Kirk Munroe..Scrib.
 Glave in the Heart of Africa: E. J. Glave.....Century.
 Norwich, Connecticut: L. W. Bacon.....N. E. Mag.
 Picturesque Scotland: Peter MacQueen....Monthly Illus.
 Siena—The City of the Virgin: E. H. Blashfield....Scrib.
 The Blue Quail of the Cactus: F. Remington..Harper's.
 The Charles River Basin: W. H. Downes....N. E. Mag.
 The City of the Cliff: C. F. Lummis..Land of Sunshine.
 Tragedies of the Arctic Regions: Arthur Turner..Home.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Five Kernels of Corn... Hезekiah Butterworth... Youth's Companion

(A Thanksgiving Tradition)

"Out of small beginnings great things have been produced, as one small candle may light a thousand."—Gov. Bradford.

I.

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled.
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er the seas,
And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
And the boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in air.
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left but for rations Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

But to Bradford a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

II.

"Five Kernels of Corn! Five Kernels of Corn!
Ye people, be glad for Five Kernels of Corn!"
So Bradford cried out on bleak Burial Hill,
And the thin women stood in their doors white and still.
"Lo, the Harbor of Plymouth rolls bright in the Spring,
The maples grow red, and the wood robins sing,
The west wind is blowing, and fading the snow,
And the pleasant pines sing, and the arbutuses blow,

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

To each one be given Five Kernels of Corn!"

III.

O Bradford of Austerfield, haste on thy way.
The West winds are blowing o'er Provincetown Bay,
The white avens bloom, but the pine domes are chill,
And new graves have furrowed Precisioners' Hill!
"Give thanks, all ye people, the warm skies have come,
The hilltops are sunny, and green grows the holm,
And the trumpets of winds, and the white March is gone,
And ye still have left you Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

Ye have for Thanksgiving Five Kernels of Corn!"

IV.

"The raven's gift eat and be humble and pray,
A new light is breaking, and Truth leads your way,
One taper a thousand shall kindle: rejoice
That to you has been given the wilderness voice!"
O Bradford of Austerfield, daring the wave,
And safe through the sounding blasts leading the brave,
Of deeds such as thine was the free nation born,
And the festal world sings the "Five Kernels of Corn."

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

The nation gives thanks for Five Kernels of Corn!

To the Thanksgiving Feast bring Five Kernels of Corn!

A Rover Chanty..... The Speaker

A trader sailed from Stepney town—
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the mainsail!
A trader sailed from Stepney town
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown.
Ho! the bully rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback,
Out upon the Lowland sea!

The trader he had a daughter fair—
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the foresail!
The trader he had a daughter fair;
She had gold in her ears and gold in her hair,

All for bully rover Jack,
Waiting with his yards aback,
Out upon the Lowland sea!

"Alas the day, oh, daughter mine!"
Shake her up! Wake her up! Try her with the topsail!
"Alas the day, oh, daughter mine,
Yon red, red flag is a fearsome sign!"
Heh, the bully rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack,
Out upon the Lowland sea!

"A fearsome flag!" the maiden cried—
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the mizzen-sail!
"A fearsome flag!" the maiden cried,
"But comelier men I never have spied."
Ho! the bully rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack,
Out upon the Lowland sea!

There's a wooden path that the rovers know—
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the head sails!
There's a wooden path that the rovers know,
Where none come back though many must go.
Ho! the bully rover Jack,
Lying with his yard aback,
Out upon the Lowland sea!

Where is the trader of Stepney town?
Wake her up! Shake her up! Every stick abending!
Where is the trader of Stepney town?
His gold's on the capstan, his blood's on his gown,
All for bully rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback,
Out upon the Lowland sea.

Where is the maiden who knelt at his side?
Wake her up! Shake her up! Every stitch adrawing!
Where is the maiden who knelt at his side?
We gown'd her in scarlet and chose her our bride.
Oh, the bully rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack,
Right across the Lowland sea.

So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay—
Pack it on! Crack it on! Try her with the stunsails!
It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay
Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay,
Waiting for their bully Jack,
Watching for him sailing back,
Right across the Lowland sea.

To the Bicyclist Bending Forward... Robt. Grant... Harper's W'kly

O youth, who, bending forward, rides apace,
With melancholy stamped upon your face,
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly.
Are you aware how horrible you look?
No guy invented for a picture-book
Was ever a more painful sight than thou,
Lord of the bent back and the anxious brow.

Oh, sit up straight and try to wear a smile!
Be less intent to pile up mile on mile.
Enjoy the prospect as you glide along,
The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's song.
To us who view you scorching day by day,
Bent on your bar in such an awkward way,
You are the homeliest thing on earth, my lad.
Oh, sit up straight, and make the landscape glad!

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

295. It is the writer's impression that the following lines occur in some poem of Whittier's, but a careful search through Houghton & Mifflin's Household Edition of Whittier's Poems fails to bring it to light. Can Open Questions help me? The lines are (I quote from memory):

"All lovely things by thee beloved
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee!"

—C. F., Minnequa Springs, Pa.

296. Will you kindly tell me where I can obtain an essay upon Walter Scott, also one upon Harriet Martineau?—E. V. M., North Yakima, Washington.

297. *Kathleen Mavourneen*:—May I call your attention to what appears to me an error in your May number? In giving the poem, or song, Kathleen Mavourneen, you attribute it to Louisa Crawford. I always understood the author of this was Professor Crouch. The other day I saw a newspaper notice of Mr. Crouch's death, and speaking of him as the author of Kathleen Mavourneen. I also have a poem called Kathleen Mavourneen, written by James Whitcomb Riley, which is said to have been written as an appeal for aid for Mr. Crouch when he was in great distress; written in the same metre as the original poem, and paying tribute to Mr. Crouch as the author. I would be glad to have you correct me if I am mistaken.—J. C. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

[Professor Frederick William Nicholls Crouch was the author and composer of Kathleen Mavourneen. It was founded on a story written by Mrs. Crawford, hence the error noted above, concerning the composition and authorship of the song, which was written by Professor Crouch on the banks of the Tamar in Devonshire, fifty-seven years ago, and met with immediate and lasting success.]

298. *The Book of Hours*: Can you tell me anything about the Book of Hours?—M. H. M., New York.

[This is a name applied to books that contain, in addition to the prayers of the Mass, the different parts of the divine office recited or sung at the hours of the day and night. The most celebrated are: One belonging to Louis of Anjou, king of Sicily, in the Bibliotheque Richelieu; one belonging to Catherine de Medicis, now in Louvre; one decorated by Memling, that is in the Library of the Arsenal; and one which belonged to Anne of Brittany.]

299. Can Open Questions tell me who wrote the famous song of John Brown's Body?—G. C.

[The air is that of a Methodist hymn, sung over a hundred years ago. At the Maryland camp-meetings, both white and negro, forty years ago, they sang a hymn beginning, "When this poor body lies mouldering in the grave." This hymn was afterwards parodied by the Plug-Ugly clubs in referring to the Democratic nominee—Robert C. Wright—for the mayoralty of Baltimore. "Robert Wright's body," etc. The young reformers of that day—in 1856—subsequently caught up the refrain and sang "Tom Swann's body," etc., alluding to the Hon. Thomas Swann, who was elected mayor by

the American or Know-Nothing party on October 8th, of that year. The war-song, John Brown's Body, to which there cannot be much claim to originality of words or music, was composed one evening in the summer of 1861, around the camp-fire of Co. E, 6th Maine Volunteers, at Chain Bridge, D. C., by Charles A. Pillsbury, now a resident of Roanoke, Va., L. Schuyler Wardwell, now editor of the Clipper, Bucksport, Me., and G. C. Irvine, an artist, now in San Francisco, California.]

300. *Spanish Treatment of the Indians*: Can you suggest to me the names of any books which consider the treatment of the American Indians by the early Spaniards, from the point of view most favorable to the Spaniards. I remember reading a review of such a work recently, but I have forgotten the name. I want to find authority for the recent growing belief that the treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards was on the whole more humane than that given them by the English.—W. H. Keller, Lancaster, Pa.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

278. *The Ganoid*: In the August number of your magazine, Current Literature, in Open Questions, a correspondent inquired about a poem in which the last words of each stanza are

"When this ganoid curled his tail."

That poem has been printed in a book for children called Underfoot, by Laura D. Nichols, published in 1881. In that book the poem is said to have been printed in Harper's Weekly a few years before and to have been signed C. A. P., Louisville, Ky. Enclosed is the poem.—A. C. Heilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

[The Ganoid will appear in the next number of Current Literature.]

280. *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*: I note in your September issue, query No. 280, from E. R. R., Evanston, Illinois, The Hand that Rocks the Cradle, etc., and the stanza you give from a beautiful poem on woman by "Saladin." I was quite interested to obtain the same information earlier in the year, and found that a poem containing almost the same lines was written by William Ross Wallace, one stanza of which is as follows:

"Woman, how divine your mission,
Here upon our natal sod,
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God,
All true trophies of the ages,
Are from mother-love imperaled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

—A. R. Whiting, Everett, Washington.

280. *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*: In your September number you answer a question on The Hand that Rocks the Cradle (No. 280). I think William Ross Wallace was the author of the original poem. He was an American, and was well known in New York. My impression is that it was a contribution to the New York Ledger.—Wm. Herries, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[See the above answer to the same question.]

281. *The Old Continentals*: The poem referred to in No. 281 of the Open Questions for September, is found in Dana's Household Book of Poetry, page 289. It is by Guy Humphrey McMasters and entitled Carmen Bellicosum.—William K. Woodwell, Pittsburg, Pa.